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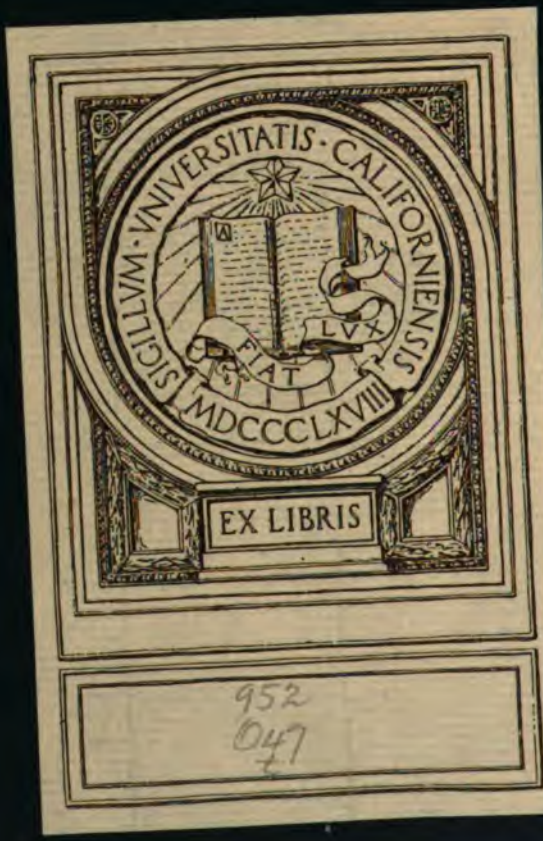
PRATT AND TRAVESTIES
LAURENCE OLIPHANT



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TRAITS AND TRAVESTIES

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL

BY

LAURENCE OLIPHANT

AUTHOR OF 'THE LAND OF KHEMI,' 'THE LAND OF GILEAD,' 'PICCADILLY,' ETC.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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PREFACE.

It has for some time past been a matter of surprise to me why a certain class of feeble and fashionable literature should of late years have enjoyed an increased circulation. This might be accounted for either by the growing feebleness of the class to whom it is addressed, or to their augmentation in number, or to the exceeding brilliancy of the bindings of books of this description, which may commend itself to the æsthetic tendencies of the day. While, however, there was much to be said for all these solutions of my difficulty, they none of them seemed altogether satisfactory, and I was inclined to attribute the success of certain extremely vapid productions to some undiscovered ingenuity on the part of advertising publishers, when chance revealed to me the fact that if I had not been so fortunate as some of my *collaborateurs* in the fields of lighter literature, it might be due to the circumstance that my modesty had prevented me from availing my-

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self, as they had done, of one of the recent inventions of the age, and not, as I feared, that my rubbish was inferior to theirs. It has come to my knowledge that post-cards, widely and judiciously circulated by a persevering author, exercise a more powerful influence over the fortunes of a book than anything that may be contained in it. As it would be absurd in me to allow a mere sense of self-respect to interfere with what may in any way accrue to my own advantage, and inasmuch as all such scruples are only regarded in the age in which we live as a proof of weakness, I append the following post-card, which will furnish an illustration of this style of correspondence, with my cordial congratulations to my fellow-authors, on this improved method of bringing their brilliant ideas to the notice of the reading public. If I have adopted this course instead of sending similar cards by post, it is because this seemed to me altogether a more dignified mode of proceeding, while it possesses the additional merit of affording in itself a trait of the society of our own time.

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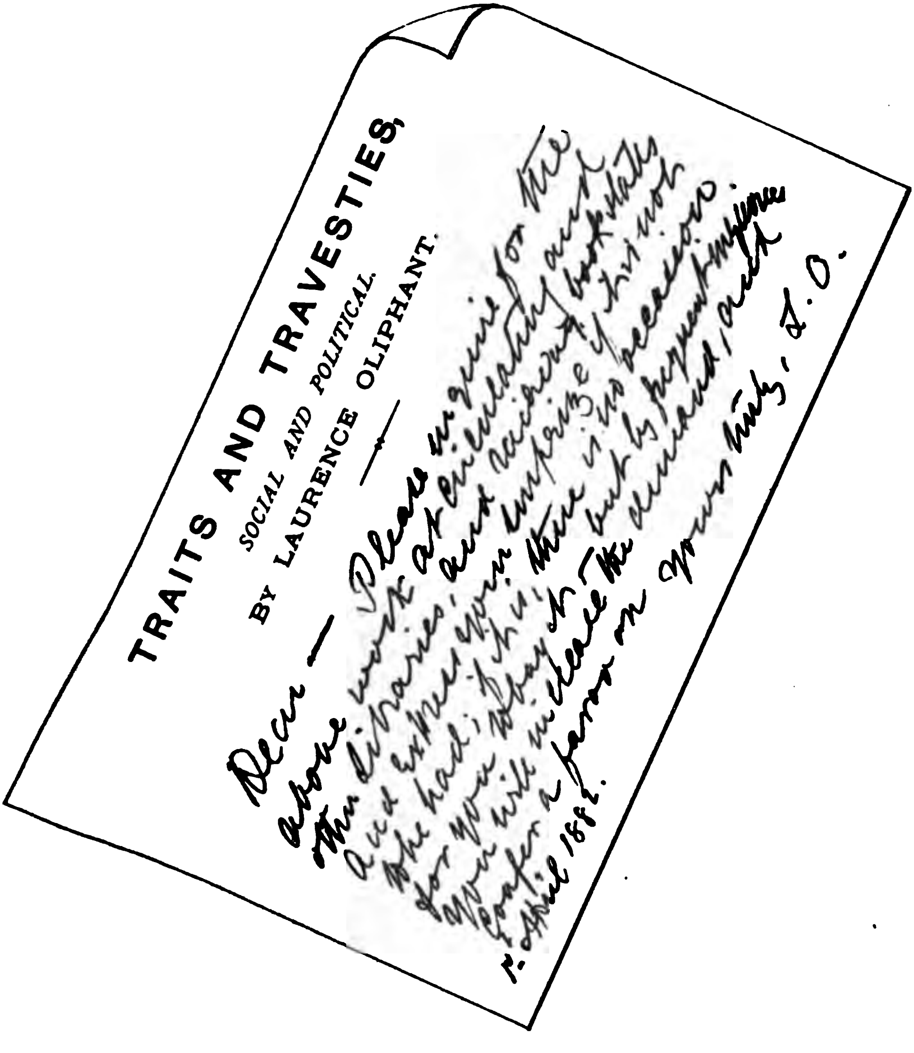

TRAITS AND TRAVESTIES,
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.
BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.
Dear — Please inquire for the
above work at circulating and
other libraries, and bookstalls
and express your surprize if this is not
to be had; there is no occasion.
for you to buy it, but by persistent importunance
you will increase the demand, and
confer a favor on yours truly, L.O.
1st April 1882.

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TRAITS AND TRAVESTIES.

I.

A TURKISH EFFENDI ON CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM.

In the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor there lives the most remarkable oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Travelling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British Government to introduce some much-needed reforms, I arrived at ——. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice,

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which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew from whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages—his agent for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed, being a foreign merchant at the nearest seaport. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme;

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and he employed large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was, that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials—for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would starve themselves unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a travelling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honour of dining with me to-morrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call.—Believe me, yours very truly, —— EFFENDI.

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"*P.S.*—As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide."

"Dear me," I thought, as I read this civilised epistle with amazement, "I wonder whether he expects me to dress;" for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that the Effendi's servant was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through the narrow winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the centre of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host,—a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this

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could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner, advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in Turkey; the eyes dark-blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressibly winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterwards talked so far into the night, that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at ——. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would

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object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them, — prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality which he might feel disposed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter, I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that, had I done so, he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. As, although my friend wrote English with extraordinary facility for an oriental, the style was somewhat defective, I ventured to propose that I should rewrite it, retaining not merely the ideas, but the expressions as far as possible. To this he readily consented; and as I read it over to him afterwards, and he approved of it in its present form, I can guarantee that his theory as to the origin and nature of the collision between the East and the West is accurately represented. I need not say that I differ from it entirely,

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and in our numerous conversations gave my reasons for doing so. I will not enter into them here, however, as they will at once occur to the intelligent reader; but notwithstanding the many fallacies contained in the Effendi's line of argument, I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know, not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the Government hopeless, but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the views here expressed, though stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to co-operate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to say. And this must be my apology for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time, I cannot disguise from myself, that while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly coloured, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth: it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tend-

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ency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make "the bark of the distant Effendi" be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier;[1] and with these few words of introduction, I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day.

"My dear Friend,—

"I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a *résumé* in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question in which they are so much interested, presented to them from an oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire

[1] "Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?"
—"Eastern Serenade:" Bon Gaultier's 'Book of Ballads.'

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to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egoistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterwards in an important seaport in the Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir, by travelling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, travelling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly

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occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindoos known as the Bramo Somaj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledges of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me, that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me, that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could to improve the lot of those amidst whom Providence had thrown me.

"I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those acquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophic Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia,

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they will at once recognise the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

"I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centres of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence in favour of a revelation, which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that the manifestation of the Deity in a human form is impossible, much less that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less extent they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is

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concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral disease which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world-regeneration, were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western civilisation. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbour's occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and that of those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good works—the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring will be at once recognised as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided—to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so

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thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men towards each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none, it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by His followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ, has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The Light of the World.' Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom—which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style Anti-Christendom [1]—comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their

[1] I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term *Anti*-Christendom, as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mahomet prophesies the coming of Antichrist. As he said it was an article of his faith that the Antichrist alluded to by the prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

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respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this Anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organised and sanctified selfishness. The real God of Anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandisement; but in Protestant Anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called 'heathen' nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

"This overpowering love of 'the root of all evil,' with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth, and the destruction of those who impede its accumulation, constitutes what is called 'Western civilisation.'

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilisation of Anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence

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of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out before him —as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New Zealander—or they save themselves from physical decay by worshipping, with all the ardour of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon —as in the case of Japan—and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts, as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of Anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practised by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt forms which Christianity has ever assumed, was to be found organised in the Byzantine empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have travelled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favourably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained Christians; and I fearlessly

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appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks to remain in their newly-acquired possessions, to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races, intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven irrespective of his moral character on earth, were unrestrained by religious principle from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Ghiaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the last half-century by the discoveries

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of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of Anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain, became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transport—so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their æsthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term 'oriental civilisation' with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East. Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet*, invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were written which fascinated the Western reader with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed; the modern traveller is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploiter* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls 'reforming' it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and

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teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth amongst a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage. He disguises from himself the immorality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country, and increase the material wellbeing and happiness of the people. But apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that the natural temperament and religious tendencies of the race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder: hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernauth of 'Progress,'—their only crime, like that of the poor crossing-sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not 'move on.' This is called in modern parlance 'the civilising influence of Christianity.' At this moment the Russians are push-

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ing roads through their newly-acquired territory toward Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman who has just arrived from that district, that the effect of their 'civilising' influence upon the inhabitants of the villages through which these roads pass, is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of Anti-Christendom.

"In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveller no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his æsthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him a people who cling to the manners and customs of a bygone epoch with which their own most glorious traditions are associated, have no charm. He sees in a race which still endeavours to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism; for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a Government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes

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with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey who, called Christians like himself, like him devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbours.

"While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveller of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, owing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of Anti-Christendom, for the attractions of a civilisation based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive, and they return without religion of any sort—shallow, sceptical, egoistical, and thoroughly demoralised. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I myself experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is

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fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.

"The two dominant vices which characterise Anti-Christendom are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is, that it should be made under the pretext of morality, and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism, that when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseeism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which he attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mahomet divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to Anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the prophet will

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be out of all proportion to the contributions of other religions.

"In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice have been recently hypocritically outraged in Thessaly and Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbour, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, Thessaly was forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same moral principle, a northern district was taken from the Albanian nationality, to which by right of race it belonged, and violently and against the will of the people, who were in no way consulted as to their fate, was handed over for annexation to the Montenegrins—a race whom the population annexed traditionally hate and detest.

"When Anti-Christian nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be guilty of such a prostitution of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, which they would one and all refuse to admit or be controlled by themselves,—when we find that the Jewish population of Russia, that Christian country which has just made war upon us in the name of humanity, are fleeing to Turkey for refuge from an outburst of Christian religious persecution and hatred, which has resulted in most hideous excesses of rapine and murder,—when we read through the lists of agrarian outrages upon men and animals perpetrated by Christians in Ireland under a system of Government which claims to be the most successful example of social, moral, and practical progress now in existence,—and when, in

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the face of all this most transparent humbug, these Anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilisation and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey,—we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilisation, accept their theology, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

"Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with Anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of 'progress.' Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilised world. I have often thought whether it would not have been happier for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted

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from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to Anti-Christian civilisation. The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law propounded and enjoined by the great founder of the Christian religion, must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilisation will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm, when labour and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other,—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern 'progress.' It is surely a remarkable fact, that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law—the love of their neighbour—and most strongly denounces

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the love of money. No country which does not bear the name of Christian is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of 'Anti-Christian civilisation.'

"In the degree in which the State depends for its political, commercial, and social wellbeing and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only a few years ago the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and had the movement been more skilfully organised, the whole country would have been in revolution, and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities which exist for secret conspiracy have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

"Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their

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course, and that the injuries that Anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which—under the pretext of civilising them—it has explored to its own profit, will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Mussulmans generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practise more conscientiously the teaching of their prophet, I feel that teaching from an ethical point of view to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyse the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and the West, between so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christianity is at present professed and practised, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better—for some struggle to practise the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded, —but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the

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Jews at the time of Christ, but they did not prevent Him from denouncing the moral iniquities of His day, or the Church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived.—Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"A TURKISH EFFENDI."

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II.

AUNT ANN'S GHOST STORY.

On the 1st of December, fifteen years ago, I made my first appearance in a county ball-room. That I should choose the 1st of December, fifteen years later, to make my first appearance in print, is probably due to the fact that I have spent the interval in Russia. Considering how extremely fond I have always been of putting my impressions upon paper, and the voluminous correspondence with which the friends of my youth have been favoured during my long absence from England, I can only suppose that it never occurred to me to publish, because I never met a lady in my adopted home who had ventured upon so bold a measure. Moreover I feel certain that, had I hinted at the possibility of so unfeminine a proceeding to my husband—who was then an officer in the Imperial Guard—I should have increased instead of dissipated certain prejudices against the English nation, which, however, had not prevented his asking me to go with him to his own country. That I did so at the age of seventeen, is the best proof I can

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give that I am not constitutionally timid—a fact which I will ask my readers to bear in mind in the course of the narrative I am about to relate. I am encouraged to believe it to be worth telling from the circumstance, that no sooner did I reach my old home in England, than a cluster of children, who had not existed when I left it, invaded the sanctity of my bedroom when I was lying down to rest before dinner on the day of my arrival, and insisted upon my telling them myself the ghost story, by virtue of which the name of their near relation was kept ever fresh in their memories. Those thrilling details which I had communicated in my letters at full length at the time, had been repeated by my sister to each succeeding nephew and niece as he or she had arrived at years of sufficient discretion to enable his or her hair to stand on end when terrified; but the luxury of horror which Aunt Ann's story invariably inspired was religiously kept as a great Christmas treat, and was looked upon as quite unrivalled in its line—partly because it was true, and partly because no other aunt in any neighbouring family had ever had any such thing happen to her; a circumstance which was always dwelt upon with great triumph and satisfaction when any other children ventured either to praise their aunts or to discuss ghosts in the abstract. So in the darkening hours of a gloomy autumn afternoon I told my own story, for I saw it would be impossible to put it off until Christmas; and when my little audience, whose thorough knowledge of every incident did not in the least prevent them listening with the same rapt interest each time the story was told them, had trotted off, I thought that if they could

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bear to hear it so many times, some older children might bear to read it once. So now, as the clocks are striking midnight, I stir the fire with a chuckle, for I have not seen a fireplace for fifteen years, and I pull near it my comfortable arm-chair—I have not seen what I call an arm-chair for the same time: with a fervent blessing on "the stately homes of England," I shall proceed to give my first experience of my dreary home in Russia.

I had been little more than a year in St Petersburg when my husband was ordered on special service to a distant part of the empire. As the duty he was sent to perform would, in all probability, involve a prolonged absence, it was decided that I should be sent to a chateau which belonged to him in the Ukraine, and there wait his return. As, however, I was utterly inexperienced in the manners and customs of Russian country life, I was furnished with a guide, philosopher, and friend, in the person of his sister Olga, then a very charming *débutante*, now a very distinguished member of the Russian *corps diplomatique*. It was no wonder, after having turned so many heads during the winter, that her own began to swim, and that she should look forward with pleasure to the repose of a country life, and the novel task of initiating a stranger into its mysteries. Nor was it without a flutter of excitement that I found myself packed into a roomy travelling carriage, containing my friend, my baby, and the nurse, and followed by two other curiously constructed vehicles, covered with as many goods and chattels as if we were going finally to settle in some newly inhabited colony. When I looked at the servants, bedding, and provisions that were stowed

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away in and over our three cumbrous equipages, I felt as if I was leading an exploring party, and responsible to the Geographical Society for the results of my observations: indeed, so vivid were the impressions which the incidents of this my first journey through the heart of the country made upon my mind, that I feel sure I should have produced a very good paper for an evening meeting. But now, how monotonous does that well-known way—with its sign-posts over dreary wastes of snow in winter, its bottomless sloughs in spring and autumn, its clouds of dust in summer, its tracts of deep sand, its gloomy pine-forests, and its rolling grass steppes—seem to me! How distinctly do I recall the deserted post-stations where the horses are never forthcoming, and how well I seem to know even the individual horses when they do come, and can distinguish between the *yamchiks* who are my friends, and those for whom I have an antipathy. As for night quarters, there is not an inn on the whole line of road the rooms of which I have not, at some time or other, furnished with all that portable material which I carry with me on such occasions, and which, if it goes on increasing, will ultimately include a pier-glass and a piano.

How I wondered then at the rapidity with which the servants made things comfortable, and still more at the singular ideas which both they and Olga entertained of what comfort was!

At length, after many days, and now and then a night or two, of travel, we came upon the steppe country, where the forests were more scattered and the population sparser, until at last the whole landscape was a boundless expanse

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of grass, except in one direction, where a dark mass, like the shadow of a cloud, marked a distant wood. No sooner was it visible than my companion clapped her hands with delight, the horses were urged into a gallop, the carriage bounded more wildly than usual over the deep ruts formed by the winter rains, now baked into troughs that would have smashed ordinary springs, and I needed no other evidence to prove to me that our destination was at hand. I confess my heart sank within me, for there was something inexpressibly dreary in the prospect. My baby, who had undergone the trials of the journey with a fortitude and a power of endurance truly Sclavonic, set up a loud wail, which it seemed to me could only arise from instinctive dread and dismay. I looked round in every direction, and though the range of vision was most extensive, not the vestige of a cottage was visible, not a human being enlivened the scene; so I sank gently back and in silence, and added my tears to baby's. Fortunately, Olga was too much excited to notice me, and after violently hugging my first-born in a paroxysm of delight, she performed the same operation upon me. Thanks to the moisture she had acquired from the cheeks of that little cherub, she did not discover the tears on mine; so we plunged into the gloomy recesses of the wood, and I was cheered by seeing a road branch off to the right, which she informed me led to the village. While wondering whether it would be possible to do a little "parish" in it, and secretly making up my mind to open a Sunday-school, I was startled by the hollow sound of the horse's hoofs upon a wooden bridge, and looking out, saw that we were crossing a dry moat, and entering

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an old moss-grown castle, through a somewhat dilapidated archway.

Immense trees overhung the building, which I had only time to observe was very ancient, but still apparently substantial, and very quaint and irregular in form.

We pulled up at a low door in a grass-grown quadrangle, where stood an old white-headed servitor, into whose arms Olga precipitated herself with the most ardent expressions of joy: behind him a row of domestics evidently gazed with no little awe and respect upon the retinue of town servants we had brought from St Petersburg. Notwithstanding the bustle and the high state of preparation of everybody for our arrival, I felt chilled by a sensation of solitude and desolation I had not experienced since leaving England: the whirl and gaiety of the capital, the constant attendance at court which fell to my lot —the excitement and novelty of a life altogether which never allowed a moment for serious thought—had kept me, as I supposed, contented and happy. Too young to discover cares in life which did not exist, too giddy to seek out occupation I did not desire, I had lived like a butterfly in a beautiful garden, and now suddenly found myself without the flowers, and the sunshine, and the other butterflies that used to pay me court. It was a moment of terrible reaction—even my companion's high spirits failed to make me take a cheerful view of things. When I followed the old white-headed man under the low doorway, and Olga linked her arm in mine, I felt as if he was the jailor, and she was escorting me to a dungeon in which I was to be confined for life. It was very

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wrong, I know, and I concealed my feelings as much as I could, but she felt me shudder as I leant upon her arm, and stopped suddenly. "Why," she said, "do you tremble so much? are you frightened? Who told you the castle was haunted?" I had never heard anything about the castle, except that my husband used to make there what he called his "economies," by which he meant that he had a bailiff who lived in it and farmed his property for him; and as for its being haunted, it was a positive relief to my mind to hear anything about it half so interesting. So I laughed at the notion of an Englishwoman either believing in or being afraid of ghosts, and said I shivered because a cold draught came down the passage along which we were passing. "Yes," observed my companion, "since the bailiff refused to live in it, the castle has been quite uninhabited, so that the air feels chilly; but we will have the stoves lighted and make ourselves comfortable. There is not the least danger in the daytime, and at night we will sleep in the cottage, which papa built just before his death, when the ghosts made it impossible to sleep any longer in the castle." As she said this we were standing in a fine old hall, round which were ranged some figures in armour; the walls were decorated with tapestry, and where the wood panelling appeared, it was in many places painted so as to form a picture with the edge of the panel for the frame. Very uncouth men and women indeed the worthy progenitors of my husband appeared, as depicted upon these ancestral walls—capable of any deed of darkness, and just the sort of people who would continue to live in the castle when they ought to have been reposing

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like respectable members of the Greek Church in the number of square feet of soil allotted to them. Unfortunately, instead of being buried, some had been put into a family vault, and were perhaps more restless on that account. Whatever be the reason, the current superstition was, that the originals of some of the portraits which adorned the walls of this large hall continued to inhabit the castle, to the exclusion of its present lawful possessors; and an extremely savage-looking Sclavonian warrior, with a battle-axe in his hand, and what seemed to be some sort of drum at his feet, was the most generally acknowledged spectre. Why he was chosen, I know not, except that the favourite sound of the ghostly occupant was said to be the rattle of a drum, or rather a thing like a tom-tom, which in those early days was one of the musical instruments of these barbarians. I confess, at the moment I was thinking very little about my husband's restless ancestors; my thoughts were back in my own dear little room at home—that room in which I am now writing this; and I would have embraced the knees of the most disreputable of spectres who should at that moment have pounced upon me from any of the surrounding pictures, and in the twinkling of an eye have landed me on the door-steps of the paternal mansion. So I turned a deaf ear to Olga's patter about goblins, and gazed vacantly at the gaunt figures in armour, and the gloomy groined roof overhead, and the faded tapestry and ill-drawn portraits. I saw that a massive staircase led to regions overhead, as yet unexplored, and I perceived that it was really true that we were not going to sleep in the castle. Still we seemed to be going partially to in-

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habit it, for a rather dark passage led from the hall into a really charming drawing-room, where the air had been warmed, and the temperature was agreeable. It was furnished in the most modern Parisian style, and from one window a view was obtained of a straggling cottage or two of the village, the greater part of which was concealed by the wood. That window was quite a consolation to me for the moment, and altogether the room looked habitable and light, and I felt my spirits rising again. A small dining-room opened off the drawing-room, but on festive occasions the large hall I have already described was used. Beyond the small dining-room there was a billiard-room. A passage led from the drawing-room to a glass door, upon opening which we emerged upon a bridge which crossed the moat, but which was covered in partly with glass and partly with planking. This led into a detached cottage, consisting of nothing but bedrooms. The fact that the castle itself was of immense dimensions, and contained any amount of accommodation, and that the family had nevertheless been positively driven out of it by ghosts, and obliged to build a cottage to sleep in, was the most practical evidence I could have desired that, whatever might be the foundation of the belief, it existed pretty strongly. I have been obliged, for reasons that will presently appear, to be thus particular in describing the plan of the castle, and of the principal rooms in it.

The cottage was decidedly an improvement on the gloomy structure we had left. Whereas the castle was surrounded on three sides by dense black pine forest, the trees of which overhung the moat, and almost shot their

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branches into the upper windows, the view from the cottage presented the strangest contrast from my bedroom window. Not a tree bigger than a rose-bush was visible anywhere; a neglected flower-garden was bounded by a sunk fence, to which it descended in a gentle slope, and beyond that nothing but grass, with here and there a field of Indian-corn or wheat stubble: still, with the bright sun setting upon it, there was something comforting in its very grandeur and expanse. I seemed to breathe again after having been nearly stifled in the castle. The dungeon-feeling was going off, and a momentary sensation of butterfly seemed to thrill through me. Two peasant women were returning from work to the village, and as I opened the window I heard them sing. Decidedly I should visit the poor of the parish to-morrow. I would find out an old serf "bad with the rheumatiz, my lady," and take him "Rhus." Then I looked at the women as they walked away, and wondered if I wanted to sell them how I should have to set about it—whether they were fixtures on the land, or if I could let them; and then I thought it would be more philanthropic to hire anybody I saw belonging to a neighbour that seemed unhappy, and that led me to think of neighbours, and I asked Olga who our neighbours were, and how far off they lived. She told me the nearest lived seventeen miles off, but that he was a horrid man, who had ill-treated his wife till she died, and he now lived there alone; and the next nearest was a lady, who had been married and divorced a great many times, and finally got tired of going through the ceremony, but who did not the less prefer the society of gentlemen to that of ladies.

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Then there was an old lady who lived by herself, twenty-four miles off; and a charming family thirty miles off, whose acquaintance I made some years after. All this was discouraging, and I ceased to be a butterfly again. The growling and grumbling of my English maid, who ever since her arrival in Russia had, for some reason known only to herself, pertinaciously refused to have her tea made in a *samovar*, and who now said that when I engaged her to accompany me to Russia I should have mentioned that "the family was inhabited with ghosts," did not improve my frame of mind; and when she gave me warning, and announced her intention to go, and I thought how difficult it had been to come, I told her with a malicious satisfaction that I should be the least obstacle she would have to encounter in carrying out her design of returning to her native land; on which, feeling the impossibility of putting her threat into execution, she retorted that it was my fault if I had made her "an Elisabeth, or Exile in Siberia," and burst into a violent paroxysm of tears.

Fortunately the ills of life do not assume large dimensions at eighteen, and in a few days I had quite recovered my wonted spirits. I had explored every nook and corner of the old castle in the boldest and most sacrilegious way. I had opened rooms supposed to be exclusively inhabited by ghosts. I had been stifled with clouds of dust in the course of my investigations. I had taken the skin off my fingers trying to turn gigantic keys in impossible locks, and Olga had kept at a respectable distance behind me, and uttered a little scream every time I had broken into a new room. As to the old

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steward, he was as much scandalised at the exploratory tendencies of the mistress as at the fine airs of the maid: while I was scrambling up rickety ladders in spite of all warning about the dangers of their breaking, she was insisting upon hot-water bottles for her feet. To my intense delight, I discovered two very sociable greyhounds at the bailiff's; and as horse-breeding was part of the farm operations, I had no difficulty in getting a new mount every day until I was satisfied; and then how Olga and I used to fly across the country after hares, and how fond the dogs and the horses and the riders all got of each other at last! Then I made acquaintance with the whole population of the village, and though I could not exchange an idea with one of them, I found plenty to do; and I was beginning to forget all about the ghosts, when one night, just as I was going to sleep, in flounces "Elisabeth, or the Exile," gives two violent gasps, and faints dead away by the side of my bed. Not being at all of a nervous temperament myself, I don't generally make allowances for persons addicted to hysteria; but there was not the slightest doubt about the genuineness of Elisabeth's present condition, and at least half an hour elapsed before, by dint of violent remedies, I succeeded in restoring consciousness. Not that I gained much, for no sooner did she "come to"—to use her own expression—than she shut her eyes and "went off" again. This she did three times, and then her anxiety to tell me the story overcame every other consideration, and she sat up, took rather a long sip of sol-volatile, and commenced. I should premise that I had allowed Elisabeth—who, by the way, never permitted either me or anybody else to

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call her anything but Phillips, and whose Christian name was Jane—to sit and work in a sort of little boudoir that opened off the billiard-room, in order that she might not mix with the other servants, who, she said, were not "sympatica" to her—she had spent a winter in Rome with a lady before coming to me. "So," says Phillips, "knowing, my lady, that you would want your riding-'abit the first thing in the morning, and that I should have to let a whole new bit in, in consequence of your ladyship's always tearing your 'abit exactly in the same place—leastways three mornings running—I hanticipated rather a long job, and so I determined to set about it at once; and your ladyship may imagine the 'orror I conceived when I found, on reaching my apartment after undressing of your ladyship, that I had left my needle-book and thimble, and hother working materials, in my morning boodwar. Well, my lady, I was in a great many minds before I could summing up courage to go into that dreadful castle at this time of night; and it was not without awful trembling—and I may say even haspen-like shakings—that I 'urried along the glass passage across the moat, a-shading of the candle with my 'and. When I opened the door into the billiard-room there come a gust of wind that almost extinguished my light; and I got so frightened that I turned back again as far as the passage, and there I stopped to take breath, and that gave me time to think of your ladyship's displeasure if I did not get the 'abit ready, and so I gently opened the door again and listened, but, as Mr Munckting Mills, the present Lord Houghting, beautifully observes, 'the beating of my own 'art was the honly

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sound I 'eard,' leastways at that moment, my lady. A moment after, I tripped over a billiard-cue which was prostrated,—and, oh! what another start that give me. I felt as if I was made up of electrical wires and was keeping on having shocks from everything I touched—being continually and perpetually expecting of ghosts made me almost feel as if I was somebody else, especially when the light made my own 'orrid shadow stand up on the wall all of a sudding, right opposite to me. Well, my lady, I was shaking so when I got 'old of my working materials that I run the needles into my fingers without caring, and was running away, feeling always that somebody might be close behind me in the dark for all I knew to the contrairy, when of a sudden, as I got into the passage leading from the great hall to the billiard-room—oh, my lady!——" Here Phillips began again to tremble so violently that I poured out some more sal-volatile; and, in order to encourage her, as I administered it, said, "Well, my good Phillips, what did you see?" "Oh, nothing, my lady; nothing visible could ever make such awful sounds; and it was right in my ear, not an inch off, as I am a living woman. Just as I come out of the billiard-room off it went with a bang, exactly like the militia."

"Well, but off what went? could you see nothing?"

"Why, first, I never looked; and, second, it was too dark if I had; it was just at the corner where the passage turns to the glass door; but, oh, it was so loud, I wonder you did not hear it here; it were like a number of little pistols going off quick as light, one after the other. Coming on me of a sudding, and me feeling as I

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was, and being wound up to the 'ighest pitch at any rate, I gave a scream and a jump, my lady, as I shall never know how many feet in the air; and I never stopped screaming and running with occasional jumps, and once I fell down, till I came to your ladyship's bedside, where here I shall remain and never again to move. Oh dear! oh dear!" and Phillips went off into a fit of incoherent lamentation and much sobbing, in the course of which I induced her to get upon the couch, where she finally cried herself to sleep. I was excessively annoyed. In the first place, Phillips was full enough of fancies without silly practical jokes being played upon her to increase them; and, in the second, she was sufficiently difficult to please without making Russia more intolerable to her than it already was. So spake the sensible, practical Englishwoman; but in so speaking I am bound to say she was not telling the real truth. I felt I was deceiving myself. I knew well enough it was no trick of the servants to frighten my maid. There was not a servant in the place who would venture into the castle after we had left the drawing-room. Moreover, had not the very owner, to say nothing of the bailiff, been frightened out of the place years ago, and gone to the expense of building bedrooms? Again, what Phillips said about the nature of the sounds was consistent with general report: it was said they were so loud sometimes that there was not a servant in the place who had not heard them. So much so, that on certain nights of the week the villagers used timidly to approach the castle, and listen; and then, the moment the noises broke out, would run away terrified. The day most

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patronised by the ghosts, I had heard, was Saturday; but whether our presence had kept them unusually quiet, or whether I was always too sound asleep at the interesting moment to hear them, I know not; but my curiosity was at last violently excited, and my temper somewhat roused: so I determined, *coute que coute*, to get to the bottom of the mystery, and having arrived at this decision irrevocably in my own mind, I turned round, and went peaceably to sleep. My first injunction to Phillips on the following morning was, that she should not breathe a word of her experience—which I affected to treat lightly—to the Countess Olga or any other soul; my second, that she should bring my riding-habit torn as it was, as I thought a day with the greyhounds would not be a bad preparation for a night with the ghosts. Fortune favoured my plans, for it so happened that Olga went to bed early with a headache, and left me reading alone in the drawing-room. When the servants came to take away the tea, I told them they might go to bed; and, putting a small reading-lamp by my side, I determined to meet the ghost single-handed. Although I attempted to read while awaiting his arrival, I must confess that I found it impossible to fix my attention—my hearing seemed to have become preternaturally acute, and I had strung my nerves up to a pitch which was perhaps a little beyond what they could bear. It must be admitted, that for a young woman to sit quite alone in a castle so notoriously haunted that no man had ventured into it at night, either alone or in company, for years, for the express purpose of waiting for the ghosts to appear, was a very fair test of courage; and I do not

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think that I incur the charge of timidity because my heart did beat more rapidly than usual on this occasion, and I was aware of a dampness on the forehead, accompanied by that description of chill known as goose-skin, although the room was uncomfortably warm. At last, after a silence of two hours, so oppressive that I almost longed for the ghost, I thought I had done enough for one night, and had fairly earned my bed. It was not to be expected by the most *exigeant* spectre that I should sit up for him till daylight; and I took up the lamp to go. At the very last moment, however, I was irresistibly impelled to take a look into the Great Hall. I felt I was shrinking from a conscientious discharge of my duty if I left this part of it unfulfilled. So, very much in the same frame of mind as Phillips when she went to her "boodwar," I marched towards the door of the hall. I opened it very silently, partly because I was afraid of the sounds I made myself, and partly because I wanted, if there was a ghost, to see him without his seeing me, though, as I had the light, a moment's reflection would have shown me that would be impossible. I walked straight into the middle of the hall, and turned the light boldly upon all the pictures and tapestry. Everything was still and silent as the grave. I then kept the light fixed upon the other entrance, so that nobody should come in without my seeing it, and walked towards some of the figures in armour to look if anybody was concealed behind them. I had just satisfactorily settled this point when I suddenly heard a deep sigh. My heart seemed to jump at once into my mouth, and I felt as if I should choke; but I put my back against the wall, so as not to

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be taken unawares, and listened, but not for long. In another moment a long, deep, heavy sigh—so long, so deep, so full of misery, that it almost amounted to a moan; but there was no intonation in it. It was like a stage whisper—so clear, and yet without any other kind of sound than that made by wind.

It seemed very near me, almost at my ear; so near that I turned suddenly round. I found myself actually leaning against the Sclavonian warrior with the battle-axe and the drum. My flesh was now beginning to creep, I felt my hair positively rising, and I wanted to run away, but was afraid to leave the wall against which I had placed my back, for it seemed a sort of protection. Again a long, deep sigh, then another. There is something abominable in sighs. They seem a sort of sound that it does not require a regular body to make. A pair of lungs is all that is necessary to sigh with; a mouth is quite superfluous. One might sigh through a hole in one's throat, or without a head at all for the matter of that. Then there was a sort of catch in one of the sighs that was particularly disagreeable, as if the ghost had been interrupted in his misery, and then it had been suddenly very much increased. I was still hesitating what to do, when the stillness which had succeeded the last sigh was followed by a muffled sound of beating or thumping, very low and regular, and seeming to echo all round the room, but to come from no particular part of it. As it grew louder my fears rose to such a pitch that all my resolution vanished. I rushed at the door leading to the drawing-room, which I banged after me, but failed to shut out the sound which seemed to pursue me

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through the drawing-room and along the glass passage, with its increasing volume still ringing in my ears. Into bed, dressed, and just as I was, and with my head under the bed-clothes, I was still unable to shut it out. A pressure on my shoulder made me start with a scream of terror—overtaken at last, my bed not even a refuge! it was too horrible!

The thought had hardly flashed across me when Olga's gentle voice reassured me. She was shaking from head to foot; the sounds from the castle had been loud enough to wake her up, and now as we tremblingly clasped each other we could hear them dying away. The loud drum roll was subsiding into the muffled murmur I had heard at first, and by degrees it ceased altogether.

The next morning Phillips came to me with the triumphant intelligence that all the servants had been roused by the noises in the castle, and that her story, which I had affected to disbelieve, had thus received the most satisfactory confirmation. Poor Phillips! I felt I owed her some apology for the apparent scepticism with which I had treated her story, and admitted to her that I had also heard the sounds—in fact, had passed a very uneasy night in consequence. This seemed to afford her great comfort and consolation, though she relapsed into disappointment when she found that I steadily refused to admit that the sounds in question could possibly be caused by supernatural agency. Notwithstanding all which very brave language, my nerves were so much shaken by the incidents of this dreadful night, that I could scarcely bring myself to enter the Great Hall even by day, and our evening sittings in the drawing-room

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were by no means protracted to so late an hour as they had formerly been. Having unlimited confidence in the salutary effects of a great deal of exercise in the open air upon the nervous system, I devoted myself to the destruction of hares, and for some days coursed so vehemently, that a new couple of greyhounds, which the bailiff had bought to relieve his own, were fairly worked off their legs. Still I was as perpetually haunted by the desire of discovering something more about the ghosts as the castle was by those uncanny beings. For some nights I lay awake, listening in vain for sounds, until, at last, one night as I lay wondering whether they would ever come again, the distant roll gradually swelling and as gradually falling broke the midnight stillness. It was not nearly so loud as upon the former occasion, and so far from frightening me, seemed this time rather to inspire me with courage. It was on a Saturday, just a fortnight after my last adventure, and I listened and calmly speculated upon the mysterious sound. I had been reading rather a heavy book, in which, nevertheless, I had been deeply interested; for, although young and giddy, I was excessively fond of study, and the repose of country life had suggested to me the expediency of beginning a course of serious reading and following it up. My lamp was burning brightly, every corner of the room was lighted, Olga and all the servants slept between me and the castle,—altogether, my nerves felt so strong and steady, that I quite wondered why I had experienced such terror on the previous occasion; so I once again resolved to fathom the mystery, and this time I determined that not the whole misery of the universe concentrated into

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one sigh, nor the tatoo-roll of all the armies of Europe concentrated into one drum, should drive me from the Great Hall. Having, as upon the first night of Phillips's adventure, arrived at this irrevocable decision, I turned round and went peaceably to sleep,

The first thing which my sister-in-law asked me next morning was whether I had heard the sounds in the night. On my admitting that I had, she said that she had not felt so frightened as upon the last occasion, and remarked that she supposed in time we should get quite accustomed to them. I told her I had already so far overcome my original dread, that I had determined in my own mind to make another nocturnal experience, and proposed to her to join me. However brave one may be individually, a companion on such occasions is always an immense support. To my great delight she readily consented to my proposal. I suggested that we should not wait until the next Saturday night, but try at once, and keep on making experiments every night during the week; by these means, if nothing was seen or heard, we should have become accustomed to the loneliness of the Great Hall, and be better able to face the dangers of the fatal Saturday. I am bound to say that we passed the whole of this day in a fever of excitement and anticipation. I went half-a-dozen times into the great Hall, impelled thither by a fascination which was quite irresistible. I gazed at all the pictures, examined all the panelling, ascended the massive staircase, which nevertheless creaked even with my light weight, and became familiar with every object which a heated imagination could possibly turn into a ghost.

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Gaunt figures in armour, with a dim light upon them, are especially ghost-like and supernatural. The bars of their visors always look like long teeth, and they make a nasty rattle when you touch them, extremely disagreeable in the dark. I determined that I should allow my mind to rest on none of these things when I came at night with Olga. Indeed, I tried to take one warrior to pieces, on purpose to feel on intimate terms with him, and succeeded so far that I got his helmet off, and could not get it on again; so, as a piece of bravado, I put it under his arm, and made him look more ghastly than ever. Then I went back to the drawing-room, and by the time ten o'clock struck I had worked myself up into such a recklessly defiant mood, that I felt almost intoxicated with excitement. Olga caught the infection. We could scarcely restrain our impatience till the moment came to dismiss the servants: then we jumped up and waltzed round the room, a sort of war-dance of triumph and defiance. Then we lighted every candle, and went into the billiard-room and lighted it up too, careless of what the servants would suppose,—laughing, indeed, at the terror which the unusual illumination would inspire, and which would certainly be attributed to a posse of debauched ghosts; then we played a noisy game of billiards,—all which, be it remembered, was merely a form of Dutch courage. We were both by this time in our secret souls excessively terrified. Both would willingly have danced off to bed instead of round the billiard-table; but our honour was at stake, and we kept up appearances magnificently. At last the midnight hour struck, and, arming ourselves each with a cue

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in one hand and a candle in the other, we marched defiantly towards the Great Hall.

The first thing I saw was my friend the warrior whom I had left with his head under his arm, glaring at me with his black, ghastly cavern of a mouth and hollow eye-sockets; but, to my horror and dismay, his head was back again upon his shoulders. As none of the servants would have ventured into the Hall since the comparatively late hour that I had last visited it, I was driven to the unpleasant conclusion that this mailed knight had either put on his own head, or had got an equally unearthly friend to put it on for him. I felt my courage already giving way, so I laughed and talked boisterously, and rapped his helmet soundly with my cue, as I told the story in a loud tone to Olga. She was at the other end of the room, tapping the panelling with her cue, as she laughingly said, loud enough to drown the sound of the ghost's drum. We seemed both penetrated with the conviction that our only chance of safety lay in making as much noise as possible, so I began to tap the panels on my side of the room also. At that moment, the most piercing scream I ever heard issue from mortal throat burst from Olga; her candle dropped with a crash, and before I could look round she tore wildly past me, screaming, "Fly! fly! save yourself!" I needed no further admonition. Never turning my head, I rushed after her to the passage leading to the drawing-room, my candle also going out, and in we both burst to the brilliantly lighted room, pale, panting, and exhausted. Our first care was to double-lock the door by which we had just entered; and as, in order to regain our bed-

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rooms, it was necessary to traverse the glass passage, now dark, we rested for a minute while I lighted my candle, and Olga took another out of the candelabra. This gave me time to think that a retreat to the cottage, after all my resolutions, without even knowing what had happened, would be ignominious, so I implored Olga to sit down and calm herself, and give me some reason for her extravagant alarm. I had taken the precaution to provide sundry restoratives in case of our needing them, and in a few moments she had comparatively regained her tranquillity. All she could say was, that as she was tapping the panel on which was painted the Sclavonian warrior, the cue was suddenly drawn out of her hand by some invisible influence. She had not let it drop, nor had she brought it back with her. There was no denying the fact; the cue had vanished—but how, remained a mystery. When she felt it being pulled from her hand she screamed, dropped the light, turned and fled, and she could give me no further information upon the subject. Meantime we sat and listened. Not a sound could we hear except the murmur of the wind and the rustling of the pine branches which overhung the window. Feeling that this silence would unnerve us, and reluctant to yield to Olga's entreaties to go to the cottage, I proposed that we should return to the billiard-room, lock both the doors, and play a game of billiards. A ghost would scarcely be bold enough to enter a room in which there were fifteen candles burning; and if the sounds were as loud as usual, we would sit there and listen to them safely. After some hesitation, my companion consented to this arrangement, and we went

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through the form of knocking the balls about, without, however, being able to get rid for an instant of the one thought uppermost in both our minds. Every now and then, by mutual consent, we stopped and listened, but not a sound was audible. I was on the point of proposing another visit to the Hall, when the bang of a distant door checked the words as they rose to my lips, and made us both start and tremble. Then again profound stillness. It was now nearly two o'clock, but as I had quite made up my mind not to go to bed without one more attempt at unravelling the mystery, I determined first quietly to go over in my mind the events which had occurred up to this point, hoping that somehow I might hit upon the clue. As I did so, it flashed across me that upon the occasion of my first visit I heard the sighs when I was standing on the side of the room near the picture of the Sclavonian warrior, and that as I leant my back against it they seemed nearer and louder. This then might be the haunted spot, if any one place in this "possessed" old building was more haunted than another, for exactly here it was that Olga had lost her cue. It was a sort of comfort getting some definite locality to fix upon for investigation, and a comfort to have a distinct reason for revisiting the Hall—my distinct reason being that I wanted to see whether the cue was lying upon the floor, or had really, as Olga maintained, been spirited away altogether. My curiosity on this point was so great that I firmly resisted all her endeavours to dissuade me from going back. I finally promised, however, that we should only go as far as the Hall door, this time on tiptoe; that we should open it

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gently and look in, and be satisfied, if we saw the cue lying on the floor, to leave it there without venturing further; if not, to rest content with our experiences for the night, and put off our investigations as to what had become of the cue to some future occasion. This being decided upon, we once more screwed up our courage to the sticking-point, and returned to the drawing-room, where everything was still lighted, and stayed for a moment to listen. To my dismay and regret, for I saw my companion's resolution would fail her, we distinctly heard a sort of shuffling sound, as of some one crossing the Hall in slippers. At this time I felt such intense anxiety to know what had become of the cue that I was resolved to go on alone if Olga would not come with me; and when I saw her sink back almost fainting into a chair, I felt it would be cruel of me to urge her further. Indeed, at the moment she was so frightened that she was unable even to go back to the cottage, much less to the Hall. I therefore crept cautiously on by myself, and, before opening the door into the Hall, leant my ear against it and listened. All silent. I put my hand gently on the old-fashioned latch, which, fortunately, I could turn without noise, and pushed the door softly open. The Sclavonian warrior hung on the wall to the left as I entered, and as the door also opened back into the Hall on the same side, I found I should be obliged either to fling it well back or advance into the room in order to have a view of the floor at the foot of the picture, where I expected to find the cue lying. I should remark that, on passing through the drawing-room, it occurred to me to take, instead of a candle, a

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reading-lamp with a very strong reflector, which, though somewhat heavy, could be made to throw a bright light. Before pushing the door wide open I gave my lamp an extra twist; then, with every fibre strung, I took one bold step into the room, and turned the lamp full on the left-hand wall. What I then saw fairly rooted me to the spot with amazement and dismay. The Sclavonian warrior had utterly vanished, and in his room, or I should rather say in *a* room, there appeared a bed, a table with a loaf of bread upon it, a chair, a pair of jack-boots, and a sword hanging above them. For an instant I felt dizzy with bewilderment, then turned and fled. I was more thoroughly frightened than if a legion of drumming ghosts had marched into the Hall. The *dénouement* was so utterly unexpected, so terribly real, so exactly the reverse of supernatural, that the very contrast was a shock. Spectral figures in white robes, or even the Sclavonian warrior beating his own drum, I could have borne; but a bed which had evidently just been occupied, for the clothes were all tumbled, a pair of jack-boots probably just pulled off, and a half-eaten loaf of bread, were sights infinitely more alarming. I felt that the occupant of the mysterious chamber must be the sort of person who would murder me if he caught me; and my tell-tale face as I rushed through the drawing-room required no explanation. Olga was sufficiently recovered to fly after me, and once more, breathless and exhausted, we reached my bedroom. Here I explained to my sister-in-law what I had seen, and we spent the remaining hours till daylight in accounting for the ghostly sounds, and in vague conjectures as to the

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identity of the individual who produced them. The servants were somewhat astonished not only to find us up at the earliest hour in the morning, but to receive an order to send the white-headed steward to us. Meantime Miss Phillips had been made acquainted with our discovery, which she communicated in a tongue of her own invention to the rest of the household, so that when the steward came we were followed by the whole establishment to the Great Hall. To my astonishment another change had taken place since my last visit. The Sclavonian warrior was no longer there, it is true, but no more were the bed, or the table, or the chair, or the big boots, or the loaf of bread, or the sword. Everything had disappeared except the room, and into that we entered. It was built into the solid wall, here nine feet thick. The panel occupied by the warrior had been five feet by seven, and this was the size of the entrance to the room. The dimensions of it were as follows:—eight feet in breadth, twelve feet in length, seven in height—the floor was one foot higher than that of the hall. It was now quite empty, though the stains of liquid spilt on the floor showed it to have been recently occupied. After some difficulty we succeeded in drawing out the panel, which slided noiselessly along its groove, and the warrior gradually emerged once more to the light of day. We examined the edge of it carefully, and did not close it completely for fear of not understanding the trick of the spring. When we discovered the right spot to touch outside the panel, we found it acted almost like a hair-trigger. It was in the crevice of a rock, painted in the picture against which the warrior was leaning. The

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effect of a very gentle pressure here made the panel roll softly back of its own accord about an inch. As the carving of the panel projected, this opening was generally in shade, so that it might very well be a little open without being visible. There was no difficulty, supposing I had been leaning within a foot of this apartment, in accounting for the sighs which the occupant had probably resorted to as the easiest mode of frightening me away, before he began to beat his drum. In the same way the point of Olga's cue must have slipped into this opening, and been dexterously snatched out of her hand. We never saw the cue again. The unfortunate part of it all is, "that here my story ends." Who the man who lived in this room was, why he lived there, whether more than one lived there, are all questions which we went on asking until we gave it up in despair. I used often to suspect that the old steward knew something about it; but he pretended to be as much surprised as any of us at the discovery. The most likely hypothesis is that some political refugee had made it his abode, preferring it to Siberia, or something still more summary. Whoever he was, he had enjoyed free lodging for twenty years, as during all that period the castle had been haunted. Judging by the specimen I saw of it, his fare had been of the simplest description; indeed, not the least difficult part of the problem is how he managed to get supplied with provisions at all. Nor is it easy to explain why he left the panel open for us to discover his room, unless we suppose that he did not give us credit for sufficient courage to revisit the hall after he had taken Olga's cue. Again, he must have seen me stand-

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ing in the hall, or he could not have known that I had found out his secret, and have decided on utterly abandoning his home for ever and taking all his property with him. Where he took his table and his chair and his bed to is another mystery that will never be solved, more especially as the old steward is dead, who, as I have already said, I have always felt firmly convinced could have thrown some light on the subject.

I need scarcely say that no sounds have ever been heard in the castle since that eventful night. Some of the trees have been cut down, and some of the bedrooms are refurnished, and made habitable and cheerful. The recess itself always stands open, and contains a whist-table; but the Sclavonian warrior often sees the light, for the story is still often told, and without him it would be a ghost story with the ghost left out.

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III.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS.

I AM in the unfortunate position of being the fourth son of an impecunious peer. My eldest brother went into the Guards, my second into the Church, my third into the Navy, and I into—the City. I might, if it were not for the scrupulous regard for truth which characterises me, have said, into business; but although my avocations take me a good deal into the City, I don't do much business there, in the strict sense of the term. My wants are small, and I manage, thanks to the handle to my name, and an unusual allowance of mother-wit, to pick up about a thousand a-year out of the financial street-sweepings. It is not necessary for me to describe exactly how I do this—partly because I don't want to reveal my methods to other young men in my own needy circumstances, and partly because I am a victim to horrible doubts as to whether those methods are strictly right and honourable. The fact is, that my second brother and I mistook our vocations in life. I have been tortured from infancy with an extremely sensitive conscience—an article

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of the greatest possible value in the Church, but decidedly in the way in the City. My brother, the Honourable and Reverend Sydney Lyesant, who is known amongst us familiarly as "the Hon. and Rev.," was born, if I may so express it, with a slight obliquity of moral vision, which would have been of the greatest service to him in the City, but which, to a certain extent, tends to impair his usefulness as a parish priest. I do not for a moment wish to insinuate that he is not an excellent, hard-working, and devoted ecclesiastic; on the contrary, he is a slave to his parishioners, and most punctilious in the performance of his duties; but there is a casuistry about his way of putting things,—and I may even say of doing things,—calculated to inspire distrust, and which lays him open to attacks from the Low Church rector of the neighbouring parish, of which the latter is not slow to avail himself—the more especially as my brother is a Ritualist.

There are only two or three others besides my brother who know my methods. I determined to consult him in regard to them, because I felt if I could obtain his sanction to them as a priest, I should be easier in my mind. Moreover, as he considered it his duty to confess a large proportion of his flock, especially the feminine section of it, I hoped that the peculiar turn of his mind, combined with his habit of dealing with difficult cases of conscience, might induce him to take a favourable view of my proceedings. I therefore carefully explained my methods to him, and propounded my difficulties. To my astonishment, he said that they did not involve a question of morals at all, but points of law, and that the

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right person for me to apply to was not a clergyman, but a solicitor. Now I had already done this; for when my methods first occurred to me, I was afraid, if discovered, they might render me liable to legal penalties. I therefore, to make sure, took counsel's opinion. Some of the points were so delicate that my legal adviser took three days to consider, and then gave it as his opinion that there was no law in existence by which I could be touched. I then asked him whether, although my methods might be legally safe, he considered them morally right. He said he was paid to give his opinion on questions of law, and not on questions of morals,—and with that politely bowed me out. It was under these circumstances that I applied to the Hon. and Rev.; and on my explaining the result of my interview with my lawyer, he said that the questions of morals and of law were so inextricably involved that he could not possibly give an opinion without being familiar, not merely with the legal bearings of the case, but with the custom which prevailed in the City, as much would depend upon the moral standard which was recognised by City men. He said that morals in matters of finance were relative, differing in different countries, and that it was impossible to fix an arbitrary standard to be applicable in all cases. In France, for instance, it was considered dishonourable for the son of a deceased bankrupt not to strain every nerve to pay off his father's creditors; but this obligation was not deemed so binding in England, though it was occasionally done—the difference being that in one country it was thought highly meritorious to do it, and in the other extremely discreditable not to do

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it. In the same way, the moral standard of New York in questions relating to finance was totally different from that of London; and a transaction which was considered legitimate and fair in one of those great commercial marts might be reprobated as sharp practice in the other. To make a long story short, I got no satisfaction out of either the lawyer or the divine, so I thought of consulting one or two eminent bankers. The first I applied to was much interested in my methods, and thought them perfectly legitimate; indeed I have since suspected that he may possibly avail himself of some of the hints he obtained from me. The second, on the other hand, appeared rather shocked, described them as being more ingenious than moral, and advised me to give them up; and here I may incidentally remark that the first banker I consulted was a modern financier, and a director of a limited liability concern, while the second was the leading partner of an old-established private firm. I merely mention this by the way, as indicating that there seems to be a difference between the modern standard in these matters and that of a generation or two ago. I was somewhat reluctant to adopt the old-fashioned standard, as I should be incontinently rendered a beggar if I did; so I tried another test. I thought over all my acquaintances, and wondered how many of them, if they knew my methods, would consider them legitimate, and how many would, on principle, abstain from employing them. As nearly as I could calculate, I found, on carefully estimating the characters of the men, that about eighty per cent would employ them if they knew them, and about twenty per cent would abstain from doing so on principle. Of course

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I could not be sure of the exact proportions; but I felt perfectly certain that if not twenty, still a large percentage, would disapprove of them, and that was enough to make me miserable. Why should this percentage have a different standard from their neighbours, and possibly be compelled to make great sacrifices of money, fame, or position, in order to maintain it? It was the eighty per cent, and not the twenty per cent, who formed public opinion on the matter. If they amassed fortunes by methods which the minority disapproved, the only result would be that the minority would be considered fools, and the members of the majority who succeeded would be respected just in proportion to the amount of fortune which they had amassed. It is only when a man becomes rich by methods which the majority disapproves, that he runs any risk of forfeiting their respect; and even then, if he has a pretty wife, and knows how to entertain, he can live it down.

These reflections made me very unhappy. I was perpetually haunted by the idea that I ought to be one of the minority; and yet, after all, their sense of right and wrong might be unduly strained, or why did it differ from that of the majority? Meantime I continued to derive a comfortable little income from my methods, pursued by a morbid fear that some day or other they would be discovered, and that then I should be considered lacking in principle by the minority, while the majority would adopt them, and they would cease to be valuable. Moreover, I still retained a sort of inherited superstition in respect to the class to which I belonged. No doubt it was not a high or noble sentiment, because

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it tended to imply that one's moral standard was to some extent conditioned on one's rank in life. But when I thought of my great ancestor, Sir Guy de Lyesant, whose spotless chivalry procured for him the proud device of "Honneur luisante" or "Honour bright," while it was at the same time a challenge to those who bore the name, I trembled to think that possibly I was even now tarnishing it; and the reflection that I was not the first who had done so, was but poor consolation.

It was a tradition in our family that the first Lyesant who ever told a lie was my great-grandfather; and this was attributed to the fact of his father having married the daughter of an alderman. Whether this be the case or not, there can be little doubt that a sensible moral deterioration has taken place during the last three generations, and that the instinct of *noblesse oblige*, which so eminently characterised the Lyesants of a former time, has now almost died out. By one of those hereditary freaks well known to natural philosophers, it seems to have been reproduced in me to its full extent; indeed there is even a strong physical resemblance between my lineaments and those of the great Sir Guy, after whom I am called, and whose portrait hangs in Lyesant Castle. Often have I gazed on it, and wondered whether, if he was alive now and in my position, he would consider it consistent with his honour to operate on the Stock Exchange and employ my methods.

From all which it would appear that I was craving for moral—indeed it would not be too much to say, for spiritual—counsel and advice in the difficult problems which beset my path in life. I was led by them into a

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vein of philosophical reflection; and it is by way of an introduction to the results at which I have arrived that I have been induced to bring my own insignificant personality before the reader. He will now understand how my own experiences have forced upon me the conclusion that a great moral vacuum exists in these modern days, which, as nature abhors a vacuum, needs to be filled: and if I venture to make a few suggestions which may seem bold, and even to some extent revolutionary, in their character, I wish the public to understand that I only timidly throw them out as hints; and that if once the principle be admitted, I should only be too happy to see modifications introduced which might improve my own crude ideas. It may be objected that I am treating a very grave and serious subject too lightly, and indeed with an apparent flippancy. To this I would reply that I am treating it in the most serious and effective manner at my command. I am not by nature a grave person. I make my livelihood in the City in an airy and superficial manner. My companions at the West End are frivolous and volatile. The clubs to which I belong are considered fast. But yet I am a human being with a soul and a conscience, and aspirations and doubts, and cravings and difficulties; and I don't know where to go to get comfort and consolation, and advice, and guidance, and solutions, and satisfaction. I have tried the Church, and I have tried the law, and I have tried men of business, and I am still just as much at sea as ever.

Instead of objecting that I treat a serious subject lightly, people who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-creatures should only be too thankful to see so

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flippant a person as I am, by my nature and surroundings, treat a serious subject at all. Let me assure them I don't consider it by any means a joke. I am leading a life which is perfectly miserable, grinning through a horse-collar all the time; and let me also tell them that there are scores of other men exactly in the same plight with myself. They don't go about talking about it. What is the good of talking about it? They want to lead higher lives and better lives than they are leading, but they don't see how. The fact is, modern civilisation has developed a quantity of new vices in all ranks, and classes, and occupations in life, for which no provision seems to have been made morally in theology.

Mr Ruskin many years ago wrote a pamphlet on 'The Construction of Sheepfolds.' Now what occurs to me is, that they want reconstruction; and with the greatest possible diffidence I would suggest how something might be done. People are very apt to say, when one complains of the inadequacy of old existing institutions to meet the requirements of the age, "It is all very well to find fault; only propose something better." Now, with all humility, I am going to find fault, because I am personally a sufferer from the insufficiency of one of the most venerable of those institutions—an institution, indeed, worthy of the highest respect—to meet the wants of my own case; and I don't want to lay myself open to the charge of not proposing something which, I think, will be an improvement. At the same time, if my suggestion does not seem practical, it may at any rate induce wiser heads than mine to consider seriously whether some means ought not to be devised to meet the spiritual

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necessities which have sprung out of the advanced state of civilisation in which we live. Modern writers bear universal testimony to the fact that the country is undergoing a great moral revolution. Mr Escott, in his remarkable and comprehensive work on 'England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits,' has given forcible expression to this fact when he says that "old lines of social demarcation have been obliterated, ancient landmarks of thought and belief removed, new standards of expediency and right created. We have made for ourselves strange gods, and we live in a state of transition to a yet unknown order." If it be true that new standards of expediency and right have been created, what I would ask is, What share has the Church taken in creating these new standards, and what is it doing to wean us from those strange gods which we have made for ourselves? Surely all this is an especially ecclesiastical affair? It is time to ask whether the Church has moved on with the age? whether it has recognised the fact that the tremendous development of the power of money-making which has taken place during the last half-century, and the habits of luxury which have been engendered thereby, have given rise to a totally new set of social, commercial, and, I may even say, of political moral problems, which the ethical teaching of a former generation fails altogether to grapple with? Indeed, from all I can learn, the ethical teaching of the last generation was not of any very great value any way. But as I did not live then, I don't know much about it; perhaps if I had, I might even then have proposed my scheme of ecclesiastical reform. It is with the requirements of the present that we have to deal,

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and these I shall endeavour to point out. I have conversed on the subject with my brother, the Hon. and Rev., and I asked him once why he did not find out the special vices of the members of his congregation, and denounce them from the pulpit. He declares they resent being preached at, and says that if you don't want to disgust your flock you must keep to generalities; that people are very sensitive on this point, and that neither individual men nor women like to feel after a sermon that the other members of the congregation think that certain of your remarks applied specially to them. They know they are "miserable sinners," and are not particularly ashamed of publicly saying so, provided they are all miserable together; but nobody likes to be considered an especially miserable sinner, nor to have his particular sin pointed out. Now this I can quite understand—indeed I to a great extent sympathise in it. If, when I was down in the country, my brother was to preach a sermon against doubtful methods of making money in the City—which, by the way, he would be the last man to do—I should not like it at all, because the squire, and the attorney, and the doctor, and the rustics of the parish, would know that his observations could be directed to nobody but me. Moreover, as my brother himself confessed—and most clergymen would probably feel the same difficulty—his familiarity with the subject was not sufficient to enable him to treat it effectively. The same remarks apply to certain modern social and political developments which are rarely, if ever, dealt with from the pulpit, but which are producing a serious national demoralisation. Now the only way, it seems to

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me, to obviate any appearance of invidious preaching, and at the same time to insure a treatment of the subject adequate to its requirements, would be by a redistribution of the cures of souls, if I may so express myself; that is, instead of having the country only territorially divided for ecclesiastical purposes, I would have it spiritually divided as well—in other words, divided according to the special moral requirements of large classes and groups of individuals, and adapted to their occupations and positions in life. Why, for instance, should there not be a properly qualified ministry set apart to instruct the laity as to the economic relations which should subsist between man and man? What an admirable thing it would be, for example, to institute a Bishop of Finance, with a Dean and Chapter, and a body of clergy, established principally in London and at the large commercial centres, under his jurisdiction, whose business it should be specially to preach sermons on financial morality, and to advise applicants on all matters of conscience connected with business. They might be subdivided into separate branches. Thus, there might be a special "cure" for the Stock Exchange. All the clergy connected with this department should be carefully trained in the laws, rules, and regulations affecting that body, and should be qualified to explain to their stock broking and jobbing congregations how far it was morally incumbent to comply with those laws, rules, and regulations, and in what particulars they should not take advantage of the facilities which they might offer for swindling. There can be no doubt that sermons might be preached on "rigging" and "cornering," treating the subject in a

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masterly and comprehensive way, and on broad general principles, which would be most valuable. To judge from the highly honourable men who engage in these operations, there is no doubt a great deal to be said in their favour, on moral grounds. But then, again, there can be no question that they sometimes give rise to opportunities of gain which are of extremely doubtful morality, and that a conscientious man frequently finds himself in a position of extreme difficulty. If, on such occasions, he could have recourse to his bishop, who was deeply versed in every mystery connected with "making a market," and could at once tell you when it was right to be a "bull"—not financially but morally right I mean —and when it was wrong, what a comfort it would be! How interesting, too, to listen on the Sunday to his lordship's eloquent discourse on the great "bear" movement of the week! Those large metropolitan churches which now present a lamentable array of empty benches would speedily fill under such an influence. It is a mistake to suppose that there is not an earnest desire to have financial matters placed upon an honest and sound basis among City men. Sermons on "rigging," "cornering," and so forth, would draw immense congregations of men engaged in these operations, who would be only too thankful to the Church for boldly assuming the responsibility, which indeed belongs to it, of telling them what is right and what is wrong in their methods of conducting business. I believe, if the experiment was tried, that the rogues would be found to be in a minority, and that thousands of men who are now looked upon as sharp practitioners would be grateful for a definite moral

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standard sanctioned by the Church, and which everybody would be compelled to adhere to, under the moral penalty, if he did not, of being considered a scoundrel. Again, while one branch of the financial diocese should occupy itself with the Stock Exchange, another branch should be devoted to joint-stock companies; whose "cure" should be directors, and who would act as spiritual advisers to the board. Why, considering that there are chaplains in the army, and that every good-sized man-of-war has a chaplain, every large company should not have a chaplain as well, passes my comprehension, especially considering that every year several large corporations come to grief, evidently for the simple want of this most useful functionary. When a "watering" operation is proposed at the board, for instance, and five directors are opposed upon moral grounds to the other five, who take a different moral view of the question, how much better it would be, instead of trusting it to the casting vote of the chairman, who may be devoid of all moral principle, to refer it for final decision to the chaplain! This would be making the Church practically influential in the economic questions of the hour; and considering how frequently unfortunate shareholders are victimised by the directors, there would not be the slightest difficulty about providing him with an ample salary. They would be only too glad to subscribe. The chaplain, of course, should be thoroughly versed in the financial management of companies, and have the right, whenever he pleased, to examine the books of the company to which he was attached, besides being present at every meeting of the board. Had such a functionary been connected

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with the City of Glasgow Bank a year or two ago, we should have been spared the horrible disclosure of hypocrisy and dishonesty, and the widespread ruin, which resulted from it.

The extremely mixed composition of congregations now makes it necessary for the preacher to deal in generalities which shall apply to all classes, and he is thus precluded from special definitions. The duchess and the petty tradesman listen to the same discourse, but it is evident the nature of their temptations are very different, and only the broadest moral axioms apply to both. For instance, what a useful sermon might be preached to a congregation consisting largely of grocers on the text, "Thou shalt not commit adulteration"! while one which should apply to a congregation of fashionable ladies would be somewhat different. There should certainly be a "Trades Diocese," probably several, where the bishops and clergy should specially instruct themselves in the forms of fraud; or even without going so far as to say fraud, let us call them the tricks of the trade, employed by dealers, wholesale and retail. This would be a far better way of dealing with them than by co-operative stores—to each of which, by the way, a chaplain should be attached.

The "Dioceses of Fashion" would be of the most vital importance. Of these, one should be exclusively for men and the other for women. Every West End club should have a chaplain versed in questions of honour, to whom all quarrels and disputes should be referred. No women should be admitted to the churches of the young men of fashion, where the vices peculiar to them should be

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exposed and denounced in the most uncompromising manner. I doubt whether they would attend in any large numbers in the absence of the ladies, and probably one place of worship would be found sufficient to afford all the accommodation required; but it should at least be supplied for those who are anxious to improve their mode of life. It is not unlikely that experience might prove that most good could be done by the personal influence of the clergy who devoted themselves to this "cure." And for this branch of the ministry it would be desirable to select men as young as possible, and who had themselves been fast, and become reformed characters, as they would more easily enter into the trials and temptations of their flocks, and their former experiences would supply them with counsel and advice of a practical kind. It is evident that the greatest care should be taken in the selection of those to whom was intrusted the "cure" of the fashionable women of society. While an aristocratic connection would be desirable in the case of these clergy, a profound knowledge of the world and of human nature would be indispensable. It is scarcely necessary to observe that they should all be married, and tolerably well on in years. They would often be called upon to deal with domestic and social problems of extreme delicacy, and their work would be so varied and arduous, that it would probably be found necessary to divide it into distinct branches. Thus there would be, first, the orthodox unmarried girls; second, the unorthodox and philosophical unmarried girls; third, the married women who were unhappily married; fourth, the married women who were no longer received in society;

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fifth, the married women who ought not to be any longer received in society, but were still very popular in it; sixth, the married women who had become agnostic, and were teaching their little daughters the theory of evolution; seventh, dowagers and elderly fashionable women who were struggling to reform; eighth, the same class who were not struggling to reform. It is evident that to preach faithfully to all these classes of women in the presence of men would be quite out of the question. For instance, a very useful course of sermons might be preached upon what style of conversation with the other sex is proper and what is improper, what allusions may be made and what allusions avoided—with illustrations. This is very urgently needed, as considerable confusion of ideas seems to exist as to "how far you may go," and what is *risqué*. This is a subject upon which the Church ought to lay down a very definite line. If a corresponding course was being preached by the young men's chaplain in the same parish, it is not impossible that a very considerable improvement might be effected in the social tone generally. Indeed the closest relations should be maintained between the fashionable clergy ministering to the two sexes, as the most delicate questions affecting their male and female flocks would be found to be inextricably interwoven, which it would require the most consummate spiritual diplomacy, if I may venture on such an expression, to unravel. It may be objected that this savours of the confessional, and of the undue interference of the priesthood in private relations. No one is more opposed to that practice than I am; nor should I suggest that a clergyman should ever ask prying ques-

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tions, or worm out confidences, or suggest sins by prurient cross-examination: but if, by his faithful preaching, he should awaken a dormant conscience in some member of his congregation, and he or she should apply to him for counsel and advice, then I think it desirable that he should be placed by the Church in the very best position to give it effectively, and to render the applicant practical assistance. It is worse than useless to throw a poor woman in dire difficulty and distress a moral axiom which she knew already. Something more than that must be done to get her out of the scrape; and as it is most probable that she cannot apply to her husband for the purpose, she ought to feel that she has the friend in need in a priest, chiefly skilled in the solution of such problems, especially if he first aroused by his preaching remorse or aspirations.

There will be no fear of the women not going to church to hear themselves preached at, as in the case of the men. No matter how faithfully the preacher puts the points on the *i's*, they will flock to listen to him. They like it. The harder he hits, the more they will go. They all have consciences, and it produces a sort of pleasurable pain to have them rudely shaken. An able disquisition on dress would attract crowds. The preacher might discourse on *tourneurs*, denounce the fashion of *sans manches*, and enter even into more minute details of underclothing, suggesting additions and so forth, with the best possible effect. He should make himself acquainted with their especial vanities, with the ruses to which they resort to attract men, with their envyings and jealousies, with the uses they make of one

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another as decoys, with the schemes of match-making mammas, with their methods of obtaining social distinction and securing admiration, and expose them mercilessly. The only trouble is, they would all end by adoring him; that is why it is essential that he should be old, and have a wife and large family. If my suggestion is adopted by Parliament, and the Church is reorganised upon my system, I shall give up the City, marry, and offer myself as a candidate in this field of labour. I should be rather young, but I am certain I could do an awful amount of good,—I have had so much experience. It quite grieves me to see things going from bad to worse, and no remedy being attempted. I really don't know what society is coming to. From the position I occupy in it, and the opportunities I have for knowing things, I could make revelations that would astonish even the "social weeklies." I am so sorry I can't raise my literary style to the height of the occasion, but always write as if I was joking; but upon my word I am not. I do implore the Church to take this matter up. I feel sometimes, if somebody does not do something to try and make things better, I shall get desperate, and go down to Mid-Lothian, and all about the country, and lecture and speechify on high moral grounds against everything and everybody.

And this reminds me of a field of labour at present sorely neglected, and demanding immediate and judicious treatment. I need scarcely say that I allude to the field of politics, and especially to the Houses of Parliament. We have the highest authority for saying that within the last two or three years moral problems have been im-

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ported into the region of politics to an extent unknown in the history of the nation, and affecting its reputation and character for respectability before the world at large. We have reason to be deeply grateful for the fact that we have at all events one eminent statesman who seems to have directed his attention exclusively to this aspect of the question; and it is highly gratifying to me to think that my scheme will necessarily have the support of his great authority. I have, moreover, the satisfaction of feeling that the juncture at which it is proposed is eminently opportune. The well-known and clearly-expressed views of that statesman on the subject of Disestablishment will naturally lead him to entertain any project which has for its object the reconstruction of sheepfolds; or, in plainer language, a redistribution of dioceses which shall be better adapted to the wants of the time. How the newly-organised institution is to be paid is a matter on which I confess I have bestowed no attention whatever. I felt from the beginning that it was beyond me; but I have no apprehension on this score,—only let the principle be adopted; when the measures connected with Disestablishment are brought before the House by the greatest exponent of religion and morality who has ever occupied a seat in it, I leave, with the utmost confidence, to that great financier, the trifling detail of how the bishops and clergy are to be pecuniarily provided for. From the point of view of the highest sociology, it is manifestly a matter of regret that when a statesman possesses an unusually lofty moral development he should not be qualified to be elected a bishop. This I think even Mr Herbert Spencer must

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admit; and it is evident that the diocese for which such a man would be specially qualified would be the Diocese of Politics. At present his sphere of usefulness is limited, and the value of his moral dicta is impaired, from the fact that, being a leader of a political party, nobody attaches the slightest importance to them except the members of that party; while his enemies, destitute probably of the rudimentary principles of morals, and animated only by a desire to regain the office from which they have been ejected, may be base enough to insinuate that his morality is mere cant, which he uses as dust to be thrown in the eyes of the ignorant and impulsive masses, and which he has imported into the region of politics, in order the more effectively to carry out the ambitious designs by which he is animated. If, in an episcopal capacity, he was elevated above all party considerations, and therefore above the possibility of any such unworthy imputations, there would literally be no limit to the reformatory capabilities of a man of this description. Instead of being compelled to present to the world, as one of the most intricate and perplexing of the moral problems that life continually presents to us, the inexplicable fact that there are many men of great intelligence, of great ability, and of the highest public and private qualities, who differ from him on the subject of national morality, he would be in a position to grapple satisfactorily with that problem, and with persuasive dignity to bring his sacerdotal influence privately to bear upon these intelligent and able men, in a manner which would prove irresistible,—until at last all conscientious voters throughout the United Kingdom would recognise

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the fact that in all questions of political morality he was the supreme authority, and that he alone was in a position to judge between right and wrong. By these means we might hope ultimately to arrive at a sort of theocratic system of government.

I can well imagine the torture which must be produced in the mind of a highly moral statesman, who is at the same time an exceptionally good Churchman, when he finds that all the bishops who do not belong to his own party vote against his policy, though it may be based on purely moral considerations. In fact, it is another strong argument in favour of Disestablishment. As the questions now before Parliament are no longer political but moral ones, it is an unseemly spectacle to see the Church in the Upper House divided against itself on what is morally right and what morally wrong. It is evident that bishops should be removed from this sphere of contention altogether, and be authorities on morals, and not political partisans in regard to them. Doubtful points of political morality should not be treated by the politicians themselves, but by a class specially appointed for the purpose, elevated above the influence of politics, and who could be most useful as counsellors and advisers. Again, there can be no doubt that individual members of both Houses are often extremely puzzled on moral grounds to know how to vote—they are perpetually being called upon to balance the claims of conscience against the claims of party. I would therefore largely add to the number of chaplains, and widely extend their functions. In the House of Commons, for example, they should not be limited to a prayer, which members avail

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themselves of, not for purposes of worship, but of securing a seat for the impending debate. Political chaplains should be skilled in estimating the necessities of party warfare and the requirements of conscience; and such men are especially needed in view of possible great party changes, for I regret to say that it seems not unlikely that a split may at no distant date take place in the Liberal party, and a section of it may wander abroad as sheep without a shepherd. Now, although I have a strong opinion myself, having entirely abandoned the old traditions of the Lyesants, and adopted the modern view of political as well as of commercial morality, I am not prepared to say what advice an impartial chaplain might give at such a crisis; but it is clear that if he should happen not to think such secession immoral, it would be an immense comfort to the seceders to feel that they were supported in this great moral question by the authority of the Church. And so, again, in the matter of what are termed extra-parliamentary utterances, recent experience has proved that some restraint should be placed by the Church on the too free use of invective; on the reckless imputation of base, interested, or unpatriotic motives; on angry incriminations; on garbled quotations; on the loose and inaccurate statement of fact; on misrepresentations, and incorrect—I may even go so far as to say false—assertions. It would probably be found advantageous, on the Sunday before a great public meeting for a political purpose was held in any large town during the recess, for one of the clergy attached to the Diocese of Politics to preach a sermon defining the legitimate limits of political discussion. It

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is needless to remark that during a general election the duties of this branch of the ministry would be extremely arduous. Their consolation would be, that they would not be of long duration, and that a great deal of good might be done in a short time. The question of the morality of fagot-voters is one which would deserve their attention. They would need to be uncompromising in their denunciation of bribery and all unworthy methods of obtaining votes, and extremely active and intelligent in their detection of all such methods. They would definitely settle the new problem, how far an elector is justified in pledging himself to one side and voting for the other. Services of a specially applicable character should be held in all the constituencies before, during, and after the elections. By these means there can be little doubt that a great deal of wrong-doing would be checked; and it is to be expected that a tone of purity and a moral elevation would thus be introduced into her politics, which would make England a pattern of constitutional propriety to the world at large. Brotherly love and gentleness would take the place of party strife and bitterness; and it might even be possible, if the Roman Catholic Church saw fit to co-operate in this beneficent idea, that some effect might ultimately be produced upon the Home-Rulers and Irish members generally.

It has been impossible, in the narrow limits of this article, to do more than broadly indicate the outline of this great scheme of reform. I must leave it to the intelligent and appreciative reader to fill up the details. Besides the primary divisions of finance, commerce—wholesale and retail—fashion, and politics, to which I

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have adverted, there are other subdivisions which will readily suggest themselves. The press, and literature generally, for instance, stands in need of a moral infusion. There would be fewer libel cases if the social weeklies were supervised by chaplains, who should also explain from the pulpit the extent to which the details of domestic and family life might legitimately be accounted public property. At the same time, it is to be hoped that the labours of the ministry in the field of fashion would so reduce the number of those episodes which now adorn their pages, that their occupation and circulation would in a measure cease to exist. There might, in fact, be a "Diocese of Miscellany," which should be composed of clergy with gifts for specialties; and in addition to them, a body of consulting chaplains, to whom any one having a peculiar case of conscience not falling directly within the cognisance of any of the general dioceses, might apply. They would not give advice to the patient —if I may so term the moral invalid—themselves, but would recommend him or her to the clergyman whose specialty it was to treat such cases, or whose preaching was peculiarly adapted to the spiritual needs of the applicant. In a word, I would venture, with the greatest diffidence, to submit that society should be thoroughly analysed by the Church from a moral basis, and treated systematically, and not on the broad and general lines which were applicable to a bygone age, and to moral, social, economic, and intellectual conditions which have long since passed away.

I am aware that in making these suggestions I lay myself open to the charge of presumption, and possibly

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even of disrespect. I would most earnestly deprecate it, and insist that I am animated only by a sincere desire for my own highest good, and that of my fellow-creatures. It is just because I entertain the most profound respect for the authority of the Church in matters of morals, that I would wish to see that authority extended, and made to permeate more in detail every rank and condition of life. In these days, when Positivists and Social Scientists, if I may be allowed to coin the word, seem inclined to claim a monopoly of the loftiest motives of action, and the most disinterested love of humanity, it seems to me that they should be met by a well-organised attack upon the vices which their philosophy condemns, but fails to grapple with practically. It would be a terrible thing for the Church if this whole school stopped theorising and writing, and began to practise: they might even be struck with the merits of my scheme, and might try to adapt it to their system, and then engage in a sort of atheistic crusade against special vices, which might lead to results impossible to predict. I shrink from pursuing this train of thought any further; in fact, the bare suggestion of what it might involve appals and confuses me. There are so many people in the same perplexed state of mind as I am in as to what is right and what is wrong nowadays, and there is such an absence of active interference—in fact, such a dead silence on the part of the Church on the intricate problems of daily conduct—that any unauthorised persons might rush in and occupy the ground, and start a propaganda in favour of scrupulousness of motive and of life, and a higher moral tone generally, setting themselves up as reformers

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and arbiters; and all these poor straying sheep, in their eagerness to find shepherds, would flock to them without looking to see whether or not they had the right sort of crook. It is with the view of anticipating any unfortunate catastrophe of this sort, that I have ventured to call attention to my own necessities and those of my fellows. The patient who suggests to his doctor a more strenuous mode of treatment because he feels the need of it, does not on that account reflect either upon the ability or the skill in the healing art of his medical attendant; he merely describes symptoms which it is necessary the latter should know, in order to apply a proper remedy. In like manner I have been describing a few social symptoms tending to a general demoralisation, which do not seem to have been sufficiently brought to the notice of our spiritual physicians: but we who suffer from them may surely apply for treatment, and even suggest how it may best be administered, without any disrespect towards those whose special function it is to provide it.

At all events, my conscience—and I have alluded to the suffering it gives me—not only entirely acquits me of any levity of motive in writing as I have done, but thoroughly approves of it, and with its approval I must rest content.

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IV.

MORAL REFLECTIONS BY A JAPANESE TRAVELLER.

THE American people have been so very kind in receiving my political reflections, that I take the great liberty of writing again my observations and feelings about their country. I would not, however, do this without having been asked, because to offer opinions too freely often gives offence when it is not intended. So I wish clearly to explain, that what I write now is in consequence of urgent request, and is not my own proposal. No doubt, many will laugh at my opinions this time, just as they laughed at my political reflections, but I cannot understand why they laugh. I read Senator Morton's paper on American Constitution. He said almost exactly the

[1] I am indebted to the proprietor of the 'North American Review' for kindly permitting me to include this article in the present collection. It was preceded by one called "Political Reflections by a Japanese Traveller," to which allusion is made in the first paragraph; but as the latter had reference to a special phase of American politics which has passed away, and was of local rather than general interest, I have not inserted it here.

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same things I did. This astonished me very much—and it also satisfied me, because I found this very clever Senator agrees so closely with me. But I observe newspapers did not laugh at him; then I thought, if I had signed his paper and he had signed mine, they would have laughed at his paper, and approved mine. American people look too much at names. They think, when a paper is signed by great name, they must approve, never mind what is in the paper; if foreigner or unknown man signs, then they don't approve—or pass by silently. I am sorry I said anything about "*seppukku*,"[1] because all over the country ignorant newspapers are laughing. This is only because they do not understand the question. Now I am going to tell them some things that they cannot laugh at, because they are very easy, even for them, to understand, and they are so true they cannot deny them. Besides my political studies, I have made moral studies in different Christian countries: these, as I said before, I am going to publish fully in Japan, but I will now take out of my notes a few points.

First, I observe in every country there is different kind of morality, different kind of vice, although all the countries may be Christian; still vices in Catholic countries differ from vices in Protestant countries, vices in old countries differ from vices in new countries, vices in countries where church is paid by the Government differ from vices in countries where churches are not paid by the Government, vices in countries where there is rich and idle aristocratic class differ from vices in countries where everybody is equal, and everybody is

[1] Popularly known as the custom of Harikari, or "the happy despatch."

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busy making money. As I am writing for Americans, I will leave all these other countries out of the question, and describe the vices which I observe in a new country, which is chiefly Protestant, where the churches are not paid by the Government, where everybody is equal, according to the Constitution, and all are busy making money. I will not say anything about their virtues, not because they have not got any; indeed, they have most excellent virtues and high qualities, but it is not necessary for me to tell them; they describe them very fully themselves both in conversation and newspapers, therefore there would be nothing new in this, but their vices are not so often described, except sometimes with bitterness, but I will describe them with great affection, because I have received so much kindness from American people. In the first place, Americans, quite naturally, like all other Christians, think their religion best in the world, therefore they must try and make other nations adopt it; for that reason they send missionaries to Japan. If missionaries could come alone, without sailors or merchants, I think they might do some good. Generally, they are very good men, though missionaries of different Christian sects quarrel among themselves more than any other people; still, individually, they try to set a good example, only their religion does not prevent them from hating each other when they do not agree on religious subjects.

When they first began to instruct Japanese in principles of Christian religion, many Japanese accepted, especially of the lower orders, who had not studied Confucius and more deep philosophy, only they soon found

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great difference between what missionaries taught and what so-called Christians practised.

I have examined into religious matter a good deal, and I find no religion where difference is so great between what religion teaches and what the people practise as in Christian religion. Mahometan religion does not teach such high and pure morality as Christianity, but Mahometans practise their religion much more closely. They are never ashamed to pray, even when they are alone among strangers; they perform all observances very faithfully. They do not depart from teaching in order to make money, therefore they cannot make it, when they are near Christians, because when Christians (so called) want to make money, they do not care much what their Bible teaches, but Mahometan cares what Koran teaches. Bible says, it is not good to lend money on usury, but Christians always charge interest. Koran says same thing, therefore among themselves Mahometans do not charge it, and so in many other cases Mahometans obey Koran, but Christians do not obey Bible. Therefore Christians (so called) advance rapidly in material progress, because they sacrifice their religion to this kind of progress. Therefore they quickly become highly civilised, but Mahometans will not sacrifice their religion, therefore they remain, like early Christians who had all things in common, rather barbarous. Buddhists are more like Christians than Mahometans; they also have high and pure moral teaching: indeed, all their theology is almost exactly like Christian theology when you examine original teaching, but common people have made it full of superstitions, so it is in many cere-

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monies very like Roman Catholic or Greek Church, and in same way common people are not so strict as Mahometans, more like Christians, only I think priests are better in many things than Christian priests; they do not quarrel among themselves, like Christian clergymen, about religious questions. Generally they all agree very well, and many good ones do indeed try to make the people good, only the people are too ignorant to understand the real principle of Buddhism, and think to perform superstitious ceremonies is enough, and the priests are afraid to take away their ceremonies, because then the people would think they were taking away their whole religion. I have not been in India, therefore I cannot tell about Hindoo religion, but there is one thing I remark which is very important. From all I can learn, neither Mahometan, nor Buddhist, nor Hindoo says, if you do not believe my religion you will be burnt to all eternity in hell fire with brimstone. Only Christian says this. For this reason many Japanese refuse, the moment they hear this, to become Christian. Suppose Japanese woman wants to become Christian, and her husband and brothers and sisters and children refuse, then she says, "How can I become Christian and all my family go to hell fire for eternity? Better for me also to go to hell fire with them." Therefore she quite naturally refuses. Still, though this is a great objection to accepting Christianity in minds of Japanese people, it might be overcome, if practice of Christians in daily life was superior to practice of people of any other religion, but this is not the case. Since Christians have come to Japan, many vices have been introduced which before

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were quite unknown. They are the vices which belong to what is called Western civilisation—principally, vices connected with money-making. All kinds of cheating and fraud have now been taught by Christians to Japanese, of which they were quite ignorant twenty years ago.

When I try to compare the small number of new virtues they have learnt, since that time, by observing the practice of Christians, with the large number of new vices they have learnt from them, I am quite pained and distressed for my dear country to think of it. This is, indeed, a very sad reflection; so I will not now dwell any more upon it. That is why I said I wish the missionaries had come alone, without any sailors or merchants. For one Christian who comes to teach us anything good, a hundred come to make money and teach us things that are bad. People who know how to make money by trying to get it from each other they called civilised people; people who have not learnt all the tricks by which money can be made out of each other they call uncivilised people. After much consideration of this subject, I can find no other distinction but this. I think quite differently. Civilisation consists in people being pure and good in their lives, not in being rich and smart in their business. For what says the Great Master Confucius on this subject? "Virtue is the root, revenue the branches. If you lightly esteem the root and attend principally to the branches, you extend disorder and rapine among the people." Look at the great "civilised" cities of London and Paris and New York, and see how true this is. In these places all the effort of both Government and people is to

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"attend principally to the branches," and in what "uncivilised" and "heathen" cities can you find such disorder and rapine? When Mr Tweed was governing New York, what did he think about the "root" which is virtue? In what Buddhist or Mahometan city would such corrupt government be possible, as existed in New York during time of Tweed? I can tell people of New York who laugh at *seppukku* and despise heathens, that such robbery and fraudulent government would be quite impossible in Japan.

Perhaps, after twenty years of Western civilisation, we may get so far advanced that such a man would become possible as a ruler; at present, we try to find our high officials among the best and purest men, because we have been so instructed by Confucius,—for what says the Sage? "To see a man of eminent virtue and talents and not to promote him,—to promote him and not raise him to a high station, shows disrespect; to see a base man and not to dismiss him,—to dismiss him and not to send him to a great distance, is an error."

It is, indeed, most wonderful to think how truly Confucius describes what must happen to a man like Tweed. Exactly he shows how such a man must in the end be punished; for he says, "Upon the man who is ignorant, and yet pushes himself into office, who holding a low situation assumes authority, who, although living in the present age, returns to the (bad) ways of the ancients, the divine judgments will surely come." Still, notwithstanding warning which New York has had, it is, even now, not governed by highest kind of men, but by a common class. This never can succeed, for again the Sage

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says, "Therefore the ruler must first have virtue in himself, then he may call for it in others; he must first be free from vice himself, then he may reprove it in others. If we ourselves cherish and practise what we do not wish in others, we cannot possibly enlighten them." The Tsoo book also says, "The Tsoo nation does not esteem gems valuable,—it esteems nothing precious but virtue." For these reasons it is not yet possible for any Japanese city to be governed by a man who is known to be bad and dishonest. When I read your newspapers, it does not seem possible for your cities, and even your states, to be governed by any other kind. Take, for instance, what has been said of Governor Packard, and, before him, of Governor Kellogg in Louisiana. I do not know whether it is true or not, but in uncivilised country I come from, such men could not be accused of such things and live. Either they must prove that they are not true, and then people accusing them must be punished, or else, if they are true, they would be punished themselves. But here in this Christian country, where you are told to "honour all men," not "to speak evil of dignities," not to "bear false witness," not "to think evil one of another," "to do to others as you would they would do to you," politics are carried on entirely on an opposite principle. Foundation of American politics is *not* to honour any politicians, *always* to speak evil of dignities, if they are on the other side in politics, always bear false witness, if election can be carried that way, to think a great deal evil of everybody, and, politically, to do always to the other side exactly what you would not at all like them to do to you. Although it is against Bible, this is

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done quite openly, nobody is ashamed of it, nobody publicly condemns it. I have heard many sermons in Christian churches; I have never heard a clergyman say that political men should love one another and honour one another, and not write abuse in newspapers against each other.

Even they ought each to esteem the other *better* than himself, but this is so impossible that even to propose it, though it is a sacred saying, would make everybody laugh. When I read newspapers, I feel sure it would not improve Japan to have civilised and Christian journalism introduced into that country, though, unhappily, some Japanese are trying to imitate this also. If newspapers were written to make politicians forgive each other and love each other, then, perhaps, they might do some good; but Christian newspapers only make people more angry with each other, and therefore more unchristian. Same thing with religious newspapers. Only they do not abuse politicians so much as they abuse each other. What is the use of churches and clergymen, if they do not preach against such bad things? Best men in this country say, that they cannot be politicians, because politicians generally dishonest, or else suspected of being dishonest, and nearly always called dishonest, and because to succeed, it is necessary "to go through so much dirt;" therefore they say, "We are obliged to leave to more mean kind of men to be politicians and to rule over us, and spend the revenue of the nation for us, and represent our interests in foreign countries, but we think you Japanese are still quite barbarous because you have different kind of government, which obliges you to choose

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more high and pure kind of men; therefore, we recommend you to become more advanced and civilised like we are." But how can we do this and forget the lofty saying of the Tsin book?—which says, "Had I a minister of unbending fidelity, although he might appear to possess no other talent, yet were his mind enlarged and generous, when he saw a man of eminent talents, he would view his talents as if they were his own. The man of vast intelligence and virtue he would not merely praise with his lips but really love him in his heart, and embrace him in his regards. Such a man could preserve my children and my people. Would not such a man be of great advantage? But if a minister is jealous of men of talents, opposes and keeps from notice those who possess eminent ability and virtue, not being able to bear them, such a man is incapable of protecting my children and people—nay, how dangerous he may prove." American people may call such teaching heathen, but I call it best kind of Christian teaching, and this is rule we actually try always to follow in Japan. If any man does not follow this rule, he is very much ashamed, and would rather die than let people suppose he was not good and pure; but here when newspapers call a Governor thief and robber, he feels no shame. Therefore I still hope my countrymen will try and follow good old teaching of our wise and pure men, even though they were heathens. Again, I observe very curious thing. Perhaps, in politics or in commerce, a man is attacked this way in the newspapers, maybe rightly, maybe wrongly: if he is candidate for some high office, almost always he is accused of stealing money; or if he makes money very

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quickly in Wall Street, also others who lose their money accuse him of stealing it—quite openly they accuse him in newspapers, like they accused Mr Tilden, or like they accuse Mr Gould.

Then very often these same men profess to be very religious men; they buy very expensive pews in churches, and give a great deal of money to keep up clergymen and Sunday-schools. Immediately, when they are so publicly accused of stealing, quite naturally clergymen should ask, "Is this true? At once you must prove to me this is not true; otherwise I will turn you out of my church, and throw back your money to you, and sell your pew to some honest man." I have asked great deal about this, but never have I heard of clergyman who did this thing. Only sometimes, if a man is very poor and cheats, then they do it, but if he is very rich they take his money. They do not inquire how he made it.

In countries where Government pays church, this vice does not exist, only they have other kind of vice. In England nobles and bishops can sell clergymen and churches, in quite a complicated and curious kind of way, very difficult to understand properly, though I studied it thoroughly, and I will explain it afterwards in my Japanese book fully. I think that will surprise Buddhist priests more than anything I have seen in Western civilisation. Never would Buddhist priest allow himself and his temple to be sold, even by most high and powerful Daimio,—sooner he would die. Indeed, priests in my country do not try to become rich. However, I am not Buddhist myself; only for many

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things I respect them. I think priests in all religions should not care at all about money. In Bible also it says so. Indeed, Bible is strongly opposed to all money-making for any kind of people. I think one of great beauties in Christian teaching is constant attack upon rich people and love of money. It says, "Love of money root of all evil;" "Haste not to be rich." Then, money-changers were scourged out of temple for buying and selling inside, and rich young man was told he must give up all he had and give to the poor; indeed that teaching is most beautiful. When I first read all that, certainly I thought I must become Christian. Even now I believe thoroughly all this teaching, but to practise it I must go back to Japan. There a man could still live in daily life this teaching; here it would not be possible. Certainly he would starve immediately. In Japan, if man asked for cloak, you could give him coat also; immediately you would be celebrated for sacrificing self, and good people would acknowledge your goodness and support you. Many men in my country are celebrated, not for political cleverness, or for richness, or for power, but for pureness and goodness. Several times, when I first arrived in America, I asked who is purest and best man in America, but no one could give me answer. A man in Japan can become celebrated for sacrificing self to neighbour, because Confucius teaches this, just like the Bible. Therefore, when he practises, everybody reverences him, but here they do not; for what says the Great Master on this subject?—"That which you hate in superiors, do not practise in your conduct towards inferiors; that which you dislike in inferiors, do not

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practise towards superiors; that which you hate in those before you, do not exhibit to those behind you; that which you hate in those behind you, do not manifest to those before you; that which you hate in those on your right, do not manifest to those on your left; that which you hate in those on your left, do not manifest to those on your right. This is the doctrine of *measuring others by ourselves.*" And this doctrine we try to follow, and when we see any one doing this, we very highly approve and encourage him; but in this country such a man would rather be laughed at and called a fool, because it is not possible to follow this principle and become rich, and to become rich is more esteemed than to become good. Indeed, it seems to me that in Christian countries everything is done exactly opposite to Christian teaching so high and pure and noble and self-sacrificing—but quite openly everything is done exactly on opposite principle. Then I say, why do you profess so much and do so little? This is most bad of all vices, to be hypocrite, because man who is hypocrite lives constant lie. All the time he is pretending to be one thing, and is actually entirely different. Many men who have been considered most religious and ceremonious of men in church matters, get exposed in the newspapers, and then we find all the time that they have been practising most wicked things.

The great Master teaches, that no man can be superior who does such things. I hope you will excuse my quoting so much out of teaching of great Master, but I want to show that even if Christians would obey teaching of Confucius closely, even then they would be better than they are, and that it is because we try to follow his

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teaching, we have morality quite as good as morality in Christian countries. And this is not because Christian teaching is not high and beautiful, but because Christians laugh at their own teaching, therefore we cannot respect them, and we feel that they have no right to call us barbarous and uncivilised, until they try to follow their moral teaching, at least as well as we follow ours.

This is what Confucius says about hypocrites. "That which is called rectifying the motives is this: do not deceive yourself; hate vice as you do an offensive smell; love virtue as you love beauty. This is called self-enjoyment. Hence the superior man will carefully watch over his secret moments. The worthless man, when in secret, practises vice; nay, there is no length of wickedness to which he does not proceed, but when he observes the superior man, he attempts to conceal his vices, and puts on the appearance of virtue. Men who observe see, as it were, his heart and reins. What, then, does he profit himself? This is what is meant by the adage, 'What is really within shows itself without.' Hence the superior man must be careful over his conduct, when no eye sees him." This is why I think it would be very difficult for superior man, if he was on New York Stock Exchange, to become quickly rich.

When Japanese first came in contact with Western countries, immediately we began to have financial affairs with them. Then at once we found ourselves badly cheated. First, came currency question in Japan, when all the merchants applied under all kinds of different names, not their own, for silver, so as to escape the rule of the Treaty. After losing great deal of money, we

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finally got that settled; then Americans sold Japanese Government bad steamers, for great deal more than they were worth, and again we were cheated. Then people came from England to persuade Japanese Government to make a large loan; then we did not understand foreign principle of emitting loan, and again in London we were cheated. Finally, I determined to study financial matters myself, first, in London, then, in New York. Then I found financial men in London cheat on different system from New York. I don't know which cheat worse. I will not now try and explain where the difference exactly is, but I will try and explain what I have discovered about New York system. For Japanese it is very difficult to understand all about Stock Exchange, and "Bull" men and "Bear" men, and Railway and Steamboat and Telegraph and other Companies, and so, even yet, I feel very ignorant on such questions. Nevertheless, very soon I discovered that first thing I must understand is, what is a "Ring," and how "Ring" can be made. For a long time no one would clearly explain this to me. At last I found true reason why even clever financial men would not explain it. Generally, they are very so-called pious kind of men, and "Ring" is a sort of secret society among quite a few most smart men to cheat other men who are not so smart, also to cheat the whole public which is generally rather foolish. Therefore, pretending pious financial men would not explain; only, finally, I found financial man not at all pious, also very smart; he explained all to me thoroughly, and I saw most plainly it was most wicked thing, exactly opposed to teaching in Bible, and also to

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teaching of Confucius, but I have not space here to quote his teaching on this point.

Therefore, immediately I thought it must be duty of every clergyman, before he takes money from so-called pious financial man, to ask, first, this important question, "Are you in any Ring?" As I was studying moral question, immediately when I thought this, I called on a clergyman, rather celebrated man, and I asked him, "Do you always ask this question?" Then he got rather angry. He said, not possible to ask such questions, financial man would immediately answer, "mind your own business!" Therefore, he could not ask. Then I replied, in the words of Confucius, what was duty of moral teacher like him; because Confucius explains very fully on this point. He says, superior man must "examine very narrowly inferior man who pretends to be superior;" but clergyman immediately answered, "Confucius is only heathen teacher." Since that time, I have not talked with clergymen on religious subjects. Only I study Bible; then I compare with it their practice. After great financial panic came in New York, I made very accurate moral study concerning it, and inquired narrowly about the principal men who failed; because newspapers were calling some of them thieves, and every one, indeed, was abusing them very much, because many people had lost money by them. Then I found nearly all were so-called pious financial men; so then I inquired why so many financial men must be pious, and one even founded "theological seminary" who was most celebrated in "Rings." Then my friend, who did not pretend to be religious, explained how, for many reasons,

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it was great assistance in financial operations to profess religion. Only he said he himself was too honest; nevertheless, he admitted he made great fortune by cheating people. Even yet I could not understand this matter thoroughly, but one day I visited a beautiful island in one of the great American lakes. There I found lovely little island, with beautiful cottage upon it full of clergymen of all kinds of different sects. Then I inquired how so many clergymen of different sects could, nevertheless, be living together peaceably in one house on this beautiful island,—then it was explained to me that they were all invited to come and rest together and recover health there, by a most powerful financial man, who had immense Railway plans; then, when his plans failed because from the beginning they were bad and hollow, in all the congregations of these clergymen great many bonds and stocks of this railway plan, which now had no value, were found. Since then I quite well understand why it is very useful for financial man also to profess to be religious. When I say, "profess to be religious," I do not mean really religious, I mean pretend to be religious. Clergymen cannot attack them because, not being paid by Government, immediately they would be ruined if they made all these powerful men angry. Therefore, the greatest vice I find in America is hypocrisy. Of all vices it is the worst. Then I ask you, my American friends, with great affection, because this is most serious matter, what would your churches live upon, and how long would they last, if there were no longer any hypocrites in this country? Also I hope clergymen also will excuse me, if I ask them

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especially this same question. Do not think because I ask this question, therefore I am attacking Christian religion. Religion is one thing; churches, another thing quite different. When the great Teacher of Christian religion came, first thing He did was, to attack Jewish church because Jewish church was not following religion, but was full of hypocrisy. Therefore, always He said, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Very often He repeats this. All great moral teachers feel that most serious danger to real religion is hypocrisy. Therefore, He hated hypocrites most of all. Nevertheless, so-called religious men to-day do almost exactly the same things He blamed in Jews. They "do alms to be seen of men," they "love to pray in the synagogues," and "do their works to be seen of men," and "lay up treasure for themselves on earth;" therefore, He says, "Woe unto you that are rich!" For these sayings, "the chief priests and the scribes sought to destroy Him." I almost think again they would do so.

Japanese people are now travelling very much all about Christian countries;—then, when they read this beautiful teaching and see members of Christian churches doing all things exactly contrary to it, and find that clergymen allow all this to go on in their churches, they lose all respect. Then, when they go back to Japan, they will explain all this to people. Then, when missionaries try to correct Japanese, they will ask them why they allow such things openly, and why themselves they do not follow more closely divine teaching, then they must be ready to answer. Therefore, quite kindly, I tell them now, so when they are asked, they can have

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answer all ready prepared. It seems to me when people become immensely rich, then they need not be hypocrites any longer, because in this country money can do anything. I do not think, if a man had five million of dollars, he could be hung in this country, even when murder was quite clearly proved. Somehow he would escape. I think, if he had fifty millions, he could elect Presidents and everybody he chose; then, of course, no longer any occasion to be a hypocrite.

So then, I find three great powers in this country: first is money, second is hypocrisy, third is "Rings." To use American expression, these three powers "run the country." Only real pure virtue has no power, because almost certainly whoever was strictly superior man, according to Confucius, must seem like a fool to all smart men. He cannot succeed like other men, therefore he must retire.

I could write a great deal more on this subject, but partly I am afraid of saying things that may offend. If I knew English language better, I could write in more flowing kind of style, so I might even tell many true things in a manner that would not seem rather rude. Still, it is not my intention to be rude, only to be quite honest and sincere. In my book which I am going to write in Japan, I have divided American vices under four heads: first, ecclesiastical vices, that is, all vices connected with sects, churches, clergymen, religious newspapers, young men's Christian associations, and so on; second, political vices, that is, all vices connected with elections, lobbying, political newspapers, wire-pullers, Custom House frauds, Indian administration, political

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rings, and so on; third, financial vices (I have already a little touched on these, from which you can see how I can describe them quite fully); fourth, social vices, such as vices connected with marriage system in this country, the aristocracy of a democratic republic, and many other subjects rather delicate, therefore I will not say anything more. I only mention this to show that I have indeed earnestly examined your country, and I find one thing of which you are entirely ignorant, and this is "Taou."

This one word contains such a high idea, that I am afraid it is not possible for you to understand it. Nevertheless, I will try and explain. Taou is "the way of the Sage," or "the way of Heaven;" it is omnipresent, and fills and influences all things, therefore Confucius says, "The Taou of the supremely sincere enables them to foreknow things: it is only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, and in whom there remains not a single hair's-breadth of hypocrisy, that can foresee the hidden springs of things. Taou is what men ought to practise, Taou is the self-sacrifice by which one's self is perfected, and the knowledge by which one perfects others. Taou is the virtue of nature, the way of uniting the external and the internal." All this is Taou, and a great deal more; indeed, it takes a life to study and understand Taou, for it contains three hundred outlines and three thousand minute particulars thereof. It is not possible, indeed, to understand it without first practising it. It cannot be understood by the mind alone; only by strictly living every day according to the highest principles of self-sacrifice, can it be understood. Tsze Sze, who was a great sage, and student of Confucius, thus

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describes this most wonderful principle in a few words. "It is only the man possessed of Taou that can perfect his own nature; he who can perfect his own nature, can perfect the nature of other men; he who can perfect the nature of other men, can perfect the nature of things; he who can perfect the nature of things, can assist heaven and earth in producing things. When this is the case, then he is united with heaven and earth so as to form a trinity." This, however, is too deep for ordinary intelligence to comprehend. Only those who practise Taou, can understand fully its meaning. Though most unworthy man myself, for many years I have tried to practise Taou. Therefore my eyes are somewhat open to perceive moral questions in different countries, because I examine them by the light of Taou; therefore I have written frankly, because my purpose in writing has been quite pure. Now most earnestly I beseech you to stop making money, because it is not possible to spend your life in becoming rich, and still have time to discover and practise the "way of heaven," which is Taou. Also give up this openly trying to persuade men that you are good, by belonging externally to churches, when internally you are following the way of the inferior man. Remember what the Ode says, "Look into your own chamber, and see whether you have cause for shame in the presence of your household gods."

Never mind if men despise you, and speak badly of you because you retire from their evil ways. At last the glories of Taou will shine through you, for what says the Sage? "He who possesses Taou, without showing himself he will shine forth, without moving he will renovate

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others, without acting he will perfect them." And again, "Though the path of the superior man appear secret, yet it daily becomes more splendid, while the path of the mean man, though he strive to exhibit it, daily vanishes from sight." But, perhaps, you will say you have not studied Confucius, and cannot obtain his works, therefore it is not possible for you to practise Taou. Then I at once answer most fearlessly, you have your own Sacred Book, which contains the divine principle of Taou, though, perhaps, your eyes are still too blind to perceive it, and your own most wonderful Teacher, who explained most fully "The Kingdom (or Way) of Heaven." Therefore you cannot make any such excuse. Believe me, for I have studied this thing. It is most tremendous Power even now hanging over the world. Confucius says of it, "It waits for its men, and then is walked in (or practised)." But it will not always wait; if men do not practise, it will overtake and crush them, and this is what your own great Teacher meant when He said, "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." Sionara![1]

A JAPANESE TRAVELLER.

[1] Japanese farewell.

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V.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY (LIMITED).[1]

In a few days my brief and stormy career will finally close. I can calmly, and even thankfully, contemplate this premature extinction of an existence which has ruined reputations, shattered fortunes, and carried want and misery into hundreds of humble homes; for I am wearied and worn out with the effort it has caused me to achieve these deplorable results, and utterly disgusted with the advanced state of civilisation which has made me the victim of its immoral tendencies. As far as my exhausted and feeble condition will allow me to feel anything, I think I can honestly say I am conscious of being in a repentant frame of mind.

What philosopher can explain to me the nature of the causes of which I am the vile effect? It was not my

[1] I wish to acknowledge here the obligation I am under to my collaborateur in this article, Mr George Von Chauvin, to whose sense of humour, and thorough conversance with the subject of which it treats, is principally due whatever merit it may be thought to possess.

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own fault that, like those who first hatched me, I was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity, and became almost immediately the means of demoralising every one who came into contact with me, of deceiving those who trusted in me, and of crushing those who opposed me, until my own turn came, and I fizzed out in a gutter of fraud like a bad squib. Depraved though I am, I regret to say that, knowing as much as I do of the merits of the other members of my fraternity who still exist and flourish, I may yet hope that a process of natural selection is in progress, and that joint-stock companies, like the human race, are to rise into new and better conditions through the "survival of the fittest." At the same time, I know that I am not altogether bad; for I always found myself in sympathy with the few honest men upon my board. Now and then I experienced the novel and delightful sensation of awakening conscience, forming good resolutions—which at one time I intended to keep; and I looked forward to a calm and serene old age, soothed by the reflection that thousands would be rendered happier by my existence, and that my own health and wellbeing would be a source of amiable anxiety to numbers of respectable shareholders.

How the moral element thus temporarily infused into my system was afterwards expelled, and my whole nature became even worse at the end than it was at the beginning, is part of the thrilling story of my life to which I invite the attention of the reader; and I address myself to all without distinction, for all will be the wiser by the perusal of this most timely and instructive warning. I address myself to you, my innocent clerical friends, in

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remote country parishes—for I know of no more ignorant and confiding class of investors; and though you may not think that the life and fortunes of a joint-stock company (limited) can interest you whose vocation lies in such a very different direction, as long as you have little earnings which you blindly invest on the faith of neatly-addressed circulars and prospectuses, you are interested, deeply interested, in the story I have to tell. I address myself to you, fair readers, especially widows and spinsters; for however capable you may think yourselves of enjoying the franchise, I am able from my own knowledge to declare that you are utterly unfit to manage your own money-matters, and I should never have been able to enter upon my fraudulent career had it not been for the powerful support I derived from the trusting contributions of confiding or speculative female investors; and now, in such solemn tones as I find it possible to command, reclining as I am at this moment in the arms of my official liquidator, with but a feeble spark of vitality still left, I warn you to read carefully this melancholy history. Believe me, it concerns you deeply. Such of you as have invested in me, I shall endeavour to remind of my gay and misspent youth, by providing you, by means of the officer legally appointed for that purpose, with infinitesimal dividends, extracted at long intervals from my miserable and shrunken remains—Bless you!

I address myself to you, rich landed proprietors, who never meddle with City matters, or investments, or "that sort of thing," but leave it all to your men of business, and I ask you whether you have had reason to be satis-

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fied with the results of their advice this year? Don't you think you had better try and understand a little where your money is, and where it is not? And you men of business, who advise your clients, no doubt with the best intentions, have you had reason always to be satisfied with the advice you have given them? Clever though you are, and honest though you may be, it will do you no harm to read my narrative. And you, impecunious connections of the aristocracy, who have neither brains nor experience, but think you know enough to combine West-end fashion with East-end financing, if you ever read anything, read me, that you may avoid having your purses—which, indeed, at best are trash—stolen, and your good names filched. Alas! I fear that those I seek to reach are just those who will think I don't concern them. The parsons, the widows, the orphans, the officers on half pay, the rich squires, the titled dupes—the sponges, in fact, whom I want to warn against the squeezers, will pass me by, while the squeezers themselves will chuckle over my adventurous career, as thieves read the police reports, partly on account of the affectionate interest they take in the profession, and partly in the hope of picking up a wrinkle or two for future use and guidance.

Having taken the liberty, with a frankness which I regret formed no part of my original character, but which my approaching dissolution has suggested to me as expedient, to address these and all other classes of my readers, I will now endeavour to convey to them some idea of the process of my inception. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that while I carefully veil

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the mystery of my identity, I am not altogether a mythical character; that the facts of my existence are real, and not imaginary; and that there is nothing I am about to relate which has not actually occurred: at the same time, any attempt of the most experienced promoter or knowing broker to discover exactly who I am, or rather was, will be utterly futile, so artful is the disguise behind which this record of my varied fortunes has been concealed.

Disdaining to take refuge in a fictitious name, and scorning the subterfuge of a sham prospectus, I will merely say that I first received the rude outlines of my subsequent shape in the ingenious brain of a needy and adventurous speculator. This gentleman, who had passed through the various phases of an officer in the army, a member of the House of Commons, and a broker on the Stock Exchange, from all of which he had, in one form or other, been practically, if not by any formal process, expelled, had been driven to earning a precarious livelihood by taking up what he called one "little business" after another. He was popularly known as the "Captain;" and in consideration of his natural predatory habits, I will venture to introduce him to my readers as Captain Hawk. His style of "little business" consisted in arranging for concessions, acting apparently as principal where it was too dangerous for the real principal to appear; playing the part of spy or detective between business friends at the request of either, or both; dealing in horses and carriages; trying to obtain contracts for large contractors; and introducing people who had "good things" to sell, or valuable ideas to

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impart, to capitalists likely to invest in them, and *vice versâ:* on all which transactions he received commissions varying in amount—sometimes, indeed, very trifling—or was remunerated in other underhand methods well known to the craft. I don't think he was originally a dishonest man, and he still possessed many amiable and generous traits—such, for instance, as that of freely lending his friends the money which did not belong to him, and being always ready to put them into "good things," a service which they rarely returned. The fertility of resource and ingenuity of invention with which this worthy was gifted was something amazing; and I shall never forget the first time I saw myself in manuscript. He was in very low water at the time, and lived in a small lodging in a street off the Strand; but he shared the peculiarity of other members of the same fraternity, of rising and sinking with extraordinary rapidity and facility. There never was anything to equal his elasticity in this respect. The contrast between his gay and jaunty appearance when he was dashing down Piccadilly behind a pair of high-stepping bays, when his luck was good—and the seedy sort of swagger with which, a few months after, in an almost starving condition, he would secretly visit financiers who were ashamed to see him openly,—was a perpetual marvel to me. His external appearance was that of a somewhat dissipated "plunger." Heavy sandy moustache, from which volumes of smoke perpetually issued, concealed a not unpleasant mouth; and as he wrote me out impregnating me with his filthy tobacco, I remember looking up with astonishment into his calm blue eyes, and wondering how such an

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apparently vacuous countenance could ever have imagined such a complicated and incomprehensible prospectus as I felt myself, even in that first dawn of consciousness, to be.

Poor man! he deserved to get something for his trouble; for the effort of producing me cost him hours of concentrated thought, six tumblers of brandy-and-water, and as many cigars; and though, of course, I cannot say I have any recollection of it, I have a dim sort of consciousness that I had, so to speak, been incubating in his brain for many weeks before I saw the light.

At last, after innumerable corrections, modifications, and final polishings, I was folded up, put into his pocket, and entered upon the next stage of my still infantile existence.

This gentleman is known in the phraseology of finance as my *Promoter;* and in spite of his many bad habits and general laxity of morals, after an extensive experience of City men engaged in providing investments for the public and managing them after they have been provided, I am proud to say that I can think of him with a certain feeling of filial tenderness and even respect, for he did not conceal unknown villanies under the guise of respectability: having no profession, he certainly made none; he was contented to live on the outskirts of the society to which he really belonged, instead of forcing his way into the society to which he did not belong—and rather picked up the remnants after the leaders of the profession had robbed the public, than stole from them himself.

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Although I naturally did not know where I was going to, or what the next feature of my existence was to be at the time, it will make it clearer if I explain, which the light of my subsequent experience enables me to do, the plan of my Promoter. In order to give me any real value, it became necessary for him to obtain certain concessions and permissions from foreign Governments and municipalities—for I was a vast conception with ramifications all over Europe, and my success depended upon the construction of divers works involving contracts; in fact, there was a great deal of money to be made out of me by my Promoter, if he was only careful in his manipulation of me in my earlier stages. The first difficulty, and indeed the one, poor man, with which he had most frequently to contend through life, was impecuniosity.

He now stood in need of cash with which to pay his travelling expenses, and which should enable him to deposit the necessary caution money. Now there were two courses open to him: he could either go to a capitalist, explain the merits of the scheme, and go as his agent, having to give an account of his expenses, and receiving a stipulated sum; or he might take a partner from among the unwary youth of the West End.

The objections to the first course were obvious. The City capitalist would use him and throw him aside with a beggarly remuneration when he had no further need of him. The poor Captain knew this from bitter experience; but the obstacle in the way of the other course was, that the Captain had exhausted the tribe of fast and rich young men whom he had known in his fashionable

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days. He could only think of one man with whom he had a chance in this direction; if this failed, he would have to do the best he could in the City. A few weeks before, he had observed in the papers the death of a rich baronet, who had made his fortune in trade, and whose son had been a cornet in my Promoter's regiment, where he was noted for his weakness of intellect and extreme vanity. This youth had now become Sir Twig Robinson; and to him with a sanguine and even triumphant air my Promoter addressed himself, though I could feel the sinking presentiment of failure agitating his breast as I pressed against it.

Inexperienced as I then was, I was literally thunderstruck at the skill with which my Promoter flattered, tempted, and cajoled Sir Twig. That young gentleman, inflated with the newly-acquired consciousness of great wealth, was dazzled by the prospect of his name being connected with the brilliant and gigantic enterprise which my Promoter expatiated upon with extraordinary eloquence. Not only was there great profit, but there was great credit to be got out of it; and if the truth is to be told, with management, there really was both. Sir Twig was, after all, not by any means such a fool for taking me up as he has been since on many occasions; and he exhibited a certain degree of cunning in the tenacity with which he insisted that if he advanced the whole of the capital necessary for these preliminary expenses, the concessions should be taken out in his name alone. The Captain was afraid of exciting his suspicions if he objected too strongly to this: so it was finally settled, that in consideration of my Promoter undertaking the

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by no means simple task of securing the concessions and permissions, Sir Twig was to find the money requisite, and the profits were to be equally divided; or, as he elegantly expressed it, "We'll go halves in the pull."

I am obliged, in order not to prolong this veracious history to undue limits, to deprive the reader of the exciting narrative of my adventures in various foreign capitals. Indeed I have some excuse for this; for although I was generally in his pocket, they were not so much my adventures as my Promoter's. He it was who lingered and gambled at Monaco, and justified it afterwards to Sir Twig on the plea that he was obliged to go there in order to meet a lady who was supposed to exercise a paramount influence over a certain well-known Minister who dispensed concessions. An admirable linguist, my Promoter was eminently qualified for the duty on which he was now engaged. His easy assurance secured him a favourable reception in society; and although he was somewhat shyly regarded by our own embassies and legations, he succeeded in winning access to the authorities with whom he had to deal, generally by means of his popularity with the fair sex. My readers would indeed be surprised to learn the names of certain distinguished foreign dames to whose powerful advocacy the Captain owed more than one concession, and whom he, in consideration thereof, allowed to "stand in" for a certain number of fully paid-up shares in the Company when formed. For more than six months did my Promoter dine, bribe, flirt, and intrigue, to his own great content; for he spent Sir Twig's money as freely as if it had been his own, while he graduated his bribes with

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a most delicate discrimination. It takes a great deal of patience and diplomatic skill to secure a concession; for any small *employé* can put a spoke in the wheel if he is not "squared" in some shape or other, and they know their power but too well. But my Promoter was more than a match for them, and returned triumphantly just as Sir Twig was beginning to take a gloomy view of things, and to think that the whole affair was a *ruse* of the Captain to live luxuriously abroad at his expense. It was with a surly grunt, then, that he received my Promoter, as the latter, in faultless attire purchased with Sir Twig's money, and with a radiant smile, burst into his room one morning to announce his success.

"I thought you were never coming back," growled Sir Twig. "I suppose you thought there was no occasion to hurry, considering that I was paying the piper. I kept writing to tell you to come back, but you took no notice of my letters; and now you have got these precious concessions, I don't believe they are worth anything. Who is going to buy them? People who know about these things tell me the public are shy of going in for a thing of this sort, and that there is not a chance of its going down."

"Of course it won't go down, my dear Twig," said the Captain, with a delightful impudence.

"Then why did you get the concessions, and what do you propose to do?"

"Form a syndicate, to be sure,—what else should I do?"

"A syndicate! what's that?" asked Sir Twig.

"I'll explain in a moment," replied the Captain; "but

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before we go any further, we have a little business to settle between us. You will observe that all these concessions are, as you stipulated they should be, taken in your name. Now I want you to sign a little agreement to the effect that whatever money is given for the concessions, if we sell them, is to be equally divided between us. This is only fair, you know—an ordinary matter of business routine. After you have done that, I'll explain to you the nature and functions of a syndicate."

Sir Twig had a vague feeling that it was never safe to sign his name, but he could see no valid objection to this proposal of the Captain's; and moreover, he felt himself in his ignorance so completely in that plausible gentleman's power, that he did as he was told, with a sigh.

"Now," said the Captain, with a glance of amiable compassion, "I will proceed to teach this young idea how to shoot. We have an invaluable packet here of concessions and permissions. The great object is to induce the confiding country investor to think that his or her future happiness and prosperity depend upon their obtaining possession of them. Now if you or I were to offer them for sale, their reputation for value would be ruined, because the public never look into the intrinsic value of the article to be purchased, but are influenced entirely by the manner in which it is presented to them, and the financial standing of the persons who offer it for sale: a poor, honest man will utterly fail to sell them a good thing in a straightforward way, while they will jump greedily at a bad thing, dangled skilfully before them by a rich rogue. The first thing for us, therefore, to find,

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is the rich rogue. He will become the syndicate manager. And his business is to induce a number of gentlemen of the highest standing he can find to become the directors of the new Company, and an eminent contractor to engage to carry out the works, upon the certain assurance that money will be found; and at the same time to induce the public to subscribe the money upon the no less certain assurance that the directors and contractor have been found. This looks like a vicious circle, because you can only obtain one essential condition on the distinct understanding that the other has been already secured."

"And how do you manage to get out of it?" asked Sir Twig.

"Why, we offer the scheme in the first instance, not to the public, but to an influential combination of capitalists called a syndicate."

"But why should the capitalists take the shares which the public will not take?"

"Because," replied the Captain, "they will get them much below their nominal price; and by being only a few holders, and all known to each other, they can put up prices on the Stock Exchange, and easily rig the market, and then clear out at a profit."

"Excuse my stupidity," said Sir Twig; "but how do they rig the market?"

"That is very simple. A says to B, don't sell your shares under ten per cent premium. I will buy them publicly at that price through a broker, if you will privately give me back my money afterwards, and take back your shares. The next day B buys from A, and

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so on. This keeps up the price on the official quotations on the Exchange, and the outside investor comes in and buys; then the syndicate can quietly unload."

"I see," said Sir Twig, with more humour than I gave him credit for; "it seems to me that this syndicate, as you call it, is itself the 'vicious circle' of which you were talking just now; but where shall we find a syndicate who will be sufficiently respectable to inspire confidence, and yet be guilty of such practices?"

"My innocent Twig, have you lived so long in this world," said the Captain, with calm superiority, "and not found out yet that confidence in matters of finance is not inspired because a man deserves it, but because he has accumulated vast wealth by a long and successful career of fraud? Leave this to me—I will find the syndicate: they will pay for the concessions; and whether they are afterwards 'stuck' with the shares, or succeed in palming them off on the public, surely does not concern us."

"And how much shall we ourselves make out of it?" asked Sir Twig, with an eye to the main chance.

"Can't say. We shall ask £250,000, and probably take £50,000, which makes £25,000 each. However, put yourself unreservedly into my hands, my dear Twig, and you won't have any reason to complain." Saying which, the Captain nodded in a reassuring manner, took up his hat, and swaggered off, soliloquising thus as he went along. From my advantageous position in his breast-pocket I could hear him plainly.

"This little matter looks tolerably healthy. I shall get £25,000 for my half of the concession. Considering

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I deposited no caution money, and I bled Twig pretty freely in the matter of expenses, I shan't lose on that. If I introduce my syndicate man to a good contractor, the latter will have to pay me at least one per cent commission on the contract price, which certainly does not concern my Twig. After all, he has only paid £15,000 in caution money and expenses, and he will make, without any exertion of brain, £20,000 on that, which, considering that he has no brains to exert, ought to satisfy him."

I wondered, as we went along, where my Promoter was going to, but was soon enlightened, as he turned into some handsome offices, and I observed the names of Chisel Bros., the well-known contractors, on the door. Mr Chisel was engaged; but my Promoter waited patiently to see the great man, who was evidently in no hurry to see him, and made him a cold, suspicious bow, as he offered him a chair. "What I am about to say," remarked the Captain, with the bold assurance of one about to confer a favour, "must be considered absolutely private and confidential. A certain friend of mine, who is of the highest respectability, and moves in the first social circles,—in fact I may tell you, under the pledge of secrecy, that he is a baronet,—is the possessor of certain most valuable concessions"—here the Captain explained in general terms their nature, and went on,—"Now I have come to tell you that some City friends of mine, a most powerful combination of capitalists—men, I need scarcely say, of first-class financial standing, as you would yourself acknowledge if I was permitted to divulge their names—are inclined to take up the scheme.

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I thought that the project was one which would just suit you, and that if you felt inclined to undertake the contract, it would be useful to you to be introduced to the capitalists interested. I should be glad to present you to them; but in order to be able to talk to my friends, I should be happy to know what your prices are for carrying out the proposed works."

Mr Chisel here fixed my Promoter with his eye, and asked him bluntly for the names of his financial friends. With an air of profound secrecy, but with an appearance of absolute *bonâ fides*, the Captain as steadily returned the glance, as he replied, "I have already said I am not at liberty to give you their names; but if you keep it entirely secret, I may say this, that one of the partners of Cash, Bullion, & Co. is interested in the matter." I literally trembled in his pocket as my Promoter uttered this unblushing falsehood; but he evidently knew his man. The name of the firm, combined with the imperturbable calm of the Captain's manner, seemed to affect the contractor; and with a furtive side-glance at him, he said, as he carelessly turned over the leaves of a book on the table, "Do you want our prices net, or will they include any commissions?"

"They will include one per cent commission for me," replied the Captain, coolly, but firmly.

Mr Chisel seemed prepared for this, and quietly dismissed his visitor with the assurance that he would soon hear from him, and that he would make an estimate of the prices.

My Promoter instantly hurried eastward, murmuring as he went, "Chisel bites—and so he ought, for there

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has not been a sounder or a better thing put on the market this long time; now the only thing is to find the powerful combination of capitalists I told Chisel I had found already. I suppose there is not a chance of Cash, Bullion, & Co. going into it. But, confound it! when he pressed me so hard, I had to give some name, and under those circumstances there is no reason why one should not give the best; but I must see them first, just to save appearances if Chisel ever calls on me to explain my statements." And to Cash, Bullion, & Co. he accordingly went. A frigid reception and still more frigid refusal was all he got there; but he seemed rather to enjoy the joke than otherwise, and, with a chuckle to himself, proceeded in quest of that less scrupulous class amongst whom he knew that his powerful combination could alone be found.

I will not weary my reader with a narrative of all the conversations to which I listened during the various visits which my Promoter now paid; and, indeed, if I have been obliged to go into so much detail hitherto, it has been because it is impossible to convey any just idea of how these negotiations are carried on without it. First he tried Squeezer, a powerful man well known in the world of finance; but though he acknowledged the excellence of the scheme, his terms were too high, and it was evident that he would be satisfied with nothing less than the lion's share. This worthy had been successful in bringing out about a hundred companies, at least ninety of which had since become bankrupt, though he himself had realised an immense fortune in giving birth to them. Next he dangled me in vain before the eyes of Shaver,

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who generally victimised his dupes with a joke, but who, at this particular juncture, had too many irons in the fire to take me up. He was unable to come to terms with Rigger, because that gentleman demanded that £60,000 should be set aside out of the preliminary expenses for "making a market," which, as the Captain has already explained, consisted in dealing in the shares of the future Company, the moment the prospectus had appeared, and before the shares had been allotted, at figures much above what would have been taken for them except from purchasers eager to maintain a fictitious high price; which operation, the Captain knew, was ordinarily carried out at about one-sixth of the money asked by Rigger, who intended to pocket the balance. This process seemed to me not only novel, but immoral; but when I saw the evidence which was taken the other day before the Foreign Loans Committee, I found it was as common in the floating of foreign loans, as in the bringing out of joint-stock companies. Sharper seemed more hopeful, and at one time I thought we should come to terms; but he had his own contractor; and my Promoter, fearing the loss of his commission, hurriedly terminated the interview, and pushed on in search of some more pliant gentleman.

I was surprised at the number of his acquaintances: without describing them *seriatim*, I may give a general outline of our mode of procedure. We always seemed desirous to shun observation, and to approach the great man we were in quest of as quietly as possible. The very clerks seemed to entertain a certain feeling of contempt for us, and knowing looks passed between them as

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my Promoter's card was taken to the sanctum of the millionaire. At first I used to feel this humiliation; but as I saw my inventor was perfectly stolid, I soon ceased to feel sensitive on the subject. On no one occasion that I remember were we at once admitted, but generally kept waiting in some dingy little back room for an hour or two, during which time my Promoter was preparing his part. I now, to my great delight, became aware, by the contrast which his manner presented to the personages to whom I was submitted for inspection, that my promoter was a gentleman. There was a delicate combination of dignity, mystery, and reserve which struck me as very effective; and I used to wonder how any one could resist the low persuasive tones and explicit definitions with which my great advantages were described. I even myself really believed that I should be the means of making the fortunes of all who had anything to do with me; and felt quite irritated at the cold suspicious manner in which my merits were treated, the objections which were raised to me, and the evident doubt with which I was often regarded. The peculiarity of all these magnates seemed to be that they were very purse-proud, very grasping, very overbearing, and generally more or less vulgar; the richer they were and the more convinced they became that I really was of some intrinsic value, the more unreasonable they seemed to get, and I quite sympathised with my poor Promoter's repeated disappointments. By degrees he dropped from the eminent financier to the eminent stockbroker, from the eminent stockbroker to the doubtful financier, and from the doubtful financier to the German

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Jew; and it was amongst this latter fraternity that at last he found a man willing to take me up. His name was Mire. He was a person of great activity, great perseverance, parsimonious habits, grasping in his transactions, and one who, although possessed of a great affection for all the members of his family scattered about in various countries, was not averse to cheating them when he could realise a respectable margin thereby. He took me up coolly at first, but grew warmer and warmer over me as he spent some time in considering my merits. Finally, he told the Captain that he would give him an answer on the following day; as he wanted to consult his solicitors, the eminent firm of Twister, Wriggle, Sly, & Wriggle.

The Captain occupied the interval by seeing Chisel's manager, explaining to him that Mire had taken up the affair, and that circumstances had arisen in consequence which made it advisable that Cash, Bullion, & Co. should not be mixed up in it; and he received from the manager the prices which had been promised, and a great deal of technical information, primed with which he kept his appointment with Mire. That gentleman began by making difficulties, said that the public were not ripe for enterprises of the sort, that the capital wanted was very large, the state of the market very bad (the Captain happened to know that the market had never been more buoyant), and that it would be difficult to find a good contractor willing to take it up. At this point the Captain interrupted with great effect, and poured out his recently acquired knowledge with a volubility which somewhat disconcerted Mire, to whom he explained that for certain technical reasons

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connected with the nature of the works, there was in fact only one contractor in England who was really competent to carry out so magnificent and gigantic an enterprise, but that he fortunately was prepared to undertake it practically without making his legitimate profit, as it was indispensable to him to crush a rival firm, who were seriously threatening his pre-eminence in that particular line. Mire gave a deliberate wink, as if he distrusted this latter piece of intelligence; but his intense desire to get a good bargain overruled his better judgment, and he relented. After a prolonged negotiation, in which some very pretty fencing took place, showing great wariness, coolness, steadiness of purpose, and self-control on both sides, Mire agreed to take up the matter and to form a syndicate, on condition that he should be syndicate manager. The following terms were agreed upon: The contract was given to Messrs Chisel Bros. Mire here asked, "What is the price net?" The Captain replied, £1,500,000. "I understand you," said Mr Mire, "to say this is absolutely net?"

"Absolutely," said the Captain, with a calmness which caused me a painful feeling of distress, well knowing as I did that it included one per cent commission to himself. After a long and searching look into the Captain's inscrutable physiognomy, Mr Mire seemed evidently satisfied, and said, with a knowing look, "My dear sir, have you mentioned this price to anybody but me?"

"I have not," rejoined the Captain.

"Then," said Mire, "let us tell the contractors they must ask for £1,515,000. I must have something for my trouble."

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"I presume," blandly remarked the Captain, "one-third of this will go to me."

Mire seemed to undergo a convulsion; he sprang from his chair and violently paced the room. "I thought, sir," at last he remarked, planting himself firmly before the Captain, "that you acted on behalf of the concessionaire, and you will have to look to that gentleman for your remuneration."

"Very well," drily replied the Captain. "As nobody knows what the contractor's net price really is, if you make any difficulty about my standing in, I shall take care that the contractor will refuse to ask for a higher price than the one he actually receives. Indeed, although I am aware that this practice is not uncommon with other contractors, it will be difficult in this case, anyhow, to induce so respectable a firm to consent to it."

Finally, it was arranged as a first condition that the Captain would agree to overcome the contractor's scruples on this point for a percentage of one-sixth of the commission to be given by the contractor to Mr Mire. Second, that Mr Mire should be syndicate manager, which post, as it afterwards turned out, involved a variety of commissions. Third, that the concessions of Sir Twig Robinson should be bought for £50,000. On this point there was also considerable haggling, the Captain having begun by asking £150,000 for the concessions. "The little business" being so far settled, Mr Mire produced a box of cigars and a bottle of capital sherry; and fifteen minutes later the Captain left the office in high spirits, with the promise of an interview with Mr Mire on the

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following day at his solicitor's. From all of which you will perceive, O my investing readers, how much trouble it takes to prepare the gaudy fly by which you are ultimately to be hooked. Nobody knows what running about, and worry, and meetings, and appointments, and disappointments, and wrangling, are involved in the promotion of a company—what patience it requires, what constant watchfulness, lest by one false move the labours of months are neutralised, and the profits swept away by a stroke of sharp practice on the part of a friend and a brother. My Promoter's anxiety of mind during this trying period involved a perpetual recourse to stimulants, and he almost lived in Hansom cabs.

His next interview with Mire was in the office of the eminent solicitors already alluded to. There he met a small closely-shaved gentleman, with sharp pinched features and an oily manner—Mr Wriggle, to wit; and there also were present several of Mr Mire's powerful financial friends, whose names are of no importance. For many successive days did this little group meet in close conclave, their principal duty being to write to, and produce their correspondence with, their financial friends abroad, whom they had urged to join them in the enterprise, and become members of the syndicate, and who wished to be informed in regard to sundry details. At one of these meetings the contractor and his solicitor appeared on the scene. The contractor insisted that the whole of the capital of the intended Company should be "taken firm" by the syndicate before the prospectus was issued; which, I find out, means, that the various financial gentlemen who form the syndicate are required to

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sign a letter, which is called a syndicate letter. The skeleton of this letter ran as follows:—

The X. Y. Z. Co. (Limited).
(Of course my real name was given here.)
To be incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 and 1867.
Capital £———, in one hundred thousand shares of £— each.

To the Manager of the Syndicate.

Sir,—We authorise you to place our name on the syndicate for raising the cash capital of this Company for a subscription of £—. We understand that Sir Twig Robinson, Bart., is prepared to sell several valuable concessions from foreign Governments and municipalities for the sum of £——, and that Messrs Chisel Bros. are prepared to enter into a contract for the construction of . . . . at a total contract price of £—— in cash, and £—— in fully paid-up shares of the Company. We guarantee to the extent of our subscription the raising of the whole of the above-mentioned capital of £——; and further, that if the whole of such capital shall not within one month from the date hereof be otherwise applied for, the members of the syndicate will themselves subscribe for a sufficient number of shares to make good the deficiency; on the understanding that, by way of remuneration for our trouble and influence in establishing and bringing out the Company, and in raising the capital, and as a consideration for our entering into the

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above-mentioned undertaking, Messrs Chisel Bros. will pay to bankers to be agreed upon on behalf of the syndicate, a sum of £———, which is equivalent to seventeen per cent of the capital of the Company, that sum to be appropriated as follows: Two per cent on the capital or the sum of £——— to be paid to the syndicate manager for syndicate management and expenses, and the remaining fifteen per cent or £——— to be divisible *pro rata* among the members of the syndicate.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants.

This somewhat complicated document was printed and shown to the eminent financiers assembled, in a guarded manner, as productions of this sort are of too delicate a character to leave the hands of the initiated few who are promoting the Company. Its real purport only became clear to me after I had overheard the following explanation of it by the Captain to Sir Twig, to whom he showed a copy of the letter, the intelligence of the hon. baronet being quite unequal to grasping its meaning on a bare perusal.

"My dear fellow," said Sir Twig, after having laboriously endeavoured to master its contents, "you might as well have expected me to understand an Egyptian papyrus as this long-winded yarn. What does it all mean?"

"Well, Twig, it becomes plain enough when you have had as much to do with promotion work as I have. We want to be paid for the concession; it is an essential preliminary to this that the capital of the Company be found: if you advertise the prospectus, the public may

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or may not subscribe to it. To make it a certainty, we find a small lot of financiers first, which, as I before explained, is called a Syndicate, to subscribe for the whole of the shares. The shares are then offered to the public for subscription. Whatever amount is applied for by the public is allotted to them at par; whatever amount remains is taken up by the members of the syndicate, in the proportion of their original subscription, so that a man who figures in the syndicate as a subscriber for one-tenth of the capital has to take one-tenth of the shares which have not been subscribed for by the public. In consideration for this risk he receives a syndicate commission of, say, fifteen per cent on the whole of his original subscription in the syndicate; so that if he has subscribed £50,000, and the public take all the shares, he receives £7500 for having affixed his name to a syndicate letter, and without having disbursed a farthing. If the public subscribe half, he receives the same commission, but has to take up £25,000 worth of shares, and so on."

"That is clear so far," said Twig; "but I don't see who is to pay them the fifteen per cent. Who do they get it out of—the public?"

"Of course out of the public in the long run, but in the first instance out of the contractor. It is clear that the Company cannot openly allot shares to the public at par, and to the syndicate at 85. That would be illegal. The situation therefore has to be turned. This is easily managed by sticking the syndicate commission secretly into the contract price which appears in the public prospectus; and the contractor equally secretly hands back

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this commission to the syndicate when he receives his first instalment from the Company."

After many days spent in negotiation and preliminary haggling over further details too minute and complicated for me to go into here, and sundry financial firms had risen freely at the tempting bait offered to them, some boldly dashing at it, others shyly coquetting with it, a certain number were sufficiently firmly hooked to be brought to the point of signing; and a meeting was held of all those intending to become members of the syndicate with the contractor, the Promoter, Mire's solicitor, who was to become the solicitor of the Company, and the contractor's solicitor.

The syndicate was to consist of upwards of seventy members, of whom, however, only thirteen attended, acting for themselves and their friends. Mr Mire had in the meantime prepared and finally settled the memorandum and articles of association of the future Company —a contract for the conveyance of the various concessions of Sir Twig Robinson to the new Company, and the contract to be entered into between Messrs Chisel Bros. on the one part, and Mr Mire, acting on behalf of and for the future Company, on the other part, and a deed of transfer of such contract from Mr Mire to the future Company.

Printed copies of all these documents were profusely scattered over the table. Their backs were neatly lined with red tape, as though to impart an air of respectability to their contents.

While they were assembling, those gentlemen collected in groups and talked finance until they were called to

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order by a sort of admonitory cough from Mr Mire, who took a chair which happened to be at the top of the table, and addressed the meeting as follows:—

"Well, gentlemen, you are all aware of the nature of the business which has brought us together to-day: the valuable concessions of Sir Twig Robinson, who is represented by our friend Captain Hawk, are to be taken over by the Company which we propose to form. Mr Wriggle, the deeds of transfer are, I presume, in order?"

Mr Wriggle nodded assent. "The contract with Messrs Chisel Brothers," pursued Mr Mire, "has been in your hands for the past week, and I should be glad of any observations referring thereto which any of you, gentlemen, might desire to make."

At this moment a funereal-looking individual in a suit of black, gaunt and scraggy, with high cheek-bones, and a sanctimonious expression of countenance, interposed and said in unctuous tones, which seemed rather more appropriate to a meeting in a dissenting chapel than of a syndicate Committee:—

"It appears to me that the 45th clause of the contract does not sufficiently provide for the penalty to be incurred by the contractor in case of the completion of the works being delayed for more than two days beyond the time specified in clause three. I observe that the contractor is not bound to pay any forfeits, not only in the case of an interference by *force majeure*, to which, of course, nobody amongst us could object," and he threw a glance reverently upwards, "but also in the case of a strike amongst his workmen; it appears to me that in a Christian country like ours, it is utterly unnecessary

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if not injurious to public morality to secure the contractor against a contingency which cannot arise if he chooses his workmen only among converted and God-fearing men."

The contractor maintained that this observation was founded on a fallacy, and that his experience had proved to him that workmen were pretty much alike when it came to the question of a rise in their wages, no matter what their professions might be.

The contractor's solicitor here interfered, and produced a number of similar contracts entered into with other companies which all contained the same clause, and to which no such objection had ever before been taken. It was finally overruled. The gaunt gentleman observed that there were a great many other points in the contract to which he could not assent, and he proposed therefore to take the contract clause by clause. As his name was down on the syndicate list for by far the largest amount, no serious objection could be raised to this. It would weary the reader, as it certainly did the syndicate, were I to attempt to enumerate the objections raised by this perverse and pious millionaire to almost every point contained in the contract. He was only finally interrupted by a portly and jovial-looking personage declaring he felt faint, and that it was time to adjourn for lunch. At this meal the contractor managed cleverly to sit next the lugubrious objector, whose name was Sarmist, and a whispered conversation took place between them, which I managed to overhear, and which resulted in a secret offer from the contractor of a commission of two per cent on the contract price if the scruples of that high-minded

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man could be overcome on all the points raised by him, and the contract could be admitted as it stood now. Mr Sarmist rejoined that two per cent was not enough, and that he could not possibly waive his scruples for less than three. I now understood the motive which had prompted his obstructive conduct throughout. The contractor refused absolutely to accede to this, feeling sure that the other was only "trying it on," and would ultimately take two.

The sherry at luncheon seemed to have a salutary effect upon the transaction of the business, for Mr Sarmist retained an attitude of dogged silence during the subsequent proceedings, while the jovial gentleman was smoothing away difficulties and winning over waverers whose natural dispositions were not so sanguine as his own, until, as the day closed in, the meeting was adjourned, and everybody seemed to feel a certain amount of relief in the reflection that matters had been nearly brought to a head, and that one more sitting would at last give me definite existence, crown the hopes of my Promoter, and line the pockets in various proportions of the gentlemen who so kindly and disinterestedly invented for the public its latest want, and now modestly undertook the means of supplying it.

It was proposed to meet again on the following day. Mr Sarmist, however, with an expression of profound regret, announced that a meeting at Exeter Hall demanded his presence, and begged those present, in solemn tones, to adjourn reassembling for two days. This was agreed to. With a light and buoyant step my Promoter wended his way homewards. He calculated

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as he did so what this, his last venture, was likely to prove worth to him. The schedule which he worked out in his mind, if put on paper, would read thus:—

Price of concession, ...	£50,000
Old Twig out of pocket, ...	15,000
Leaves to be divided, ...	£35,000
Half of that for me, ...	£17,500
One per cent on contract price, . . .	15,000
One sixth of old Jew's commission, . .	2,500
Total, . .	£35,000

As this figure presented itself to his imagination, a radiant smile overspread his countenance, and I felt his heart beat faster with the throb of pleasant anticipation. For a moment, but only for a moment, this feeling was checked by the sad recollection of the numerous former occasions on which a cup equally overflowing had been rudely dashed from his lips; but he regained confidence as he recalled the instant when his sharp eye detected the contractor in secret conversation with Mr Sarmist, and the change which it effected in that pious gentleman's subsequent demeanour.

I must here remind my reader that having been printed in so many forms, I now filled the pockets of all the syndicate members, and that it was owing to this circumstance that I overheard the following conversation in Mr Mire's office.

That gentleman was engaged in fixing his valuable signature to sundry invoices for a large cargo of tallow, when Mr Sarmist's name was announced by a seedy-look-

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ing junior clerk with a hooked nose. Mr Mire quietly turned on their faces all the letters which happened to be lying open before him on his desk, and signified his willingness to receive his visitor.

"I have come to speak to you, Mr Mire," said that gentleman, with whom it had been my misfortune to be present at the meeting which we had just quitted at Exeter Hall, "about the contracts to be entered into for the X. Y. Z. Co. I have received distressing information this morning that several of my Continental friends have changed their minds about joining the syndicate, as they first intended. This would entail (if the Company for which we are working is to succeed) the contractor's taking a certain amount of his price in fully paid-up shares. From confidential inquiries which I have had made, it appears that Chisel Brothers, though excellent contractors, have already rather more paper than they like, and that they would hardly be in a position to take anything but a cash contract. I have called, therefore, on Messrs Scoop & Co., Limited, who are willing to execute the works for £1,350,000 in cash, and £250,000 in shares."

"This is about £100,000 more," Mr Mire replied, "than Messrs Chisel Brothers have asked; and as to their taking part of the contract price in shares, I have no doubt whatever that they could make as favourable terms as Scoop & Co.; besides, Mr Sarmist," he added, with a grave countenance, "it would be hardly fair and business-like—and certainly injurious to my reputation for straightforward dealing—to throw over at the last moment a contractor with whom we have gone so far."

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After a good deal of skirmishing, Mr Sarmist, who seemed to have good reason for preferring Messrs Scoop & Co., limited, drew his chair close up to Mr Mire's, and having assured himself that the door was locked, said to him—

"I may tell you, my dear sir, that in point of fact their price is rather lower than Chisels', being only £1,250,000 in cash, and a quarter of a million in shares —£100,000 being available for distribution amongst their friends."

"In cash, or in shares?" asked Mr Mire.

"In cash," replied Mr Sarmist, watching the effect that this announcement would produce upon his antagonist.

"Well," said Mr Mire, "this looks like business: how much of that would go to me?"

"Half," responded the other.

"Done," said Mire, unhesitatingly.

My heart sank when I thought of my poor Promoter's schedule, and heard this nefarious bargain struck. The two worthies then engaged in minute calculations as to the distribution of the funds. It was found absolutely necessary to reduce the price of the concession to £25,000. This gave me another pang on the unlucky Captain's behalf; and for the first time I became aware that the *concessionaires* were practically powerless, and that those who had most capital at their backs really divided the spoil, and dictated their terms to everybody else. After a long and close confabulation, a schedule was drawn up and agreed to between Messrs Mire and Sarmist.

This version of the schedule was, as a matter of

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course, kept perfectly secret between the two gentlemen, who, with a smile of mutual respect, congratulated each other upon "standing in on the ground-floor," as they significantly expressed it. A second schedule was then prepared for the benefit of the syndicate and *concessionaires*, to be submitted to them at the meeting on the following day. This body was only to be allowed to stand in on the next floor, and of course knew nothing of what took place on the ground-floor. And lastly, a third schedule was prepared to form the basis of the prospectus which was to be offered to the *bonâ fide* investors among a confiding public, who naturally were not to be allowed to stand in on any floor.

I give the three schedules side by side for the better edification of this last class of my readers, who will appreciate their position on the tiles.

THE X. Y. Z. COMPANY, LIMITED. *Capital*, £2,000,000.

Schedule for Mire and Sarmist (*ground-floor*).		Schedule for Syndicate (*first floor*).		Schedule to be used for public prospectus (*on the tiles*).	
Contract price shares,	£250,000	Contract price shs.,	£200,000	Concession,	£25,000
,, cash,	1,250,000	,, cash,	1,350,000	Working Capital	45,000
	£1,500,000	17% on £1,750,000,	297,500	Contract,	1,930,000
Wanted in cash—		Prel. Ex.—			£2,000,000
17% on £2,000,000		Making market, £20,000			
Less 250,000 shares.		Law, 2,000			
£1,750,000 .	£297,500	Brokerage, 3,000			
Contract,	1,250,000	Press, 2,000			
X X X,	100,000	Advertising, 5,000			
Working Capital,	45,000	Contingencies, 500			
Concession,	25,000		£32,500	32,500	
Making market,	20,000				
Law,	2,000				
Brokerage,	3,000				
Press,	2,000	Concession,	25,000		
Advertising,	5,000	Working Capital,	45,000		
Contingencies,	500		£2,000,000		
	1,750,000				
Shares,	250,000				
Capital,	£2,000,000				

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Fair female investor, youthful scion of nobility, confiding officer on half-pay, gentle curate, dull squire, do not turn from an examination of this dreadful-looking array of figures because it is dry and complicated, but try and understand the explanation I am now going to give of it. You will see from the first column how a company is started with a capital of £2,000,000 to get works done which only cost £1,500,000, to acquire concessions which cost £25,000, and to retain a working capital of £45,000. The difference of £430,000 is spent as follows: £100,000 are absorbed by what Mr Sarmist delicately styles X X X, in order not to do violence to his own religious sentiments, but by what is called, according to the individual tastes of financing men, "loot," "plunder," "faux frais" (an expression used by the more travelled and cosmopolitan financiers), "pull," "swim," and "margin." In the particular instance you are investigating, the Jew and the Christian each stole half of this amount, which rightfully belonged to my shareholders.

From this example you will perceive that the highest aim of every financier engaged in work of this description is "to stand in on the ground-floor." £297,500 were spent in a syndicate commission, the nature of which my Promoter has already carefully explained to Sir Twig; £20,000 were spent in "making a market"—a swindling process also I hope made clear to you. Lawyers, brokers, advertising agents, and a small contingency fund, absorbed legitimately enough £2000, £3000, £5000, and £500 respectively: and £2000 were distributed among the gentlemen of the independent press,

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in order to impress them favourably with my undoubted merits. The greater part of this sum, however, was refused by all the more respectable members of journalism, and Mire and Sarmist of course pocketed what remained. The second schedule only differs in so far from the first that the contract appears to be £100,000 higher, as this amount, which has already been secretly appropriated by the two gentlemen living on the ground-floor, could not be disclosed to the lodgers on the floor above. The third schedule differs very widely from the two former, as it only contains what can in common decency be mentioned to the public. The contractor here appears as taking for his contract, and for preliminary expenses, a sum which exceeds his real price by exactly £430,000; and many a time, when his friends congratulated him upon his gigantic enterprises and advantageous contracts, he mournfully thought to himself how little of the first instalment of his nominal price ever found its way into his banker's account. However, he had no reason to complain, because when my works came to be made I found to my surprise that they really did not quite cost a million. So that, for doing work which, in fact, scarcely cost a million, and for holding his tongue about what happened to the other half million, he was paid a million and a half.

Hence my total capital came to be two millions.

On the following day, the powerful influence of Mire and Sarmist carried their scheme. The syndicate did not raise much objection to the change of contractor, as they got their seventeen per cent. The poor Captain, who neither got his one per cent from Chisel Brothers

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nor his part of Mire's commission from the same firm—they having been dropped at the eleventh hour—and who only got at last £25,000 instead of £50,000 for the concessions, saw his bright dream of £35,000 vanish, and found himself a winner of only £5000 on the whole transaction. Sir Twig, of course, received the same, but immediately lost it at the next Derby. Chisel never forgave himself for having gauged his man so badly, and not having been more wary in his dealings with one so profuse in Christian profession as Mr Sarmist; and his former antagonism to Scoop and Co., Limited, has derived a bitterness all the more intense because he so nearly carried off the prize himself.

This practically terminated my existence as an embryo. I shortly after saw the light of day, and received my formal name at the hands of the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies.

One more step, however, had to be taken on my behalf before I could be introduced in a complete shape to the investing British public. My Board had not yet been constituted, and my success now mainly depended upon the air of respectability which might be imparted to me by the names of the gentlemen who could be induced to sit on it. Messrs Mire and Sarmist were, of course, among the number; but unfortunately their names inspired no confidence in the City, and were utterly unknown anywhere else. It became necessary to find persons who possessed the two rare and valued attributes of a director—a high social standing, and an entire ignorance of business: this latter somewhat negative quality being thought indispensable by Mire and Sar-

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mist, to enable them to exchange their functions as members and managers of the syndicate, for the equally dignified and not less lucrative position of wire-pullers—in other words, they wished to retain in their own hands the control of the Company's fortunes for the purpose of manipulating its operations with a view to their own private aggrandisement.

The process of forming a Board has been so recently revealed in the columns of the daily press, that it is not necessary for me to go into any detail in regard to it. I was no exception to the general rule. A noble lord, an ex-Minister of a foreign State, a Right Honourable, a General K.C.B., and four Members of Parliament, were secured mainly by the exertions of a well-connected young man of fashion, who received the usual commission; and duly qualified themselves by accepting a present of the necessary number of fully paid-up shares, in return for the dazzling effect which it was confidently and not unreasonably anticipated their names would produce upon the country public. It is due to these gentlemen to say that they were so firmly convinced of their own value, that it did not occur to them that there was anything wrong in selling themselves in this way; and I have always felt that any reflection upon their honesty was most unfair. It is natural that a duped public should be indignant with every one connected with the cause of their disasters, but let me assure you that nearly all these gentlemen sinned purely through ignorance and indiscretion. I found them invariably struggling to be honest all the time they were on my Board, and vainly attempting to comprehend and thwart the

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nefarious schemes of Mire and Sarmist. That they did not succeed, and ultimately drew upon themselves the anathemas of an exasperated public, was the result of being tempted by a plausible touter, with the prospect of increasing their limited incomes, into engaging in matters of which they had no experience, and of a certain fascination which the idea of directorial responsibility and dignity exercises upon certain weak minds.

A prospectus setting forth my merits in the most glowing terms, and promising a return of unheard-of dividends, was now printed in all the papers, and freely circulated through the means of an advertising agency, which had a list of all the names of unhappy shareholders in other companies: So well was my prospectus drawn, so overwhelming was the brilliancy of my Board, that my shares were greedily subscribed for; and I found myself established in handsome offices, with a board-room which became a favourite lounge with sundry of my directors, and a manager, secretary, and an array of clerks and officials which made me the envy of my neighbours. I need scarcely say that my manager was the nominee of Mire and Sarmist. This gentleman possessed an invaluable *physique;* his flowing grey locks, and general air of matured sagacity and intense respectability, which he heightened by wearing a white tie, produced an invariably reassuring effect upon shareholders. But he lived in a perpetual thraldom, for he was bound with chains which had been dexterously thrown round him by the two cunning intriguers to whom he owed his position, and who, while they never allowed him to forget the debt of gratitude he was under, had taken care

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to place him still more absolutely in their power by the loan of one thousand pounds, which his extravagant habits made it impossible for him to think of repaying.

We were now in a position to usher in our prosperous career by a magnificent banquet. This was by no means an original idea. Messrs Mire and Sarmist had already upon previous occasions proved by experience the splendid effect which a display of this kind has upon the public, and no pains were spared to secure the presence of a distinguished company; the services of the young gentleman who had helped to provide the directors were again in request, and the result was a plentiful sprinkling of noble lords, scientific men, distinguished *litterateurs* and gentlemen of the press, city capitalists, and Members of Parliament. There was the usual amount of speech-making, consisting mainly of mutual compliments which were paid by the scientific gentlemen to the capitalists on their wonderful enterprise, and by the capitalists to the scientific men on their no less remarkable attainments; the General K.C.B. returned thanks in a facetious speech for the army, which thus found itself unexpectedly allied to commerce and science; the peers whose presence "graced the auspicious occasion" felt themselves "honoured by being allowed to take part in an undertaking which reflected so much credit upon the spirit and enterprise of Englishmen;" and the Member of the House of Commons who responded for that body, committed it recklessly in all future time to watch over and protect my interests; the literary men pretended that they regarded with envy the more distinguished career on which their fellow-countrymen had entered; and the

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gentleman who replied to the toast in behalf of the fifth estate, was profuse in his eulogium of Messrs Mire and Sarmist, and in his predictions of the future success of the company,—all which proceedings were duly chronicled in the papers of the following morning, as my readers may verify by an examination of the press of the period.

The sober, and as it would appear to the world the legitimate work of the undertaking of which I was the embodiment, now commenced. The works were executed one by one, as the shareholders were informed at the first public meeting, in the most brilliant and satisfactory manner; but frequent discussions between the contractor and my Board convinced me that the former was endeavouring to do as little as possible for the price, and was attempting to put on "extras" whenever opportunity offered. A period of about a year and a half was thus spent, at the expiration of which time my works were completed, and I entered upon my functions as a public benefactor. My operations were a decided success, in spite of the high remuneration set aside for the directors' services, and of the appointment of a numerous staff of ignorant connections and nominees of the directors, irreverently termed by the really efficient *employés* "Directors' puppies." My intrinsic merits were so great that large receipts were taken, and there was every prospect of a high dividend being paid at an early date.

I was surprised to find that my anxious shareholders were by no means well informed by my Board as to my excellent prospects, but that profound secrecy was maintained in regard to my actual position. From the frequent conversations which I overheard between my

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manager and sundry gentlemen who rushed in and out of his office gaily dressed, and with a noisy and impudent air—whom I, by degrees, discovered to be brokers—I became aware, to my intense regret, that my shares were being freely knocked up and down in the market; and after having listened to frequent extraordinary conversations carried on in the slang peculiar to all engaged in Stock Exchange transactions, I finally realised that Mire and Sarmist were *alternately* becoming what they styled "bulls" or "bears" of my shares. They carried out their operations by spreading rumours sometimes detrimental, sometimes favourable to my interests. They never failed to take advantage of the turn of the market which had thus been influenced by them. Their best *coup* was made immediately prior to the declaration of my first dividend. My earnings had been so large that a high dividend should have been paid. Mire and Sarmist, however, obstinately insisted upon the absolute necessity of laying by a large reserve fund; and so strongly objected to what they termed "stuffing shareholders with dividends," that for some time it really appeared that only a low dividend would be declared. This prospect, of course, soon finding its way into the Stock Exchange, depressed my shares considerably. Mire and Sarmist thereupon bought largely, and relented at the next Board meeting in their objections to a high dividend, which was eventually declared. My shares flew up with a bound, and the clever pair cleared out with a large profit.

Up to this time my career had, although not free from the influence of all the refined forms of swindling which

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our advanced civilisation makes possible, and almost encourages, been one of unbroken prosperity. Indeed my success was so palpable that rumours soon reached me of a competing company being promoted. My old friend the Captain easily overcame the scruples of Messrs Scoop & Co., who at first thought it unfair to assist in starting an opposition company to the one out of which they had made so much profit; and after the usual sharp practice, and the many vicissitudes of promotion had been successfully encountered, my competitor was at last fairly started.

The state of terror which was now created amongst my Board was pitiable to behold; while Mire and Sarmist experienced the most intense indignation at anybody's daring to invade what they considered their private field of enterprise. These two worthies, however, eventually consoled themselves when they found a congenial friend on the Board of the rival company in the person of Sir Verrikute Trimmer, who made common cause with them, furnished them with all possible information regarding my young enemy in return for being well supplied with the latest news about my own health and circumstances; and they all three operated cleverly in harmony, so as effectually to plunder the shareholders in both companies. When my competitor's works were completed a brisk competition ensued. My rival's Board addressed themselves to the public in the capacity of general benefactors—the same work which had been performed by me at a remunerative rate to my shareholders was to be done by my new-born rival much more cheaply. The effect of this was a great loss to both of us, and a

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consequent fall in our shares. This went on for some time; everybody connected with either of us, whether shareholder or director, felt profoundly miserable. Even the very managers, who, as enjoying fixed salaries, cared little for the amount of the dividends earned, began to yield to the general feeling of gloom; only the recently-constituted triumvirate of Mire and Sarmist on my Board, and Sir Verrikute on the other, chuckled and rubbed their hands in an unostentatious and modest sort of way as they agreed upon one move after the other, which had the effect of still further depressing our revenues, and proportionately drove down our shares. All this time the three conspirators were heavy "bears," and made large amounts.

It was during this period that I for the first time understood what it meant to be a bear. The process of operation is as follows: Sir Verrikute, for instance, operating for joint account as a bear, calls into his sanctum in his City abode, one fine morning, one of his junior clerks. "Mr Jones," says the chief, "will you send for one of the partners of Contango, Backwardation, & Margin, and tell them to sell £100,000 of X. Y. Z. for you." Mr Jones, who is a rosy-cheeked, guileless youth, with a flower in his button-hole, drops his not over-intelligent countenance very considerably indeed. "Beg your pardon, sir; sell what?" "Send for the broker," says Sir Verrikute, gruffly; "I want *you* to sell a bear." The broker arrives, and Mr Jones tells him—having been ordered to do so by his chief—to sell for him, Jones, £100,000 worth of X. Y. Z. shares, wondering all the time how on earth he could sell such a fortune in securities of which

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he never owned a single pound's worth in his life. Nor had his principal the shares either in his possession. The intelligent transaction simply consisted in this: Sir Verrikute sold through an impecunious clerk, who acted as nominee, £100,000 of X. Y. Z. shares which he did not possess. The purchaser paid £100,000 for them. The shares would, in the ordinary routine of business, have to be delivered about a fortnight hence or later; and Sir Verrikute knew well that by that time he might buy them for £90,000, as he was running them down in conjunction with Mire and Sarmist by proceedings injurious to both companies, but justified by them on the ground of exigencies of competition, public convenience, and so on. So, at the last moment, he bought himself for delivery at £90,000 what he had sold fourteen days previously for £100,000, thus getting the advantage of the unwary purchaser, who was, of course, not "in the swim," to the tune of £10,000.

At last the ruinous effects of competition began to tell so severely upon both companies that the directors resolved to open negotiations for an amalgamation. This, again, was done in the most secret way; and while terms were being negotiated which could not but raise the price of my shares enormously whenever they should become known, Mire, Sarmist, and Sir Verrikute were buying shares, to the full extent of their available cash balances, at a low figure; and, as it afterwards turned out, again realised largely when the amalgamation was consummated and the shares rose in consequence.

It must not, however, be imagined that all the proceeds of their enterprising speculations went into their

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own pockets. It was necessary to "square" other directors, "to put them in for a call" of shares; in short, the weak and respectable fractions of both Boards had to be persuaded that they ought to agree to certain measures—hold their tongues, and participate in the illicit plunder, as it was "a sort of thing which every business man did."

My chairman, who was elected to that office chiefly through Sarmist's efforts, because he was a noble lord, and because he had the qualification, still more important in Sarmist's eyes, of the most charming and absolute ignorance of business, was, shortly before the completion of the amalgamation, confidentially taken into a corner by Sarmist.

"It will be necessary, my lord," Mr Sarmist said, "that our company should increase its capital and create new shares. The new shares will be given in exchange for the shares of the opposition company. This it will be easy enough to carry at a general meeting of shareholders. Our capital being two millions, and that of the other company one, we should require to make ours three millions; but I should strongly recommend that it should be made six."

"What!" exclaimed the noble lord; "six?—what for?"

"Well," said Sarmist, complacently smiling, "it will halve the dividend—that is, our shareholders will receive £200 of share certificates for every £100 invested, and their dividends will apparently look only half as big as they are, and this will deter further competition."

The noble lord was not quite able to follow the ar-

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gument; he rather thought there was something wrong about it, but the idea of doing away with further competition, and the business authority of Sarmist, at last made him yield.

Thus my competitor was bought; my capital was first increased to a sufficient amount to represent the shares of both companies, and the joint capital doubled, or, as they called it on the Stock Exchange, "watered," and we jogged on unitedly as one concern, and yielded half our former dividend.

My shares now became very much the instrument of gambling on the Exchange, and I am afraid that my directors gradually began to assume a less and less dignified position, as my shares passed into the hands of speculators far more knowing than the majority of them were. In vain Mire and Sarmist, who were no doubt "up to all the dodges," attempted to keep my Board as well in hand as they had them formerly; the disastrous results of their general malfeasance and of the "watering" of my stock were only too perceptible. The high figure at which my capital now stood made "market operations" in my shares safe, and therefore attractive, and the bold speculator began to divide the controlling power with the wire-puller.

A violent struggle now took place between a powerful combination of speculators, who bought large quantities of my shares, and Mire and Sarmist, as to who should control my destinies. The latter soon found that they would have to appropriate a very much larger amount of their own capital than they cared to lock up towards purchasing my shares, if they wished to retain their hold

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upon me. In order to meet this danger, and to find large sums of money belonging to other people which could be used for their own purposes, they conceived the brilliant idea of starting a trust company. The capital of this company was fixed at three millions. It was set forth in the prospectus that the trust company would exchange its own certificates against the certificates of various other companies at a given figure calculated upon the average market price of each security. The holder of one trust certificate would by this means become a part-proprietor in a large shareholding concern which owned a variety of securities, receiving their dividends and paying to its own shareholders the average on all the dividends it had taken. It was very plausibly urged that even the smallest investor would by these means always obtain a fair return for his outlay, no matter whether some of the companies, the shares of which were owned by the trust, were paying well or not. Mire, Sarmist, and Sir Verrikute, naturally made themselves directors of the trust, completing their Board from the ranks of the necessary fashion and ignorance. The new trust was readily taken up by the public; large quantities of all the share which had been selected as eligible for the trust were exchanged for the new certificates. Mire and Sarmist, by pointing out how very low my shares stood at that moment in the market, considering my intrinsic merits, easily induced their colleagues to sell the best of the securities which had been tendered for exchange by the public, and buy with the proceeds of the sale large quantities of my own shares. Before long, half a million sterling was invested by the trust in

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me. This practically gave to the trust—or, in other words, to the three directors who controlled it—once more an overwhelming influence over my fortunes. This was the culmination of the power of the triumvirate. They again were in a position to bull and bear my shares with an almost absolute certainty of success; and whenever adverse circumstances or unforeseen difficulties upset their calculations and involved loss, they immediately represented themselves to have undertaken the speculation on behalf of the trust, and "stuck" that unhappy company with the transaction. Their purse-proud arrogance and insufferable insolence at this period procured them great consideration in commercial circles, which unfortunately even extended to fashionable society in the West End. While my directors were thus triumphantly magnifying my stability and grandeur, I myself was becoming painfully conscious of the seeds of incipient disease; the water seemed to be pressing upon all my vital functions. My works were allowed to fall into disrepair, and every consideration of prudence in management was sacrificed to giving the shareholders the highest possible dividend. My reserve fund was little more than nominal, and it was very evident to me that additional capital would soon be required to renew my already decaying system and make good my numerous deficiencies. At the moment when I was regarded with envy by my enemies, with pride by my friends, and was encircled with a general halo of respect, I began to feel myself tottering on my swollen limbs, and to have a dark presentiment of the final crash.

Meantime Messrs Chisel Bros. had not been nursing

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their vengeance in vain. Following with a watchful eye my rising fortunes, their quick experience soon detected the internally rotten condition I have just described; and they suddenly appeared as contractors of a rival company, which had been financed with unusual secrecy and honesty. Chisel himself was averse to the fraudulent dealings in which he had nearly become involved in my case, and determined, in order the more effectually to crush me and my contractors, Scoop & Co., to content himself with moderate profits. The consequence was, that the A. B. C. Co. started with a capital of only one million, and with works almost as extensive as mine. It was utterly unable, however, to contend against the overwhelming forces which Mire and Sarmist brought to bear against it; they invoked the aid of their influential shareholders, of the Peers and Commoners who had assisted at my banquet, and, above all, of the Press. Many baser members of the journalistic world wrote up those gentlemen and their enterprises on every possible occasion, and opened upon my rival with a chorus of slander like a pack of hounds on a hot scent. Every disgraceful transaction of which they had themselves been guilty, Messrs Mire and Sarmist darkly insinuated was practised by the Directors of the A. B. C. Co. These latter gentlemen did not happen to have been obtained by the same method as mine; but were quiet business men—not much known either to the world of fashion or of finance—their praises had not been sounded at banquets, nor had the public been made familiar with their names in articles written in their laudation. The consequence was that the poor A. B. C. Co. had a very rough

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time of it, and was generally regarded as one of the most dishonest, gambling, stock-jobbing concerns in the city—an impression which certain of the less reputable members of my own Board found it easy to produce, by getting up "rings" to bull and bear its shares, heaping discredit upon it thereby, while they at the same time filled their own pockets. Another favourite device was that of spreading false reports about it; and when they were found to be false, they accused the A. B. C. Directors of having invented them in order to "rig" the shares. I knew the A. B. C. Co. intimately; and I used to tell it that I felt like a skunk who squirted its own vile odour all over it, and then cried aloud to the passers-by to shun it on account of its noxious effluvium. So successful were these tactics, that for a year or two the poor A. B. C. Co. scarcely got business enough to pay its working expenses. In the meantime, Mire and Sarmist could not shut their eyes to the danger which was slowly but surely threatening—not my existence alone—for which after all they cared very little—but their position as wire-pullers of a large joint-stock company, which had enabled them to accumulate so much ill-gotten wealth. They ceased, therefore, to be content with slandering the A. B. C. Co., but intrigues were secretly set on foot for the purpose of acquiring it. In this case, however, my competitor was not so easily absorbed as on the former occasion. No congenial friend was found on the Board who was willing to go halves in the plunder. The negotiations between the Boards failed. The unprincipled attempts of broken-down speculators, who at the command of Mire and Sarmist, and with their money, bought

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shares in the A. B. C. Co., and appeared at that body's public meeting in the characters of distressed shareholders, and insisted upon the necessity of coming to terms with me—the powerful rival—were frustrated by the firm attitude of the A. B. C. Board; and even the threat of the still powerful Trust Company to acquire a controlling influence in the A. B. C. shares and extirpate that Company's Board, unless they came to terms, was of no avail with my rival, and practically never carried out by the Trust Company for want of funds.

A feeling of intense irritation now took possession of Mire and Sarmist; but the despondency to which, for a moment, they almost succumbed, was succeeded by a reaction to their old arrogance and self-confidence; and with a boldness which was characteristic of their palmy days, they determined to infuse new life into me by supplying me with new works. This had, indeed, become absolutely necessary; for the contrast between my efficiency and that of the A. B. C. Co. was dawning even upon the outside public.

With feverish anxiety they rushed a resolution through my Board for the raising of additional capital. With agitated anticipation my prospectus was placed before the public, inviting that never failing source of money to subscribe to my seven per cent first mortgage debenture bonds. This time, alas, the appeal was made in vain. Just as my prospectus appeared, a serious financial crisis had shaken the confidence, not only of the money circles in the city, but of the investing public at large. As a last resource, my shareholders were called together, and a piteous appeal was made to them by the noble lord

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who occupied the chair. My shareholders, however,—who had been in a fool's paradise up to this time, and only looked forward to receiving dividends, instead of being called upon to furnish additional capital,—indignantly demanded further explanations from the chairman, which the utter want of knowledge, on the part of that nobleman, of my affairs, prevented him from affording in a satisfactory manner; and eventually a stormy meeting was brought to a close by the adoption of a resolution, moved by a powerful speaker, that a committee be elected from amongst the shareholders to inquire into the Company's position.

Now, for the first time, I became perfectly aware myself of my utter want of vitality. The weak and credulous part of my Board was even more astonished than I was myself at the revelations which were the result of this inquiry. On the second day of these investigations large defalcations were discovered, and upon summoning the elderly and highly respectable manager to account for them, it was found that he had not yet arrived in his office. The day passed without this functionary making his appearance—indeed, it has since been ascertained that he spent the afternoon in a passage to Boulogne, and is to this day a subject of interesting but fruitless inquiry to the police. Sick at heart were the unhappy shareholders when they understood the real position of their fine property, and even Mire and Sarmist were crushed in spirit when they saw the proud Temple of Gambling, which they had reared to themselves, about to crumble to dust. It was some consolation to them doubtless to reflect upon the thousands they

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had made out of me, but even of this they were soon to be deprived. The Committee's report was submitted to a second meeting, recommending my immediate liquidation; and the necessary legal steps were at once taken, which landed me in that bourn from which no company returns—the Court of Chancery.

Inexorable fate, which had already overtaken me through the agency of Chisel Bros. and their friends, who had started my triumphant rival, dealt the final blow at the hand of my old friend and promoter the Captain. With the *cœur léger* which characterised that gentleman, he had applied at the outset for a few of my shares, which he retained through my varied fortunes; and now he appeared in a court of law in the since famous suit of "Hawk *v.* Mire and others," claiming to be reimbursed the purchase money for his shares, on the ground that a certain sum was paid to Mire and Sarmist, being directors, by Scoop & Co., being contractors, under a contract which was not disclosed in the prospectus, and which contract related to the X X X or plunder money with which my readers are already familiar. This revealed the whole of the fraudulent transaction I have narrated. The high-minded judge who presided on the occasion ruled that Mire and Sarmist should repay to the shareholders the sum of £100,000; and he expressed himself in unequivocal language as to the corruption which had crept into a certain class of the commercial community of London.

My melancholy history is now closed. If I have wearied you, my patient readers, and still more patient investors, my apology must be that it would have been

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quite impossible for you ever to have obtained the valuable information which has been disclosed in this veracious history, excepting through the medium of an abstract being like myself. I now bid you farewell with that feeling of remorse akin to tenderness which those in their last moments are generally supposed to entertain towards persons whom they have irretrievably ruined in purse and character. I look mournfully for the last time upon the Captain as he dashes past the office in which I am now lying, behind his high-stepping bays, bent on the promotion of a new Company. Only yesterday I overheard Sarmist say to the official liquidator in greasy tones that he had been sorely chastened by Providence, but that he intended to kiss the rod and profit by the lesson he had received, by which I understood him to mean that for the future he would take proper precautions to see that X X X was so contrived that the law could not lay hold of it. Mire, I am informed by the remains of the Trust Company now lying under liquidation in the next room, took to his bed when the decision of the high-minded judge was communicated to him, at the fearful prospect of having to disgorge several millions of pounds, under the precedent just created by the said decision. He sunk gradually and never rallied. He now lies in the cemetery of a synagogue not far distant, and on his tombstone, engraved in choice Hebrew is a correct translation of the thirty-eighth clause of the Companies Act (1867), 30 & 31 Vict. cap. 131.

N.B.—The 38th clause runs as follows: "Every prospectus of a Company, and every notice inviting persons

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to subscribe for shares in any Joint-Stock Company, shall specify the dates and the names of the parties to any contract entered into by the Company, or the promoters, directors, or trustees thereof, before the issue of such prospectus or notice, whether subject to adoption by the Directors, or the Company, or otherwise: and any prospectus or notice not specifying the same shall be deemed fraudulent on the part of the promoters, directors, and officers of the Company knowingly issuing the same, as regards any person taking shares in the Company on the faith of such prospectus, unless he shall have had notice of such contract."

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VI.

THE NEWEST AMERICAN RAILROAD.

In the south-west corner of the United States territory of New Mexico, and about twenty miles from the frontier of Mexico, lies Deming, a village of mushroom growth, which owes its importance to the fact that it is the point of junction of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, and that it aspires to be a terminal centre of a system of Mexican railways which are intended to connect the United States with the sister republic. Whether these hopes are destined to be realised or not, will, however, depend upon the result of the contest in which Deming is engaged with its formidable rival El Paso in Texas, the town to which I was bound when, on the evening of the 21st of last December (1881), I descended from the sleeping-car in which I had journeyed from San Francisco. Not many months previously the change of cars at Deming had been attended with some risk. It was not an uncommon thing for a gang of "rustlers"—as the lawless desperadoes who abound in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are

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called—to surround the passengers on the platform, order them to throw up their hands so as to prevent their having recourse to their revolvers, and empty their pockets. As, however, the railways have brought law-abiding citizens into the country, and the town has assumed more respectable proportions, and enjoyed the advantage of a succession of fearless sheriffs, these outrages have diminished to such an extent that a whole fortnight had elapsed prior to my arrival without any serious disturbance of the public peace having taken place; and on this occasion the incident was one which was scarcely deemed worthy of notice. An inebriated "cow-boy," who had come up from his "ranch" to enjoy himself, by way of bringing his "spree" to a satisfactory conclusion, decided to ride through the ladies' waiting-room with a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other. He had just completed this feat, and was now looking round for some human target to his taste, when he was accidentally met by the intrepid sheriff, who happened to be carrying a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, and who then and there—so I was informed by an eyewitness—"blew a hole in his heart as big as your fist," thereby immensely increasing the confidence which he already enjoys in the community, and still further establishing that sense of security which has caused Deming to become the envy of its less fortunate neighbours. The local paper, describing the incident, says that "the man fell, remarking that he was a dead man." There is something peculiarly suggestive of the coolness alike of the cow-boy and the rest of the community in this sentence. With his latest breath he

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uttered no unworthy cry or exclamation. He simply remarked, as a casual fact, "that he was a dead man." I have heard the number of summary executions which the energetic official who now preserves order at Deming has promptly effected with his own hand put as high as twenty-five during his comparatively short tenure of office; but although he has no doubt kept an accurate score, as he is a pious church-member, he is said to be reserved on the subject, and to evade a too rigid cross-examination. The total number of men killed on the line by acts of violence during the year 1881 was put at two hundred and fifty; and I saw in a local paper with strong Hibernian tendencies a comparison between the agrarian crimes in Ireland and the miscellaneous outrages of Arizona and New Mexico, proving that the proportion of murders was much larger in those territories than in Ireland, and arguing therefrom that it was an infamous libel upon the Green Isle to stigmatise it as being in a lawless and disturbed condition. There can be no doubt that if a few trenchant officials of the type of the sheriff of Deming were scattered over the "proclaimed" districts in Ireland, the Land-Leaguers would soon share the demoralisation which is rapidly overtaking the cow-boys of New Mexico. After all, these latter are a comparatively harmless class as compared with the "rustlers." The former shoot not for gain, but for sport, or in self-defence, when their rough play leads to retaliation. They delight in taking pot-shots at the cigar of the unwary smoker, in startling him by boring a hole in the brim of his hat with a bullet, or making him dance by aiming at his toes on each foot alternately; but if he

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takes these amenities in good part, they do not desire his life-blood. It is only when they are in unusually high spirits that they ride pell-mell down the village street, taking shots right and left; and then it is that the indignant citizens form vigilance committees and ride in pursuit, neither party giving or receiving quarter. In all this the sordid love of pelf plays no part. It is only when they are, so to speak, outlawed, that they take to the life of the "rustler," and, like Billy the Kid or the James Brothers, become celebrated for daring acts of robbery, keep a tally of the murders they have committed by making notches on their revolvers, and form gangs which are the terror of the country, until some man as desperate as themselves—like Wild Bill, or Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid the other night in his bedroom by moonlight,—breaks up the gang by causing the most of them to "hand in their checks," or, in other words, take their departure for another world, when a delighted and appreciative public instantly elect the self-appointed champion of order sheriff. Hence it happens that these law-preservers are for the most part as daring men and as expert shots as the law-breakers; and the inadequacy of courts of criminal jurisprudence to deal efficiently with existing social conditions has become universally recognised.

At Deming I transferred myself from the Southern Pacific to the new line called the "sunset route," which is intended to connect that spot with Galveston in Texas, by way of San Antonio de Behar, and which at this period was only open for passenger traffic as far as El Paso, Texas, at which town I arrived in the small hours

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of the morning. I had no need to be informed by a chance acquaintance whom I met at the hotel, that it was "booming." Signs of the "boom" were apparent everywhere, — in the demolition of the low Mexican houses with their pillared verandahs, which were giving way in the principal street to brand-new American stores with sloping roofs and plate-glass windows, and in the busy crowd of nondescript and rather rough-looking characters who thronged the hotel entrance, whose talk was principally of mines, ranches, and stores of groceries and dry goods. I have never visited a place more typical of American progress during wanderings which have taken me through every State in the Union; and I felt so much infected with the spirit of rush and enterprise and speculation which characterised it, that, if I had not already paid somewhat dearly for a similar experience on a former occasion, I should have been sorely tempted to invest. A fellow-traveller who was on his way from an Arizona mining city to Boston, and who intended to continue his journey with me, informed me a few hours after our arrival that he had given up his eastern journey, and was on his way to a lawyer to sign a deed of partnership with a friend whom he had accidentally met, and who had already persuaded him to go into the grocery business with him. It is this extraordinary versatility and readiness to abandon plans, form new combinations, and make prompt decisions, which enables the pioneer of civilisation in the West to rise and fall with such remarkable rapidity. The present population of El Paso is estimated at over 3000, of whom probably about two-thirds are American, and the remaining third Mexican,

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who lounge listlessly at the street-corners watching the stir and enterprise which have overtaken their once sleepy village, without apparently being stimulated thereby to take part in the competition for sudden wealth which has been excited.

Numerous hack-waggons with canvas tops, and drawn by seedy mules, ply between the American town and El Paso del Norte, which is situated in the Mexican province of Chihuahua on the other side of the Rio Grande, the river which forms the frontier between the United States and Mexico. The distance between the two El Pasos is only about two miles, the road lying across a plain—dusty in dry weather and knee-deep in mud after the rains—where the rich alluvial soil is already being turned to account for market-gardens, which are divided by low *adobe* walls, between which we jolt slowly over the ruts in our primitive conveyance. I had made the casual acquaintance of an American who was resident in the Mexican town, and who offered to do the honours of it if I would accompany him; but of his name and occupation I was ignorant, until we arrived at our destination. Passing the American Custom-house we reached a rough bridge, partly constructed of wooden piles and partly of a pontoon, by which the turbid yellow stream is crossed, and which is leased to the proprietor of the hack-waggons, who charges a shilling a-head for the trip, including the toll. A little above the passenger-bridge the river is spanned by the railway, which is destined to connect the city of Mexico with El Paso, Texas, and which has already been completed for about forty miles towards the town of

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Chihuahua—pronounced Chiwawa. This bridge is used also by foot-passengers, and my companion told me that the night preceding a man had been robbed and murdered upon it. He said, however, that acts of violence had become rare since the late splendid exploit of the local sheriff, whose fitness for his office, in his opinion, exceeded even that of his colleague and rival at Deming; for not long before a band of six rustlers came tearing down the streets of El Paso, shooting and otherwise disconcerting the peaceable citizens. The sheriff rushed to the rescue, and posting himself in a suitable and commanding spot, emptied the whole six barrels of his revolver into the mounted gang, killing four in succession on the spot, the last falling dead at a distance of 125 measured paces. This remarkable story was confirmed by several citizens whom I questioned in regard to it, and one of whom was in the street at the time. This sheriff is notorious not only for the accuracy of his aim, but for the dexterity of his "draw" —and, as my companion insisted, "Shooting well ain't o' no account if ye don't know how to draw." As he was himself "heeled"—which is the technical term for being armed—he was able to illustrate his meaning by whipping out the revolver, which he carried in the usual pocket a little above and behind the right hip, and presenting it at an imaginary enemy with a rapidity and skill which he could only have acquired by long practice.

On the Mexican side of the Rio Grande we were inspected with great care by the barefooted slouching soldier whose duty it was to watch for contraband articles; but my companion informed me that, either

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by bribery or skilful smuggling, he always evaded the duties. For instance, he had carried across a pair of lamps the day before, the value of which in the United States was twelve dollars, and the duty on which was six, without being discovered, by the simple device of taking them to pieces and distributing them among the pockets of a party of friends, to whom he promised a free entrance to his "dance-saloon;" for he went on to say that while waiting for something more profitable to turn up, "he was running a dance saloon," and it was at the door of this establishment, which was a roughly constructed long wooden erection, that he ordered the hack to stop, and politely escorted me to the bar, where he was warmly greeted as "Jim" by a group who were collected round it, and to each of whom I was presented formally by Jim, who prefaced his introduction by turning to me and saying, "Let's see—what was it you said your name was?" As I had said nothing whatever about my name, it is evident that before a satisfactory introduction could take place, this delicate way of gaining the information had become necessary. In regard to my entertainer, my curiosity was amply satisfied by knowing that he was "Jim," and a very popular Jim he seemed. I had, however, "to stand drinks round" at his own bar to him and the crowd, in return for making the acquaintance of so many choice spirits, and from that moment began to revolve in my mind schemes for escape. It was evident they were all "heeled;" and though nothing could exceed their politeness, there was something in the local surroundings — in the tawdry attempts at ball-room decorations, in the dust and

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débris of the previous night's dance which a small boy was sweeping up, in the loose unprincipled aspect of the irregular rows of bottles behind the bar, and the haggard debauched look of Jim's friends before it—which was not calculated to inspire confidence. Besides, I saw a perspective of innumerable drinks, so I gently insinuated that I was obliged to go to the office of the railway on business, and slipped away into the Plaza, which had a church of the usual Mexican style of architecture on one side, and a row of stunted trees all round, with stone benches under them, while the whole of the central space was covered over with an immense temporary wooden erection, under which *faro*, *monte*, and *roulette* tables were abundantly scattered; for this was Christmas week, and every night the town became a scene of gambling, riot, and debauch. It was still early in the day, so that only one card-table was in active operation, round which a group of slouching Mexicans were crowded, eagerly betting, and watching the game.

El Paso del Norte is an old and thoroughly typical Mexican town. The low *adobe* houses which line the ragged streets open on a narrow *trottoir*, where walking is difficult in consequence of idle loungers, and a descent from it into the street itself means literally wading in a pond. In some of these lanes I saw mules slushing through the water knee-deep, and this seemed the normal condition of the principal thoroughfares. Behind the church was a bull-ring, where, during Christmas week, two or three fights take place; and behind the bull-ring were the barracks. Here I scraped another casual acquaintance, in the person of a long-haired American, who was lounging

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at the gateway, and who appeared to be on intimate terms with the Mexican corporal of the guard. Through him I obtained permission to visit the barracks, which contained in all 120 men, whose quarters and accoutrements I inspected, finding both much better than I expected. It is true they all lived in one large room, and slept on the mud floor, but it was clean and airy. On the other side of the barrack-yard was a prison, which I also examined. Here was a manacled Mexican, smoking cigarettes and waiting calmly the day of his execution for a murder which he had committed, and which was to take place in a week. There was, besides, a group of other prisoners for minor offences; and among them, eating the usual black cakes made of beans, were two free-born American citizens of the rustler class, in whom my long-haired friend was interested, and whom he consoled with words of encouragement, assuring them that he was taking active measures to secure their liberty. These most likely consisted in a large fee to his friend the corporal or some of the other Mexican officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, with all of whom he seemed on good terms.

The attractions of El Paso were soon exhausted. Almost every other house was a drinking-saloon; and the whole place had an air of dissipation which was rather suggestive than alluring. The worst class of Americans come over from the other side, preying upon the vices of the Mexicans to their own profit, and making what money they can out of their propensities for gambling, drinking, and dancing. "Le vin, le jeu, les belles, voilà nos seules plaisirs," seemed fitly to describe

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their lives and occupation, at all events during Christmas week. My fellow-passenger back in the hack was an American "belle," who had been up to see the "boys," as she called them, whom I had visited in prison, who were friends of hers; and during the interview, a Mexican soldier had taken advantage of a touching moment to rob her of five dollars and her pocket-handkerchief, so that I was entertained by her opinions of the Mexicans as a race, couched in strong language, during the half-hour I enjoyed the pleasure of her society.

As I was informed at El Paso that although the new Texas Pacific Railway would not be open for passenger traffic for a week, it was possible to get through on a construction-train; and as I was fortunate enough to meet one of the officials who was going by it, I determined to take advantage of his kind offer to put me through to New Orleans by this as yet untraversed route. The hour for the starting of the train was one in the morning, and the accommodation a workman's caboose. As provender was doubtful on the line, I provided myself with a package of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs sufficient to last for two days, and with this simple store took my seat, in company with about a dozen workmen who were going down the line, on the narrow bench of the caboose, behind which we dragged some trucks loaded with rails, which we were constantly dropping or adding to for the remainder of the night, the ever-recurring shocks which attended the operation rendering sleep impossible, even had the accommodation otherwise admitted of it. For fifty miles the line skirts the Rio Grande; and I was informed there were already some

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good farms being opened, and that American settlers were beginning to take up their abode in the small Mexican villages on the banks. At daylight we reached Camp Rice, the spot at which the railway leaves the river. Here there were one or two shanties, very much resembling the poorest kind of Irish hovels; but in one of them we found a stalwart American, with a Chinaman as cook, who most unexpectedly provided us with a cup of hot coffee and a tough beef-steak. Excepting where some willows and alders fringed the river-banks, the country was treeless and desolate in the extreme. At nine o'clock we reached Sierra Blanca, the junction of the Galveston and San Antonio Railway with the Texas Pacific. The former line now trends to the south, but it is only completed from El Paso to this point, a distance of ninety-four miles, which we had traversed at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and which will probably not be opened to San Antonio for some months yet.

Sierra Blanca consisted of a tent and a stationary caboose, which had been taken possession of by an irrepressible Chinaman, and converted into a kitchen and dining-room for the workmen on the line. We found here about a dozen men, some of them navvies, and two or three enterprising travellers, who, like myself, were trying to work their way through by the new route. They had arrived from El Paso twenty-four hours before; but the train which should have met them—also a construction-train—had not yet appeared; in fact it was now thirty hours late, and the prospect seemed gloomy in the extreme. Most of the travellers of the day before had

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been obliged to spend the night sleeping round a large fire they had made under the canopy of heaven: One or two had found quarters in the tent, and others had passed the night in the Chinaman's caboose; but none of these alternatives were pleasant to anticipate. The country round was a desolate waste of *mesquite* scrub, Spanish dagger, and bear grass,—the Spanish dagger a species of cactus twisting its weird forms far as the eye could reach across the prairie, and the bear-grass yellow and seared for lack of water. There is an absolute dearth of water across the desert here for about 200 miles; and the engines, as well as the employees, have to be supplied from the tanks which are brought by rail and stationed along the line, so that the freight of the water is a considerable addition to the cost of maintenance. It is hoped, however, that energetic boring will remedy this evil in time, and that wells will be found. Until then, although the soil is excellent, the resources which this region undoubtedly contains must remain undeveloped.

We were delighted, while enjoying a modest repast of fried pork and beans in the Chinaman's caboose, to receive the welcome intelligence that the train was approaching, though somewhat dismayed on its arrival to find nothing better than a "box-car" to stow ourselves away in. With the addition to our numbers formed by the delayed passengers of the night before, we had no room to sit, much less to lie down; and as "the crowd" consisted almost entirely of the great unwashed, the atmosphere was stifling. This could be remedied by pushing back the sliding door—there were no windows; but the temperature was too low to make this agreeable, and we

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had therefore to choose between being nearly stifled or chilled. The former alternative was considered preferable, and the fetid odours were somewhat modified by dense clouds of bad tobacco smoke. The conversation consisted largely of profane anecdotes and local experiences of brawls and cheating or being cheated at play or in business; and so we crawled warily across the scrubby desert, between two barren ranges of serrated hills which rise to a height varying from 1000 to 1500 feet above the level of the plain—one called the Sierra Diablo, and the other the Sierra Carrizo. The former of these is said to be the highest mountain on the route, and is nearly 6000 feet above the sea-level. Although the line itself nowhere rises very perceptibly, and must have been an easy one to construct, on account of the absence of grades, it reaches an elevation at its highest level, which we shortly after attained, of about 4500 feet above the sea. Here our engine broke down, and we stopped for repairs near a couple of tents in which four men were encamped, who had been boring for water. This they had just been fortunate enough to find at a depth of 225 feet, and the water had already risen 60 feet in the well. It was being drawn to the surface by a pump worked by two mules, and was of a grey colour, but perfectly drinkable. There was something particularly dreary and isolated-looking in the position of this camp, and I was not surprised to see a rifle lying on the ground beside each man's mattress. I asked the men whether they had no fear of attacks from the Indians, but they said that not more than three or four men had been killed by Indians on the line during

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the year, and that they felt tolerably safe, as the Indians had all returned to the reservation since the summer troubles. These had been the most serious on the Southern Pacific road in Arizona, where the Apaches had been out in such great force as to cause some of the stations on the line to be abandoned for some days. One poor woman at a small station at which I had been delayed for some hours, owing to the smash-up of a freight-train, gave me a vivid description of a night of terror which she spent in the scrub, owing to the proximity of a band of Apaches to the section-house which she and her husband inhabited, and from which they fled precipitately at midnight, owing to a report brought in by some workmen that they had been chased by the Indians only a few miles lower down the line. It is due to the aborigines to say that they are more sinned against than sinning. The frauds perpetrated upon them by the Indian agents, by which they are sometimes driven almost to starvation, and hence to despair, render them savage and reckless; and they secretly leave the reservation in large bands, scouring the country, plundering and murdering defenceless settlers, and revenging themselves upon the white man generally for injuries which they undergo at the hands of the Government officials, until troops are concentrated in the disturbed district, and the pursuit gets too hot to be pleasant, when they sneak back by twos and threes to the reservation, assume an air of harmless and injured simplicity, and deny strenuously that they have ever left it. To judge, however, from the accounts which I received in all quarters of their treatment at the hands of the Indian agents, these latter are a far less civilised class than

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the savages whose affairs they are supposed to administer.

It was dark before we commenced our descent from the summit level, and I therefore missed seeing what little scenery there is in the shape of a pass through the hills, which is said to occur at this point. I am inclined to think, however, that there is nothing very striking to be seen. We stopped repeatedly at the frame section-houses—which occur every ten or fifteen miles, and are the only signs of human life along the line—to drop or add on trucks, and on these occasions could hear the plaintive wail of the coyotes breaking the silence of the desert as they approached the habitation of man in search of food. The skins of these animals are worth a dollar apiece; and one of the section-house men told me he had killed twenty in two days, so that he was enabled to vary the monotony of his life and add to his income at the same time. I observed two "loping" stealthily along through the scrub just before nightfall, and so far they were the only wild animals I had seen. As we were leaving one of the section-houses, the tedium of the journey was varied by one of the men, who was standing near the open door of the box-car as we were moving slowly along, falling suddenly out of it in an epileptic fit. He was picked up without having sustained any serious injury; and, curiously enough, two hours had scarcely elapsed after his recovery, when another man who was sitting next to me, and whose head had been constantly dropping upon my shoulder as he dosed, was similarly attacked. Two other men who had been copiously imbibing from bottles they had brought with them, became,

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at the same time, drunk and uproarious; and the confusion of attending upon the sick man, and keeping his inebriated comrades quiet, in a dark box about half the size of an ordinary luggage-van, by the light of a feeble, smoky petroleum-lamp, was an experience so eminently disagreeable, especially combined with a fetid odour of humanity and tobacco-smoke acting on an empty stomach, that my satisfaction was intense on finding at one in the morning that we had arrived at Toyah, that we were to stay there for six or seven hours, and that there would be a possibility of finding a shake-down of some sort in a tent or shanty. As my official friend was compelled to leave me here in order to visit another part of the line, to which he proceeded on an engine, I attached myself to an individual whose respectability seemed to some extent guaranteed by the fact that he was possessed of some baggage in the shape of a hand-valise, and was altogether the most presentable-looking personage, so far as costume and "deportment" were concerned, in the party. Together we went on a voyage of discovery for night-quarters, and were not a little surprised to find in the dead of night this wild remote camp in a state of general illumination and apparent festivity.

Our reception was more characteristic than pleasant. We had not walked a dozen yards from the train when we were startled by two reports from a pistol, and I distinctly heard the bullets sing through the air at no great distance. My companion was evidently under no doubt on the subject, for he drily remarked: "Guess them shooters was loaded; the boys must be having a good time,"—which, if noise meant anything, they cer-

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tainly were, for the shots were succeeded by shouts and yells, and more shots, though I did not hear the whistle of any more bullets. All this was taking place at some saloons about two hundred yards distant, and I suggested that we should go to a shanty as far as possible in the opposite direction, which rejoiced in the attractive title of "The Nip and Tuck Saloon." I did not so much care about the nip as the tuck, if it could be got, but I feared there was not much hope. However, it was a good sign of the respectability of the house that it was shut up and the proprietor in bed. It was a wooden construction, with a bar and saloon below, and a loft above; and when our sleepy host opened the door, he told us we should find a couple of unoccupied beds in the latter. The approach to it was by a stair outside the shanty, and it turned out a gaunt, draughty apartment, with the moonlight coming through the chinks of the boards which formed roof and walls. In close proximity to each other were two full beds and two empty ones. It is not pleasant to go to bed in a room with two characters curled up in adjoining beds whom you have never seen awake, and in regard to whose nature and disposition you have nothing to guide you but their snores, and so much of their noses and beards as appear above the bedclothes—particularly while shooting continues lively and suggestive just outside the house. My immediate neighbour, for all I knew to the contrary, might be a "Colorado Jim," or a "Buffalo Bill," or a "James Brother," only waiting for me to drop off into an innocent slumber to begin "blowing holes" in me for fun, preparatory to emptying my pockets. I had taken

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the precaution so to dispose of my cash that no one short of a detective would have found it—so I was not uneasy on this score; and I had left my baggage in the train. My companion, however, "hung on" to his valise with such pertinacity that I expected to see him make an elaborate change of toilet before turning in; but he only hid it under his greatcoat, and divested himself of his outer garments. Just at this period our host looked in, and I questioned him in regard to the noise and firing. He said "it was only the boys having a good time; they were only in play; there might be some one hurt by morning, or there might not. He guessed there wouldn't; they was only cow-boys and Mexicans in on a spree. There warn't no rustlers among them." He admitted, however, that Toyah "was a putty hard place,"—with which consolatory assurance he left me; and a few moments afterwards, in spite of the snores of my next neighbour, and the extreme hardness and lumpiness of the bed, and the perpetual popping of pistols and yells of joy and merriment inspired by whisky, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was only awakened a little before daylight by all the dogs in the place uniting in a frantic chorus of barking, probably at the intrusion into their precincts of a too inquisitive coyote. My companions shortly after revealed their real character, and when they appeared awake and dressed, wore a harmless and respectable aspect. He of the valise now disclosed to me the mystery of his luggage. "Mister," he said to me abruptly, after the two others had left the room, "let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" I told him, though, as in

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the case of my El Paso friend, I had never mentioned it before, and he kept constantly forgetting it afterwards, and repeating his inquiry. He was too much excited by the revelation he was going to make to think seriously of anything else but his valise, which he unlocked, and displayed, not a change of clothing, but specimens of silver-ore of all shapes and sizes, the whole making up a package from which he never parted, though, as he said, it was "considerable hefty." This was all the baggage he was taking east, and on this foundation he proposed to build his pile. They were specimens from a mine he had struck in Chihuahua, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of the veteran prospector when he spoke of it. This disclosure was such a touching evidence of the confidence with which I had inspired him, that we became great friends henceforth; and I went so far as to introduce him to an acquaintance I made later in the train, and who, I thought, might be useful to him, prefacing my introduction by the remark, "Mister, let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" Our host gave us a cup of coffee and a tough beef-steak for breakfast; and on my questioning him as to the result of last night's spree, he said he had not heard that any of the boys "had been much hurt." Probably a shot through the calf of the leg, or a trifle of that sort.

I took a stroll through the place in the cool morning air, when it was still slumbering off the effects of the previous night's dissipation, and counted twelve wooden shanties and twelve tents—all saloons, with the exception of a dry-goods store, a grocery store, and a blacksmith's shop. Toyah is 194 miles from El Paso, and

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was the first inhabited spot, excepting tents and section-houses dwelt in by railway employees, I had seen since leaving the former place. It had taken us just twenty-four hours to perform this distance. It is supplied with water from a spring not very far distant, and the existence of some large cattle-ranches in the neighbourhood shows that the country is not altogether destitute of that important commodity. Here, to my great relief, I found that a rough passenger-carriage had been substituted for the caboose in which we had hitherto journeyed; and I took my seat in company with some twenty others, with the feeling that I was once more approaching the regions of civilisation. After traversing for twenty miles the plain of *mesquite* scrub, which differed in nothing from that which we had crossed for over two hundred miles, we reached the Pecos river, a yellow, sluggish, winding stream, that cuts its way across the plain between precipitous banks of clay ten or twelve feet high, which makes it a difficult stream for cattle to approach for watering purposes. Owing to the number of salt lagoons which drain into it, the Pecos is too brackish to be used by man for drinking purposes, though the cattle are very fond of it. It is also impregnated with gypsum. The engineer told me that it was so full of saline deposit as to render it useless so far as the locomotives were concerned. Beyond the Pecos the appearance of the country somewhat improved. The grass was greener and more succulent, and I observed several droves of cattle in splendid condition. Here, too, prairie-dogs abound, popping in and out of their holes, and giving short impatient barks as they watched the passing train

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with inquisitive eyes. As we progressed game became abundant; huge droves of antelope, numbering several hundreds in each drove, scampered across the track, and we sometimes had to slacken up and whistle them off it. Three of the passengers had rifles, and kept firing incessantly at the beautiful animals as they showed their white sterns and bounded in huddled masses through the scrub. I am happy to say I only saw one wounded: it was mere wanton cruelty, as even had they killed any, we should not have stopped to pick them up; but had I not seen it, I could not have believed that in any part of the country game was still to be found in such multitudes. I also saw four deer; and three dark objects were pointed out to me on the horizon, which I was assured were buffalo. I was obliged, however, to take my informant's word for this, as without opera-glasses it was impossible to be sure of it. There is no doubt, however, of their presence in large numbers on the line, as two hunters whom I met at one of the section-houses assured me they had killed sixty-five during the week. There was quite an eatable dinner of buffalo steak prepared for us in a section-house, although there were no signs of habitations or a settled population throughout the whole day's journey. In the afternoon we passed numerous salt lagoons, which are dry during the summer, and which even now exposed extensive saline tracts to view; and a little after dark reached Big Springs, also a town of saloons—a sort of magnified Toyah. It was too dark, however, to see more than the glimmer of its petroleum-lamps in the tents and shanties, and hear the sounds of merriment which proceeded from

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them; for this was Christmas Eve, and sprees were going on in every direction, with occasional explosions of gunpowder.

Big Springs is situated at the present extreme limit of Western Texas civilisation. From here eastwards settled habitations occur at intervals, and the character of the country begins to change; and here I found a sleeping-car, and could actually take a ticket and consider myself on a line of recognised travel. From El Paso to this point I had paid for the privilege of being bottled up in cabooses and box-cars at the rate of five cents per mile, but there were no regular tickets issued. Now I afforded myself the luxury of a "section," much to the astonishment of my mining friend, who was so little familiar with the term, that when asked whether he wanted a "whole section," he thought the conductor was offering him 640 acres of railway land. When day dawned, our eyes were rejoiced once more by the sight of trees. They were the first I had seen since leaving El Paso, and even those had been planted, and were irrigated from the river. Indeed, all the way from Los Angeles in Southern California, the country is completely destitute of any other vegetation than that of various kinds of cacti and bushy scrub. Here, too, near the railway station, were groups of houses, with a post-office, stores, and other indications of a settled country. The population was evidently still of the "hard" type, however. As we drew up at the platform of one small station, a free fight was in active progress upon it. Two or three pistol-shots were fired, and the engineer seemed to think it best not to linger, so we glided slowly past

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the combatants—not, however, before one of them had time to spring on to the train. I was not aware of this fact, or I should have questioned him as to the occurrence generally. I only saw him two stations afterwards, when he was arrested by a sheriff's *posse*, so I suppose he had been shooting to some purpose. From this and other indications which I observed along the line of route, I should judge that the list of casualties from the use of the revolver was larger on Christmas Day than on that of any other day set apart for religious celebration and worship throughout the year. The irrepressible newsboy now appeared on the train, and I observed that his stock of light literature consisted chiefly of the lives and exploits of notorious border ruffians and desperadoes, written in the thrilling style calculated to stimulate the imaginations of the rising generation, and foster a wholesome spirit of emulation.

We found quite a gorgeous Christmas dinner prepared for us at Weatherford; and a large proportion of the male population took advantage of the arrival of the train and dined with us, entertaining us as though we had been distinguished guests—which did not release us, however, from the obligation of paying for our dinner. At night we reached the thriving town of Dallas, which boasts a population of fifteen or sixteen thousand, and here I promised myself a full night's rest in a comfortable bed. The Texas Pacific continues to Texarkana, a town on the State line dividing Texas and Arkansas; but I left it at this point to strike south. Its total length is about 860 miles, of which 450 have been built during last year. On the 1st of January of

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this year it was to be opened for passenger traffic; and in spite of the barren character of the country through which it passes, there can be no doubt that a great future is in store for it. At present, passengers travelling between California and the East in winter, whether they go across the Rocky Mountains by the Union Pacific, or round by way of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, are always subject to the risk of being snowed-in, and to the inconveniences of inclement weather; but by taking the Texas Pacific route to St Louis and the East, a temperate climate is assured, and there is an entire absence of steep grades, snow-sheds, tunnels, or cuttings, which, if they increase the picturesqueness of a line, interfere with its smoothness and comfort; but besides this, the Texas Pacific will bring the Southern States into direct communication with California and Mexico. It will open up a vast tract of territory, of which the mining resources are unknown, and which only needs irrigation to be made to yield of its abundance; and experience has shown in the St Joachim valley, and elsewhere in California, the changes which artesian wells produce upon the face of a country. It will enable the ranchers of Western Texas and New Mexico to bring their cattle down to Galveston and other ports of export on the Mexican Gulf, and, in fact, thoroughly open up a region which has hitherto been almost hermetically sealed to the introduction of capital. In all this it will have a serious rival in the Galveston, San Antonio, and El Paso Railway; but there will probably be found traffic for both. At present these embryo lines have entered into a joint working arrangement, which,

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however, is scarcely likely to last. From El Paso westward it is proposed to continue the system by a line almost parallel to the Southern Pacific, having for its terminal point San Diego, the most southern port of California, and which boasts a magnificent harbour; and it is hoped that the traffic to Australia may be diverted from San Francisco to this point. Both companies have been granted immense tracts of land on either side of their tracks; and at the present moment there can be no doubt that the prudent and far-sighted speculator might invest money at points, which, as the country develops, are certain to acquire importance, to great advantage. A year hence it will probably be too late; but there are now spots in the neighbourhood of springs, and on the Pecos river, which are to be had almost for nothing, and which must inevitably rise rapidly in value.

It is a thirty-three hours' run from Dallas to New Orleans; and I was grateful to find myself in the St Charles Hotel of that city, after a journey of eight days and a half, including stoppages, from San Francisco. As the first traveller who had come through the new route from one city to the other, I was duly interviewed, and found myself an object of some interest. It is probable that before this appears in print, the journey will be regularly performed in six days and nights, or even less. I was in a hurry to get on from New Orleans to Havana; but in the absence of any direct boat, was compelled to take a steamer which touched at ports on the Florida coast. As they were places rarely visited by the ordinary traveller, I was consoled to some degree for the delay thus involved. Cedar Keys is the most southern

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point at present reached by any connected system of American railways, and it owes its growth and present importance mainly to this fact: A group of flat, sandy, coral islets shelter the harbour, and on one of these the town is built. On another, separated from it by a channel about half a mile wide, is a village mainly inhabited by employees in the cedar-mills. A few years ago there were not more than twenty houses on the two islands: they now contain a population of about 2000; and on the one most thickly inhabited, which is separated from the mainland by a lagoon traversed by the railway, I observed a good many new houses being built of the shell concrete, which is the most available material. The isle is so narrow that there is only room for the one street, which runs nearly its total length; but it then forms an angle like the letter L, and the spur widens out, so that the place will have room to spread in this direction. Here it rises to a height of forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea in three separate mounds. These are artificially formed, and were ancient Indian burial-places of immense extent. They are now overgrown with various kinds of ilex, palmettos, tamarisk, and pines, beneath which people are already beginning to perch their houses. In digging the foundations they exhume numbers of skulls, fragments of Indian pottery, flint arrowheads, and other vestiges of antiquity; but so far they have only scraped on the surface. It is possible that a really serious excavation undertaken here might bring to light many objects of interest: as it was, I gave a little girl twenty-five cents for a flint arrowhead that she had found. I grubbed into the mounds myself for

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a short time, and found that they were composed almost entirely of shells and loose loam.

The main industry of Cedar Keys is the manufactory of cedar-wood for lead-pencils. The air was perfumed with the odour, and huge rafts of cedar-logs were being slowly propelled across the lagoons from the swamps where they are cut. Formerly they used to be shipped in bulk for manufacture; but now they are sawn up on the spot to the requisite length for lead-pencils. I visited one of the manufactories; but the largest was that of Mr Faber on the other island. A delay of three hours sufficed to exhaust the attractions of Cedar Keys, and we steamed slowly down the Florida coast in our very lively little craft, which made bad weather of it against a strong head-wind. It is a run of thirty hours to Key West; but as the channel is too difficult to enter by night, we were compelled to wait outside for daylight before running for seven or eight miles between the flat coral-islands, thickly wooded, on one of which the town is situated. It is the most southerly possession of the United States, and is quite tropical in the character of its vegetation. I was altogether unprepared to find in this remote spot so large, well-built, and flourishing a town. The island is three miles and a quarter long, with an average breadth of about a mile, and is traversed in all directions near the town by excellent roads. On these are situated the houses and villas of the citizens, surrounded by fruit and flower gardens, which in some cases are quite extensive, and attest the wealth of the proprietor.

Thus on New-Year's Day we found roses, poinsettias,

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daturas, oleanders, yellow elders, and other plants, glowing in a perfect blaze of colour; while groves of cocoanuts, with here and there a date-palm, bananas, papaws, shaddocks, sapodillas, sour-sops, custard-apples, tamarinds, and alligator-pears, reminded one that the possessions of Uncle Sam extend into more southern latitudes than one is apt to realise. On the highest point of the island, which is not more than eight or ten feet above the sea-level, a convent is situated, surrounded by gardens, where I was kindly received by the lady-superior, and from its upper balcony obtained a view over the whole island. Here thirteen nuns, affiliated to a large convent of the same order at Montreal, have been recently established. Indeed the building is not yet completed; their schools, however, already contain 120 children. The whole population of the island was estimated by a local resident at 13,000—but I am inclined to think that this was too high,—of whom 6000 are Cubans—principally refugees during the recent Cuban insurrection, who have established themselves here as tobacco manufacturers—4000 Americans, and 3000 negroes. A large proportion of the latter come from our own colony of the Bahamas. The principal industry of the place is the manufacture into cigars of raw Cuban tobacco, which is brought over in the leaf to avoid the duty. It is said that the climate of Key West so much resembles that of Cuba, from which it is only eighty miles distant, that it is not possible to distinguish the cigars made here from those of Havana, which are supposed to derive their peculiar excellence as much from the properties of the climate as from those of the tobacco itself. Next in importance to the tobacco in-

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dustry comes the sponge trade. These sponges are obtained on the coral bottom at a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet, and are brought to the surface, not by divers, as in the Mediterranean, but by long poles with hooks at the end of them, as the water is so transparent that on a still day they are clearly to be distinguished at the bottom. The harbour was full of the small schooners employed for this purpose, and the wharf was piled with sponge-heaps, which were sold by auction while I was present, and realised over £3000. The average amount of the sale every day during the season is about £2000. I was told that prices were unusually high; but I nevertheless bought a very good sponge for a shilling. From two to three hundred turtle a-week are also exported from Key West to New York; and a very large trade is done with Havana in fish. Altogether tobacco, sponges, turtle, and fish, combine to support a thriving, active, and increasing community.

It so happened that on the day of my visit nearly all the shops were shut, for it was the negroes' holiday, and they were most ostentatiously engaged in celebrating their independence. Bands of negresses of all ages, dressed in white book muslin, with pink or blue sashes, according to the group in the procession to which they belonged, were eagerly gathering at the street-corners, flaunting their finery with the vanity peculiar to the race,—their black arms showing beneath their transparent sleeves, and the open-worked thread stockings and high-heeled embroidered shoes forming a most singular *chaussure* for the huge black feet, upon which they endeavoured daintily to trip along, —their extensive hips swaying gracefully from side to

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side as they languished upon the arms of their beaux, who wore white-thread gloves, high silk hats, and black frock-coat, trousers, and waistcoat, with pink or blue ribbons crossing their chests, as though supporting some knightly order, and flowers in their button-holes. When the band appeared, and the flags waved, and the procession formed, the whole proceeding was irresistibly comic in its grave solemnity, and the air of importance and distinction assumed by the performers,—more so, in fact, than a procession of buffoons fantastically dressed, which appeared later in the day, dancing and throwing themselves into grotesque attitudes, which were not altogether decent, but which afforded infinite diversion to the sable spectators. I heard that the performances were to close with speech-making and a ball; but owing to the departure of the steamer, I missed these interesting functions.

Key West was a point of some military importance during the American Civil War, and Fort Taylor, a massive structure on a rocky islet, connected with the larger island by a bridge, was strongly garrisoned, and is at the present time heavily armed, though its garrison is reduced to a single caretaker. The barracks are situated at the other end of the town, but the company of soldiers which occupied them had been recently transferred to the mainland. As a settlement it has as old a history as any in America, having been originally under Spanish rule, from which it subsequently passed into British possession. In those days, however, and even for long after it became the property of the United States, it was an obscure, insignificant place, and it is only since the Civil War, but more especially since the termination of the Cuban insur-

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rection in 1876, that its present prosperity has developed, so that its population is now tenfold what it was twenty years ago. The island is so low that it is subject to inundations from the sea after violent hurricanes; and upon more than one occasion the inhabitants of the streets contiguous to the port have been compelled to flee precipitately with all their household goods to the centre of the island to escape the invading ocean. Owing to the number of casualties happening to ships navigating these dangerous waters, the United States Government has organised an establishment at Key West consisting of several licensed vessels, which are kept cruising on the look-out for ships in distress or in want of pilots. Indeed the Florida Keys or Cays are a sinister-looking appendage to the mainland —from the south-eastern extremity of which this maze of low mangrove and wooded islets, rocks, and sand-banks, sweep to the south and west for nearly 200 miles. Throughout their whole extent they are skirted to the distance of from four to six miles by dangerous narrow coral-reefs, which are "steep-to," and through which there are several cuts leading to a navigable channel within, for vessels of the heaviest draught, as far up from the westward as Key West. It is creditable to the United States Government that lighthouses are tolerably numerous.

It is only a run of eight or nine hours from Key West to Havana, at which city I arrived exactly a fortnight after having left San Francisco. If a regular line of direct steamers were established between New Orleans and Havana, the journey, now that the Texas Pacific is opened, could be performed from San Francisco to the latter city in eight days, thus furnishing a fresh illustra-

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tion of the facilities for travel which newly established routes are affording for communication between important commercial centres hitherto unconnected.

A week later and I was gliding beneath the forest-clad mountains of San Domingo, the fairest island of the Antilles, and could realise, as I gazed upon their wooded slopes, the emotions which must have stirred the heart of Columbus when, after sighting the low coral islet of Watling, he found himself in the presence of what he believed to be a new continent, to which, in the joy of finding his long-cherished hopes realised, he gave the name of Hispaniola. Just before rounding Cape Isabelle, we can see the bay in which he founded the first colony in the New World four hundred years ago: its site is now indicated by the ruins of a single pillar, almost hidden among the bushes near the beach. An hour more and we are cautiously creeping between the closely approaching reefs into the insecure harbour of Porto Plata, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of its position, is nevertheless the chief commercial port of the island. Like a frail beauty, what it lacks in safety, it makes up for in looks. Nothing can be more enchanting than the aspect of the place from the seaward, nestled in groves of palms and other tropical trees at the base of the singular flat-peaked mountain, Isabella della Torres, which rises in rear of the town to a height of nearly 3000 feet, clothed to its summit with magnificent timber. The bright red and grey roofs of the little town contrast agreeably with the foliage in which its houses seem embowered. The harbour is a semicircular basin about half a mile in extent, with a low sandy

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beach and shallow water, excepting near the entrance, which is very narrow; on one side of it is a mangrove-covered point, and on the other a grassy hill about seventy feet high, crowned by a fort and lighthouse. In rear of this is the town, and I lost no time in landing to see whether its internal attractions justified those of its outward aspect. If ever there was a case in which, while "every prospect pleases, only man is vile," was true, it is eminently so of Porto Plata. The town consists of a dozen or more narrow streets intersecting each other at right angles, the houses one-storey wooden tenements with verandahs and roofs of corrugated iron or shingle. There is an almost entire absence of side walks; while huge puddles, crossed by stepping-stones, and treacherous mud-holes, lie in wait for the unwary foot-passenger. There are no roads or wheeled vehicles in the place, and the population move about the town on foot, and go into the country on pony-back. The total number of inhabitants is between 4000 and 5000, of whom not a hundred are pure white, and they are all foreigners. Signs of the disastrous effects of administration by a negro republic were evident in the decaying aspect of the place. No new houses were being built, but the ruined foundations of those which had formerly existed were numerous. There is a modern Roman Catholic church of barbarous architecture, with a red roof of corrugated iron overlooking a small grass-grown *plaza*, where twice a-week a negro band plays, and the coloured beauty and fashion come to listen; and on the other sides of the square are a club, established by the small foreign community, and the Government offices,

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above which proudly waves the flag of the republic with its four red and blue squares. Keeping guard over it is an extremely indolent bare-footed sentry smoking a cigarette, and clad like any ordinary member of the poorer class of the community—he is leaning upon his antiquated musket, the only indication about him of his calling in life.

Men and women wear European costume of light texture,—the women tidier than negresses usually are; and as the doors and windows of their houses stood open, I had an opportunity of seeing that the interiors were, for the most part, neat and comfortable-looking. As I overheard several of the blackest-looking talking English, I got into conversation with them, and found that a constant intercourse was kept up with the Bahamas, especially with Turk Island; and that the black population of British subjects numbered about 400, although, in order to become a naturalised citizen of San Domingo, no other form is necessary than that of registration. Foreign negroes are subject to many disabilities. My informant told me that they adhered invariably to their British nationality for the benefit of the protection which it afforded them in case of revolutions, as, without it, they would be immediately pressed into military service. They came here, they said, because it was so much easier to make a living than in the British colony; but they all intended, as soon as they had made money enough, to go home. They form the entire Protestant community of the place, and are Wesleyan Methodists and Baptists. The former are ministered to by a coloured parson, and the latter by

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an English missionary, who is the only pure Englishman in Porto Plata. The foreign merchants are for the most part German or Spanish. The language of the natives is Spanish. The result of eighty years of black government is not encouraging. The greater part of this magnificent and fertile island is still uncultivated. The exports of Porto Plata, its chief commercial port, have within the last ten years fallen off by two-thirds, and its imports, which are taxed 50 per cent *ad valorem*, by nearly as much. The former consist almost entirely of tobacco and mahogany; but to judge by the rapidity of its decrease, the tobacco exportation will soon become utterly extinguished by the successful rivalry of Brazil, and the heavy export duties imposed by the local government. The fear of revolutions and of unexpected taxation prevents foreigners from embarking their capital here, where, under favourable circumstances, large fortunes might be realised, for the richest land is to be had at nominal prices. Nevertheless a German has been tempted into creating a very fine sugar estate within two miles of the town, which he started only two years ago, and which is already promising so well that it may be the forerunner of others. The tobacco is brought over from the valley of the Vega and the country round St Jago about forty miles distant, on pony-back; but there is a talk of a tramway, and also of a railway from Samana Bay up to St Jago, the material for commencing which, I was informed, had already left England, and which is guaranteed by the Government by means of a percentage on the exports from the three principal ports in the island. But the merchants of Porto Plata

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with whom I conversed on the subject, had no confidence in its being a remunerative enterprise—in fact, their tone was one of extreme despondency, and their belief in the Government so small, that they seemed to derive no encouragement from any efforts made by foreigners to develop the resources of the island. They united, however, in giving the country people a good character, so far as their treatment of foreigners is concerned. They throw no obstacles in the way of their settling wherever they please; and they can travel in any direction in the most perfect safety, San Domingo thereby affording a strong contrast to the neighbouring republic of Haiti, where no foreigner can venture into the interior, or even own land, much less settle down among the people as a planter. I walked to Fort San Felippe, from which a glorious view is obtained over the town and harbour—the commerce at the time being represented by two small schooners—and observed an awkward squad of the gallant army of the Republic at drill. Their rifles and muskets were of all shapes, sizes, and ages; they indulged in no sort of uniform, were barefooted and bareheaded, as the case might be, and altogether seemed very appropriate defenders of the antiquated cannon and breast-high wall which constituted this a military stronghold. San Domingo has now been virtually free from a revolution for the unusually long interval of four years; but ex-Presidents Baez and Cesario Guiliermo, who reside in the neighbouring island of Porto Rico, keep the present Government lively by constantly hatching plots for a new revolutionary movement; and it is not supposed that a Ministerial crisis, which here always takes a

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sanguinary form, can much longer be delayed. Indeed, only five months before my visit, an expedition organised by Guiliermo had landed in the island; but the leaders were disappointed in their expectation of receiving popular support, and the great majority of the seventy or eighty men of which the expedition was composed, were either shot or made prisoners.

The climate of Porto Plata is probably superior to that of any other town in the West Indies. Yellow fever is unknown; the town always enjoys a fresh sea-breeze during the day; and even in summer the weather is never oppressively hot. Were the island in the possession of the English, a sanitarium would doubtless be established on the Cibao range of mountains, the loftiest peak of which, Yagua, rises to a height of 7500 feet above the level of the sea. It takes scarcely twenty-four hours to run from Porto Plata to San Juan, the chief town of Porto Rico, and the contrast between the two places is very striking. As approached from the sea, San Juan presents, in some respects, a more imposing aspect even than Havana. Its massive stately fort, containing handsome well-built barracks and Government buildings, and the lofty mansions of the town itself, surrounded by fortifications which would have been considered strong a few years ago, transport one from the bastard civilisation of the negro republic to that based upon the ancient grandeur of Spain. Indeed, were it not for the coloured population which inhabit the streets, there is nothing to distinguish them from those of a well-built Spanish town. There is the inevitable *plaza* and cathedral, the palace of the captain-general,

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and the Government offices, the *paseo*, the mole, and the fortress; there are also the whitewashed two-storeyed houses, with their verandahs and green venetian shutters, and with the black-eyed *señoritas* looking between the blinds. With a population of about 32,000, San Juan does a steady trade in sugar, tobacco, and coffee; and were it not for the grasping policy of the Spanish Government, the profound corruption which pervades all classes of the community, and the injustice resulting from it, which drives foreign capital out of the country, the island would become a far more valuable appendage to the mother country than it is. Notwithstanding the commercial importance of the place, there is not a single English house of business in it, and the trade is not increasing. There is a small railway, seven miles long, running to a village in the country—the only railway in the island. Owing to the state of the roads, the cost of conveying the produce of the interior to the coast in cumbrous ox-waggons is very great, but it is not likely that any improvement will take place. The Spanish officials who administer the colony, like those in Cuba, only think of filling their pockets and going back to Spain as speedily as possible, regardless of the interests of the colony itself. The Liberal party, who are very numerous, cherish a profound hatred for Spanish rule in consequence, and would willingly engage in a revolution to-morrow if they thought there was any chance of success; but the experience of Cuba has not been encouraging, and the result of free institutions in the hands of creoles and the coloured population, as illustrated in Haiti and San Domingo, goes to show that the corrup-

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tion, oppression, bigotry, and egotism of Spain are a lesser evil than the turbulence, sloth, ignorance, and incapacity of a native administration. The slave population of Porto Rico, unlike that of Cuba, has been emancipated, and certain labour complications have arisen, in consequence, to check the progress of the island. However, it compares in population, in the variety of its productions, and in the area of land under cultivation, most favourably with San Domingo, Haiti, and even with Cuba, and is perhaps the most creditable colony under the rule of Spain; but the more one examines into the productive capacity and resources of these islands, the largest and most fertile of the West Indies, the more insoluble does the problem of their ultimate destiny become. Containing a population of over four millions of inhabitants, of which scarcely a million are "yellows," as the mulattoes call themselves in contradistinction to the "blacks," only a fraction are pure white. The influence of civilisation seems destined to fade before their gradual absorption into semi-barbarous conditions. Sooner or later the fate which has overtaken Haiti and San Domingo will in all probability overtake Cuba, Porto Rico, and possibly even some of our own West India Islands. It seems as though the Nemesis which must inevitably follow the introduction of slavery should be found in the seizure of these islands by the descendants of slaves from the posterity of their former masters; while, by a curious irony of fate, it will be reserved for modern humanitarians to be the instruments of their lapse into barbarism. The only measures which could restore these favoured regions to wealth and abundance, and

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encourage the introduction of capital and enterprise, would be opposed to all popular ideas of philanthropy and justice. Though self-government by the negro means the restoration of cruel fetish rites, even involving cannibalism, as at present practised on certain festivals in Haiti, the hatred and persecution of the white man, and the conversion of cultivated lands into wildernesses, the independence of the negro must not be tampered with; and any attempt to limit or interfere with it when he has obtained it, or to oppose it when he has not, would be considered a violation of the first principles of political morality. It is possible that, as the population of the United States increases, its Government may take a different view of their duties to the world at large, and resort to the forcible annexation of these tempting undeveloped islands; but until that or some other equally immoral act takes place, we must be content to watch the gradual lapse into desolation and barbarism of one of the fairest portions of the earth's surface, as the negro race extends its supremacy over regions where, so far as the general interests of humanity are concerned, the aboriginal Indian might just as well have been left undisturbed.

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VII.

DOLLIE, AND THE TWO SMITHS.

My father was an Irishman and a writer of articles for magazines. I have never written in a magazine or anything else myself. My mother I don't remember. She died shortly after my birth. One of my earliest arithmetical efforts consisted in the discovery that I had nine brothers and sisters, concerning whom, as they are all alive and are some of them Fenians, I desire to speak only in complimentary terms.

I believe publishers did not pay so liberally in those days as I have reason to hope they do now, or possibly my father may have acquired dissolute habits through his contact with literary men; but from some cause or other I was so slenderly provided with food, clothing, and education, and my home was so inconveniently crowded and uncomfortable, that I left it at the age of fifteen with an outfit consisting of one extra shirt, one ditto pair of socks, a comb, and thirteen-and-sixpence that I borrowed, without alluding to it at the time, from my eldest sister, who was keeping house and acted as treas-

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urer generally, and whose balance in hand consisted of that amount. I have since paid it her back, with interest at 7 per cent. As, however, my present purpose in writing is not to dwell upon the varied and striking incidents in my own fortunes through life, so much as to portray certain scenes into which its destiny has led me, I will skip over the first twenty years after leaving home, and land myself in a neat white clapboarded house, with green venetians, and a verandah half round it, situated on a wooded hillside, and commanding a lovely view of a secluded lake about ten miles long and three wide, on the shores of which a few scattered clearings indicate that we are across the Atlantic, and in a part of the country not yet very thickly settled. Nevertheless, we are in one of the eastern States of America, at no very great distance from a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and can hear the shriek of the engine as the cars stop at the little village at the head of the lake. As to whether that lovely creature with fair hair and blue eyes, and hands so small and white that it is a marvel how she can do so much house-work and preserve them as she does, and a pleasure to look forward to eating the bread they are now kneading,—I say, as to whether this young lady is my wife, or the "chattel," to take the legal English view of her, of that handsome broad-shouldered man unyoking a team at the door of the barn, is a matter in which we three alone are concerned. It does not signify, either, who the farm or the two little chubby children belong to; the point to which I wish to call my readers' attention is this: Here I am, an Irishman by descent, an Englishman by birth, a citizen of the United States by naturalisation, and of

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the world by an extended knowledge of it. I confess to only one inveterate prejudice, acquired doubtless from a long residence among pure and simple Asiatics, and this is an intense abomination of, and contempt for, all society calling itself civilised, and especially for that mongrel race of money-grubbers, whether they are located on one side of the Atlantic or the other, which calls itself Anglo-Saxon, and which, to an inordinate conceit, adds an almost inspired faculty for "peddling." If, therefore, the extremely sensitive feelings of my American readers are hurt by this record of my experiences of village life in their country, I only request them to wait until I publish a few observations upon which I am engaged in regard to the commercial morality of London as compared with that of New York, when they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of my extreme impartiality, and of venting their spleen against England by republishing my very original and uncomplimentary criticisms on that country, and pocketing the entire proceeds of the labour of my brains. I give them fair notice that for every dollar of which I am thus robbed I shall stick a pin into them somewhere; and people with such very thin skins had better make friends with me in time. I am to be bought. I have not purchased and paid for so many of my fellow-citizens without knowing to a cent what my own price is. My stock-in-trade consists of a certain faculty I have for washing the dirty ("soiled" we call it on this side—"dirty" is considered coarse) linen of the Anglo-Saxon race in public. So much as regards myself.

The name of my broad-shouldered companion and

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fellow-labourer is Orange Z. Smith. As there are two other Orange Smiths in the neighbourhood, we have to be very particular about the Z, pronounced zee, and not zed, in America, and so taught throughout the schools and colleges of the country. In the case of Orange it does not stand for the first letter of any name, but is simply a distinctive middle initial; hence it follows that he is popularly known as Orange Zee. When our first little cherub was born we called him Zuyder Zee, out of compliment to a Dutch ancestor on his mother's side. I may here remark that my name is also Smith. I dropped my Celtic patronymic and appropriated the English one upon the occasion of my taking the thirteen-and-sixpence from my sister above mentioned. The name of Zuyder Zee's mother is Mary, but she is called "Dollie." All the pet diminutives of female names in the States end in *ie*, and not in *y* as in England, perhaps because there is a more refined flavour about *ie* than about *y*; and all Dollie's correspondents address their letters to her, not by the Christian name of her husband, or even by her own Christian name, but tenderly and affectionately as "Mrs Dollie Van Snook Smith," thus as it were inviting the affectionate sympathy and interest of the clerks in the post-office. So when I was so unfortunate the other day as to upset her out of the buggy and she broke her leg, the editor of the 'Van Snookville Democrat' touchingly alluded to "the limb of Mrs Dollie Smith, one of the most beautiful and highly respected residents of this township." Dollie's grandfather, Van Snook, had been the first settler here, and the town was called after him. When Zuyder Zee was born I asked Orange Zee whether the event

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ought not to be announced in the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' but he said it would not be considered proper to make any public allusion to the incident; and I remembered afterwards that I never saw a column for births in any American newspaper. Long may it be before our Dollie figures in any other column! but whenever she does her affectionate relations will stick to the pet diminutive, and will announce the departure, not "of Mary, wife of —— Smith," but of "Mrs Dollie Van Snook Smith."

It is not necessary to say how Orange Zee and I first became acquaintances and then friends, and then decided "to go to farming" together, and were attracted to this pretty hillside, and to the immediate neighbourhood of the farm where Dollie was living with her parents. I had to trust to Orange Zee's farming experience in everything. My ignorance was so great that he never ceased wondering where I had been "raised." I should like to know how many of my readers know how to drive a nail so as not to split the wood. I think the profound contempt with which Orange Zee regards all Englishmen, to whom he owes his origin, is principally based upon the information which I gave him that there were actually many people in England who did not know how to drive a nail. Nor does he yet understand—as of course everybody must be constantly wanting to drive nails in England as in America—"what on earth they do, if they don't know how."

After Orange Zee and I had seen Dollie, and found that the adjoining farm was for sale, we determined to buy it; and we accordingly went to Dollie's uncle, to

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whom it belonged, and told him that the fences were all out of repair and the house was falling to pieces, and the meadows were all "run out," and that it was a miserable old place "any way," and not worth taking at a gift. Dollie's uncle saw at once from this that we were dying to get hold of the place, and, as he was equally anxious to sell, he said that he had now given up all idea of selling, and intended to "hang on" to it. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the great art of buying and selling was to appear as if you did not want to buy or sell, and always to seem to hang back. So we hung back. As we were boarding with Dollie's parents, I found "hanging back" quite a pleasant occupation. At last one day Dollie's uncle came and said that he had been offered 75 dollars an acre for his farm, and that if we wanted it we had better speak, as he was going to let it go at that. To my surprise, Orange Zee said he had just offered 50 dollars an acre for a better farm on the other side of the lake, and expected to get a decided answer from the proprietor to-morrow. I felt quite angry with Orange Zee when I heard this, as I hated the looks of the other side of the lake; and when Dollie's uncle went away, I told him he might go there if he liked by himself, but that I should continue to "hang back." He laughed at my innocence, and assured me that what he had told Dollie's uncle was only as big a lie as what Dollie's uncle had told him, and "how else could we expect ever to get hold of the farm?" So then, of course, I said that it was all right, and we went on "hanging back." Finally, we had a talk with Dollie's father on the subject; and he said that if we would give him a hundred

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dollars down, and a note of hand at six months for a hundred more in case he succeeded, he would get the farm from his brother at 50 dollars the acre; but in that case we must leave the place for the present and seem to have given up all idea of settling here. Orange Zee told me afterwards that the old man (we always called Dollie's father "the old man") had held a mortgage over his brother, and by threats of foreclosure forced him to sell. The old man was highly respected and looked up to for many miles round, as being the best horse doctor and the "smartest" man at a trade generally to be found in that part of the country. He was also an elder of the Baptist Church, and exercised a most powerful gift on the occasion of "revivals" and "protracted meetings." When he found out how matters stood between Dollie, Orange Zee, and myself, he got nearly all our money out of us by secret promises of Dollie—first to one, and then to the other; and nothing but the accident of Dollie herself taking a decided stand of her own, prevented our being turned out of the house Dollieless and penniless. The whole details of this financially romantic transaction were afterwards reported in the 'Van Snookville Democrat;' and the old man received a sort of ovation for some time afterwards whenever he entered a store in the village, in compliment to his skill in having thus turned the charms of his Dollie to such good pecuniary account.

This did not prevent our having a wedding, which was the occasion of great rejoicing amongst all the members of the church to which Dollie belonged, and which bore grateful testimony to her popularity among the farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, who flocked to her

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marriage, in very elaborate Parisian toilets, in buggies and spring-waggons, and accompanied by "beaux" the honesty of whose intentions it was refreshing, to one accustomed to less primitive conditions, to contemplate. If I decline, for reasons which may hereafter appear, to say whether Dollie was married to Orange Zee or myself on this auspicious occasion, it is not because either Dollie or her husband have ever since done anything to be ashamed of. Of the purity and simple innocence of our *ménage* there has never been a question. Nor did the fact that one of us had failed to realise his aspirations in respect of this estimable young lady, embitter our home relations. The sceptics in virtue on the other side of the Atlantic may sneer, but I am proud to say that no cloud of jealousy ever disturbed the serenity of our domestic horizon. Nor was the disappointed Smith ever for one instant false to the pure and innocent sentiment of fraternal affection which bound him to the other two. Indeed I may say that we were (and I trust still are) all three very justly considered models of propriety by the highly moral community of the village.

The said village consists of a single street, with three churches and a schoolhouse, all facing each other, in a little square in the middle, with pugnacious-looking steeples and a hostile cock to the gables, as though they were all longing to fly at each other. There are three dry-goods stores, and a hardware store, and a drug-store, and a blacksmith's shop, and a billiard saloon, and two taverns, besides grist-mills, saw-mills, carpenters' shops, &c. The population is a genial, good-natured race enough. Everybody is familiarly known by his or her

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abbreviated Christian name; and the most minute details of the daily life of every family, and every obscure member of it, are accurately known and carefully discussed at post-time in the store that keeps the post-office, and which serves as a club and resort for idlers generally throughout the day. For although the inhabitants of Van Snookville are a tolerably industrious and prosperous community, they manage to spend a large share of their time in gossip, and find in the ever-varying excitements of politics and religion abundant occasion for quarrel and intrigue. To one not familiar with their habits, their severe language and the harsh judgments they entertain of each other might be supposed to lead to irreconcilable feuds. But this is rarely the case, for the simple reason that an irreconcilable feud is a very unprofitable investment of time and temper; and men seldom hate each other so much as to interfere with their prospects of being able to cheat one another. Of course the more rich and influential a man is, the more he can afford himself the luxury of a temper. In America, as in England, civility is a marketable commodity; and I had frequent occasion to remark with admiration that my Van Snookville friends rarely permitted their warmth or indignation of feeling to interfere with their prospective pecuniary interests.

Orange Zee said that, until we could increase our capital, our best chance of becoming respected in the village would be to join the Methodist Church, and get the better of the old man "on a trade." He has therefore already become a "class leader;" and in consequence of certain secret information regarding her father, con-

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veyed to us by Dollie, we see a way by which we shall be enabled to obtain possession of a good deal of the old man's property, without rendering ourselves liable to imprisonment. We are indebted for the idea to Swomp, the pettifogging lawyer, who is the old man's rival in politics and in piety, and who is to obtain a percentage on the whole amount resulting from the transaction. After we had obtained possession of the farm and of Dollie, we found that it would be necessary to improve our living accommodation; and instead of building, we determined to buy a ready-made house which was for sale half a mile distant, and move it to our own land—a proceeding which involved a great deal of the process known as "dickering." To "dicker" successfully, one must have a great aptitude for chewing straws and whittling. The great art is to force your opponent to be the first to put a value on the article to be bought or sold. You choose a morning when you are not busy, for it is ruinous to let any indication of anxiety or haste appear. You walk slowly with your opponent to a fence-rail, and both sit leisurely across it, and chew straws thoughtfully. I say opponent, because in one sense every man is your natural enemy—all the members of the community, whether they are engaged in agriculture, commerce, or politics, being trained from their earliest infancy to prey upon each other's pockets. You find yourself engaged in a gigantic game of grab (which means getting all you can, and giving as little as possible in return), and the weakest goes to the wall. Some win the game as bullies, others as sneaks; but you have very little chance unless you are either the one or

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the other. Moreover, it is important to remember that if you do not treat every man with whom you have any dealings upon the assumption that he is both a liar and a rogue, he considers you a fool; nor is there the least danger of his feelings being wounded by your openly doubting and requiring proof of his most solemn asseverations. This entire absence on your part of any gentlemanlike feeling excites his respect for your "smartness," and leads him to doubt equally every statement made by you in return, as the highest compliment he can pay you. I remember my first attempt at a trade was made in Dollie's presence, and what I imagined were feelings of delicacy, she called weakness, and my sense of honour she said was *non* sense,—a fossil sentiment, which had its origin in ages fitly called "dark," when idiots in armour devoted themselves to the protection of weak-minded women when they might have been making money, and sacrificed their material progress to an abstraction called Chivalry. I explained to Dollie that among the Anglo-Saxons on the other side of the Atlantic it was only considered honourable to tell lies when they were necessary to screen the woman you had betrayed; and that, according to modern ideas of chivalry, it was was not considered important that you should respect the virtue of your friend's wife if you religiously paid him your gambling debts. Nor could I get this obtuse Dollie to admit that the unscrupulous pursuit of dollars by men of business in the New World, was a more degrading occupation than the unlicensed pursuit of women by men of pleasure in the Old.

Orange Zee, who has an immense *physique*, trusts a

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good deal to his overbearing voice and manner in a trade; and it was amusing to hear him endeavour, by sheer force of will, to extort from little Deacon Brown a price for his house, and to see the little Deacon wriggle, and writhe, and protest that he had not the faintest idea of how much it might be worth, that he had never sold a house in his life before, and that unless Orange Zee would make him an offer, he felt quite powerless and paralysed. At least two hours elapsed before either of them would name a figure. I think it was Orange Zee who, in spite of his browbeating, was forced to name a sum, which so wounded the Deacon's feelings, that he quietly rose and walked off without vouchsafing a word in reply, leaving our big Orange Zee ignominiously chewing his straw. In this game the little Deacon made the first score. It was protracted over many days with varying fortunes, and might finally be considered drawn, as I do not think we paid either too much or too little for the house.

The next thing was to dicker with the "house-mover" to transfer our new residence bodily on to our farm, which he did for a hundred dollars, with the assistance of an old broken-winded horse, a man, and a boy. The *modus operandi* is simple enough. You go into the woods and cut down two trees long enough to pass under the whole length of the building, which is of course of wood. By means of screws the house is raised from its under-pinning and placed upon these timbers, which are in their turn placed upon wheels; the old horse walks round and works a sort of capstan fixed in the middle of the road, and attached by a rope to the house, which moves upon

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the wheels along planks placed under them as it slowly progresses. Most farmers in America are carpenters as well, and build their own houses without any assistance; but we were in a hurry, and Orange Zee had too great a contempt for my powers as an assistant for us to undertake it.

The most expensive operation was the purchase of stock. Twenty-five cows, at from 60 to 80 dollars apiece, made a considerable inroad into what the old man had left of our capital.

Orange Zee and I work our whole farm of 100 acres without any help. We have a team for which we paid 300 dollars, and a lumber-waggon and a mowing-machine, with ploughs, harrows, and other farm-implements. Dollie has a German "help" called "Lizer," who is not considered worth more than her board until she can speak English. We are consoled for her stupidity by her cheapness. She and Dollie milk all the cows, make all the butter, wash all the clothes, bake all the bread, cook all the food, and mend and make a great part of our clothing, to say nothing of looking after the children and the house generally.

We have a parlour with some ornaments made with dried "fall" leaves, and some cheap china shepherds and shepherdesses, and a picture worked by Dollie's mamma in worsted-work. This room is kept carefully closed, and its finery covered up, excepting on the monthly occasions when Orange Zee, in his capacity of class leader, has a prayer-meeting in it. We live in the kitchen, out of which open two bedrooms, a buttery, a wood-shed, an attic staircase, and a cellar staircase, so that the walls may

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be said to be almost composed of doors. Lizer shares the attic with dried apples and empty trunks.

The cooking is all done at a stove, not at an open fireplace, a thing never to be seen in an American farm-house. The staple articles of diet are pork and beans, and apple-sauce; besides which, Dollie is an excellent hand at corn-bread and griddle-cakes. We get up at five, and Orange Zee and I go out and do "the chores" —in other words, attend to the stock, draw water, and make Dollie's fire, chop wood, &c. At six we breakfast, and at mid-day we dine, and at six we have supper and do our "chores" again. The quantity of things Dollie does by machinery is surprising. She washes with a machine, and she dries with a machine, and she sews with a machine, and can knit a pair of stockings in half an hour with a machine, and makes butter with a machine; and pares apples with a machine; and she "cans" tomatoes and sweet corn, and preserves black-berries, and saves wood-ashes, and makes soap with "lye" (which is water that has soaked through them), and is a perfect repository of domestic receipts; and turns out on Sunday to go to meeting with a big "chignon" which she calls a "waterfall," and a long train, as neatly *chaussée* and *gantée* as if she lived on the Boulevards instead of on Beaver Lake. How she manages to effect these sudden and entire transformations is only one of the mysteries which attach to Dollie, and are a source of perpetual wonder and admiration to Orange Zee and myself. Then she takes in 'The Revolution,' and seems to me to have more advanced opinions on "Woman's Rights" than Susan B. Anthony herself; and she reads

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'The Radical' regularly, and watches the new development of the religious idea of Boston with such keen relish that I sometimes suspect she is a secret contributor. I verily believe she is corresponding with those two strong-minded opponents of stringent ceremonial observances, Olive Logan and Eleanor Kirke, on the marriage question; but she does not at present admit either Orange Zee or myself into her reasons for always going to the post-office herself for her letters. We have perfect confidence in her, and are waiting without alarm for the results. So long as she is the most efficient house-wife in the county we have no right to complain; and I believe that it is when she is on her knees scrubbing the floor that her most brilliant inspirations come to her, and suggest those abstruse problems of theology with which she occasionally plies Elder Fisher, much to that poor orthodox minister's embarrassment. Notwithstanding all which, there is not a Sunday-school teacher in the district (pronounced *dee*strict) more universally respected and beloved; and no "sewing bees" are so popular as those which our pretty little Mrs Dollie gives alternately with Orange Zee's prayer-meetings in the front parlour. Upon these occasions the neighbouring farmers' wives flock to the manufacture of our "pants" and petticoats, and discuss the latest inventions in sewing-machines and theology over an abundant supply of tea. Dollie is a specimen of a new type developed since the race was transplanted to America, and is as peculiar to the soil as are the beavers which used formerly to inhabit our lake; and I believe, notwithstanding her regular attendance at Elder Fisher's,

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she is surely but silently sapping the foundations of his theology in the minds of a large section of his congregation. Like the beavers aforesaid, I sometimes think that Dollie acts entirely by instinct, and without any exercise of the reasoning faculty. She always speaks under some strong, quick impulse, which is irresistible to the listener. A beaver is taught by intuition how to make use of his tail: why should not the same intuition teach a woman how to use her tongue? The fact that it has never done so yet, does not cause me to despair. Since I have known Dollie I have become sanguine. Orange Zee and I both feel that she is rapidly developing us into something, but we don't yet know into what. Time will show.

Meantime, like Dollie, we do as much farm-work as we can by machinery too. We have a sowing-machine and a mowing-machine and a reaping-machine. In the hot haying-time we mow before breakfast, and rake and cure our hay with horse-rakes and tedders, and load it by a patent process on to our waggon, and get our bright "Timothy" into our barn with another patent thing like a harpoon, the same afternoon. Think of that, you poor befogged farmers of the old country! The amount of hay that we two can cut, cure, and mow away in one day, is so great that I shall not mention it, lest you should imagine that I had been born as well as naturalised in America. We never stack it outside, and have a hay-press of our own, which we work, as we do most things, by horse-power, and press for our neighbours as well. We have a horse-power threshing-machine also, with which we thresh our neighbours' grain at from four

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to eight cents a bushel, and make a good thing of it; and by killing all our calves two days after they are born, and sending all our milk to the cheese-factory, we are able to contribute to the large cargoes of cheeses which annually cross the Atlantic for consumption in the British Isles. What old fogies you British farmers are not to kill your calves, and so save the milk!

Then Orange Zee can do almost anything he wants with a plough and team: he has surface-drained all our farm with open ditches three feet deep with the plough alone. As for me, all my most brilliant inspirations in regard to agriculture have been suggested by the remarkable farming experiences published by Mr Horace Greeley in the columns of the 'Tribune.' I believe, in spite of Orange Zee's knowledge, we should have been repeatedly ruined, had it not been for the original ideas we derived from the lucubrations of that truly great man. Indeed, as I can't be of much assistance to Orange Zee by my practical knowledge, I endeavour to make up for it theoretically by studying the rural 'New-Yorker,' 'The Country Gentleman,' and other agricultural journals. Had I been allowed to have my own way, I should have invested in a variety of advantageous patents, and experimented upon a large scale with all the numerous varieties of oats, potatoes, tomatoes, and other produce which are warranted to make the fortunes of farmers courageous enough thus judiciously to risk their capital. Among the varied occupations of Orange Zee, however, he had passed a year of his life peddling patent rights, and the information he had thus acquired in regard to

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their value induced him invariably to prohibit my ever buying one. This was a great trial to me, for scarcely a week passed without some eloquent traveller calling, and offering for a few dollars the exclusive right to make and sell in the county stoves warranted to season as well as cook meat; or fences which were cheaper and more durable than either wood or iron; or clothes-pegs which possessed the remarkable property of drying the clothes as well as of attaching them to the lines; or lightning-rods, which not only protected the house from lightning, but bottled up the electricity for private consumption;—besides many other ingenious contrivances which marked the fertility of the American brain. In fact I feel sure that, had it not been for Orange Zee, we might have become proprietors of many exclusive privileges which would have secured us a comfortable independence for our lives. I was confirmed in my opinion of my own good judgment and ability in these matters by overhearing myself spoken of one day as a "good, clever sort of fellow." As Dollie made the same remark in regard to the stupidest man in the neighbourhood, I afterwards discovered that a "clever fellow" signified here a "good-natured fool." After this personal application it was natural that the violent transformation which English words undergo after crossing the Atlantic should rouse my indignation. I once seemed to plunge a whole supper-table into a douche-bath, because I remarked that a species of porridge called Graham Mush was "nasty." I do not yet know the exact meaning of this awful word, but it is evidently something more than the opposite of nice; and certain it is, that this cock-and-bull account

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of farm-life in America will be called there a "Rooster-and-Ox" story.

Besides our agricultural operations, we are called upon as good citizens to devote some of our attention to politics. The election of the town officers every year is an occasion of great excitement and intrigue. It is here that the youthful American mind acquires the rudiments of that exalted statesmanship which finds its full fruition in the adroit achievement of great State or national financial frauds. A "State" in America is divided into counties and towns; the towns are in fact rural districts, each one large enough for half-a-dozen ordinary English country parishes; in each town there may be one or more villages or hamlets, though the villages, properly so called, require charters of incorporation giving them municipal officers and independent local government. Where there is no such village incorporation, the town chooses annually its own officers: these consist of town supervisor, road commissioner, sheriff, constables, &c. Politics may thus be said to be brought into the minutest details of every man's daily life.

For instance, Orange Zee, vowing vengeance against the old man, Dollie's father, and being also animated by the desire to attain the first round of the ladder by which he might possibly ultimately climb to the presidential chair at Washington, determined to put himself forward as the Republican candidate for the exalted office of town constable. In pursuance of which design Orange Zee donned his go-to-meeting coat, and after consulting Swomp, who was going himself to run for supervisor on the Republican ticket, drove to several of the leading

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Republican farmers, and announced to them that he had been so urgently pressed by his friends to have his name put upon the ticket as constable, that he had reluctantly consented, and that he would consider it a favour if they would support him. Meantime Swomp having held a private caucus of his friends at one of the "stores" in the village, decided upon the list of officers which they would offer to the Republican party in opposition to the list headed by the old man, who comes forward as Republican candidate in opposition to Swomp. A few days after, all the Republicans in the town rally to the Republican tavern, where Swomp's supporters hand each arrival a ticket containing his own name at the top, and Orange Zee's name at the bottom; and the old man's supporters hand each arrival a list with his name at the top: on receiving which the voters plunge into an inner room reeking with humanity, smoke, and profanity, where all the respective candidates and their supporters are struggling round a table, at which are seated the scrutineers; and after a day of confusion and excitement, Swomp's supporters announce triumphantly that they have carried their ticket, and Orange Zee returns to our longing arms covered with dust and glory, and smelling of whisky. But this is only a preliminary stage. The Democrats go through the same form a few days afterwards, and then both political parties having thus decided on their tickets, try issues with each other. It is only to be expected that a number of the old man's supporters, disgusted with their defeat, vote Democratic; but then a number of Democrats on the same ground vote Republican,—so the one set of malcontents about balances the

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other. Still the issue is as uncertain as it is in England, because a vote in America is worth as much money as it is in England, though it is only for the State, or United States Legislatures, that they are worth paying for in money: in their local elections the consideration is various, and may be illustrated by Orange Zee's own proceedings. He having a marvellous faculty for diving into the private affairs of his fellow-townsmen, went to some who had large amounts owing to them, and promised, if they would vote for him, to collect their debts in his capacity of constable, and charge them nothing for it; and he went to others who he knew were overwhelmed with debts, and promised that if they would vote for him he would always give them warning before he came to distrain, so as to enable them to convey their goods away in time: in fact, Orange Zee managed so to impress people with the extent of the powers which he could wield to benefit those who voted for him, and to injure his opponents, that many who voted Democratic scored out the constables nominated on their own ticket, and substituted Orange Zee's name.

Thus it happened that although the Democratic ticket was finally elected, and Swomp and the old man both defeated, Orange Zee came in triumphantly at the tail of the Democrats—thus in these early days proving political capacity of a very high order, and inspiring both Dollie and me with great expectations for the future. I did not then know that Orange Zee had begun life as a boot-black in the lobby at Albany, and thus at a tender age had imbibed, as it were, through the soles of eminent politicians, those first principles which he was turning to

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such excellent account. Where life is one gigantic system of barter, one of the earliest lessons to be learnt is, how much one's social position, political influence, professional knowledge, and religious standing, are severally worth "on a trade."

Take the case of Gouge, who was elected democratic town supervisor against Swomp and the old man. Gouge was a director of the Van Snookville and Boghole Branch Railway. The V.S. and B.B.R. is Democratic; no Republican conductors, porters, and brakesmen need apply. At the State elections the V.S. and B.B.R. vote Democratic to a man; and the nomination of the Democratic candidate for our Congressional district may practically be said to rest with the President and Board of the V.S. and B.B.R. Gouge had been first a porter, then a conductor, and finally had run a wild-cat on said railway with such success that he was promoted to station-master. To run a wild-cat for any length of time on a single line without an accident, requires both skill and daring. A wild-cat is a sort of extra goods train that has no stated times for running, but dodges from one station to another between the regular trains whenever the line happens to be vacant, and the engineer thinks he can reach the next station before any train leaves it, and go fast enough not to be overtaken by the lightning express behind him. Metaphorically, Gouge had run a wild-cat all his life; he had a wonderful faculty of dodging past people on his upward career. He knew so well the value of his position as station-master, that though his salary was only a thousand dollars a-year, he managed by dexterous trading to exchange the information, opportunities, and power which

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his position gave him, for over twenty thousand dollars in two years. Gouge it was who saw how much money was to be made by a hotel at the depot; and he sent for his brother, who was a hotel-keeper, and promised to secure the privilege of the hotel to him, on condition that he should receive a share of the profits; and so he introduced Gouge junior to the President, who saw no objection to the scheme, provided he had another share in the profits. So the President and the two Gouges share the profits of the hotel between them. In the same way he secured a valuable railway contract for the leading Democrat in Van Snookville, upon the understanding that he should command the whole vote whenever he required it, a few refractory Democrats being "squared" with small shares in the contract, and the whole helping to swell the political influence of the President of the V.S. and B.B.R., who received besides a large pecuniary share in the profits of the contract. And so Gouge quietly slipped with his twenty thousand dollars from being station-master into the proprietorship of the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' which paper he worked so successfully for the interest of the railway and the Democratic party in general, and himself in particular, that when the Van Snookville National Bank was started, the voice of public opinion unanimously pointed to Gouge as President; and Gouge finding himself, to use his own words, "reluctantly forced into this position of responsibility and prominence by his appreciative fellow-townsmen" (who are by this time so completely cowed by him, that they are afraid to call their souls their own), runs that flourishing institution, the First National Bank of Van

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Snookville, as he did the wild-cat, entirely for his own benefit. Is there any wonder therefore that, though the majority of the population of Van Snookville is Republican, by some mysterious dispensation the vote of the town is always largely Democratic? for could not Gouge, who is President of the First National Bank, Director of the V.S. and B.B.R., town supervisor, proprietor of the 'Van Snookville Democrat,' part proprietor of the Van Snookville Railway Hotel, and joint owner with his son, who "runs it," of the principal store in the village, with one half of the population in debt to his bank, and the other half dependent in some form or other on the V.S. and B.B.R.,—could not Gouge, I say, bring such terrific pressure to bear upon any luckless individual who ventured to thwart his sovereign will, that life in Van Snookville would be a burden to him? If Gouge wants to force a public road across a man's field, all he has to do is to tell the judge, who owes his election to Gouge's influence, that he had better appoint assessors prepared to "lay" the road thus, and do his (Gouge's) will, or he need never more hope to dispense justice in that neighbourhood. Gouge's life seems bent on the invention of political and social screws, and instruments of moral torture; and as all the functionaries are elected, and he practically controls the elections, he manages to work the electors and the elected against each other with such adroitness, that the power he wields may be said to be absolute. Providentially Gouge drinks! Van Snookville, as ungrateful as her rival Paris, to the man to whom she owes, if not her beauty, at least her prosperity,—Van Snookville, less bold than her "irreconcilable" sister, is afraid to vote "no" against

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her oppressor, but finds a grateful solace in the consolatory reflection that he drinks. For a week at a time whisky renders Gouge unable to rule over us. Then Swomp, who is perpetual arch-grand knight of the Good Templars, rallies his sons of temperance, and the leading church members enter into deep mysterious conclave as to the best means of ridding themselves from the hated yoke of Gouge.

The old man and Swomp sink their religious and trading animosities to combine against the common enemy; and a holy alliance is formed between the Methodists and Baptists, which results in the announcement that Splurge, the great revivalist preacher, will shortly arrive, to quicken the slumbering consciences of the Van Snookvilleites; and the junior members of the community, of both sects and sexes, look forward with some little flutter of excitement to the prospect of "a protracted meeting," and unlimited opportunities of flirtation. It is hoped that by a tremendous effort of religion and morality Gouge may be crushed. I did not take any part in the revival myself, because Dollie did not approve of it, and she only allowed Orange Zee to go because he said he ought to be there in his capacity of town constable; but his real object was to act as spy upon Swomp and the old man, and report their machinations against Gouge, to that accomplished operator and boon-companion. Orange Zee, you see, did not believe that the great Gouge could be crushed, even by a Splurge, although that distinguished divine likened him to a roaring lion seeking whom he could devour, and called upon his hearers to "flee from him and his contracts, and his newspaper, and his hotel, and his store, and all his works."

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During the fortnight that the protracted meeting lasted, all farming operations were suspended. It took place at a season of the year when work was not pressing, and day after day waggon-loads of old and young of both sexes, in their best costume, drove up alternately to the Methodist and Baptist churches; and the voice of Splurge might be heard for some distance down the village street exhorting his hearers to come forward to "the mourners' bench." Here those who had been most powerfully acted upon made their confession and their profession, and from that time forward they were said to have "got" or "experienced religion." The exact number of persons who "got religion" during this visit of Splurge's was afterwards published among those interesting heart-statistics, if I may be allowed the phrase, which are to be found in those spare columns which the religious journals do not devote to abusing each other. It is quite an interesting study to turn over a file of these, and add up the total of broken and contrite hearts that have resulted during the year from the labours of the various Splurges all over the country, and to read how bitter these rival Splurges sometimes get with one another, and how jealous of each other's special gifts, and how furious are the feuds which arise from the difficulty of sharing the spoil. Even now the war which resulted from the Van Snookville revival is still raging, for Swomp declared that the old man had persuaded a number of those who intended to "experience" Methodist religion, to join the Baptist Church; whereas it had been clearly understood, before Splurge's arrival, that all the broken hearts he made were to be divided equally

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between the two denominations; but the fact is, on a trade, whether it be in human consciences or anything else, the old man is always more than a match for Swomp.

The practical inconvenience of this revival was, that its influence was not confined to quickening the consciences only of those who benefited by it; they seemed to get quicker all over. One young man, before he got religion, with whom I was dickering for a horse, positively assured me he had paid 200 dollars for it, and could not sell it to me for less. Our trade was interrupted by Splurge for a fortnight, and at the end of it he had undergone the quickening process, and swore as positively he had paid 245 dollars for the animal.

This is only one illustration. I did not know of a single instance of greater honesty in trade after the revival than before it. It never once seemed to occur to two men of contrite spirit to say to each other, "Come now, we have persistently thought everything worth whatever we could get for it, irrespective of its intrinsic value, and have considered false representation in regard to articles we had for sale a merely venial offence; let us, now that we have got religion, never try to get more for anything than it is honestly worth." If even Splurge cannot venture to recommend people when they are asked for their coats to give their cloaks also, without extinguishing himself and his popularity as an imparter of the Christian religion for ever, let him, at least, suggest that when a man asks for your coat, you should not turn upon him and strip him naked as an evidence of Christian "smartness." O my dear Splurge, I am sorry to have to

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tell you that my experience has been that the sooner men get over the effects of your labours on their consciences, the more I like to deal with them; and I would also venture to suggest that it is very difficult to give to others what you have not got yourself.

Orange Zee did not get religion, but he got a good deal of useful information, by the dexterous management of which he hopes to increase his social and political influence, and thus rise to higher spheres of usefulness.

I do not mean to divulge what these are—in fact I am at this moment interrupted by a piece of intelligence which for a time will disturb our domestic arrangements, and which involves to no small degree the future happiness both of Orange Zee and myself. I have before alluded to the remarkably philosophical and speculative character of Dollie's mind, and that we have both been conscious that her advanced habits of thought were not unlikely to produce a strong influence upon us. She has just imparted to us the important discovery that she has married the wrong Smith. I need not say that we saw it both in the same light instantly. Why it never flashed upon us before during the last five years it is useless to attempt to inquire. It was the real solution of a great domestic problem, which, like Columbus's egg, we had missed from its extreme simplicity.

As the laws of divorce in the State in which we are now residing interfere in the most absurd and arbitrary manner with the private matrimonial arrangements of its citizens, we have determined at once to proceed to the more enlightened State of Indiana, and have telegraphed to have the preliminary measures taken: this will enable

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us to start to-morrow. Dollie, who has made herself acquainted with the whole course of proceedings, assures us that in that State the ceremony of divorce by mutual consent will not occupy above half an hour, and she then wishes to proceed to New York to have the marriage ceremony performed by at least two leading liberal divines. She is strongly inclined in favour of Mr Ward Beecher and Mr Frothingham. She says she does not care so much about the mere ceremony, but she wishes to commit those influential men to a great principle. Orange Zee asked her stupidly whether she thought it likely she would ever change back again. Dollie, of course, told him to mind his own business. Orange Zee said he thought it was his business; but his mind is so little able to rise above the ordinary interests of everyday life, that we never attend to what he says on these more profound questions. Whether I am the Smith from whom Dollie is going to be divorced, or the Smith to whom she is going to be married, is not a matter of the smallest interest to my readers. I may tell them what happens to us in Indiana and New York, or I may not, on some future occasion; but I can't know till it is over whether it will be worth telling. Meantime, of this the public may rest assured, that Orange Zee, Dollie, and I, all have the strongest possible affection, esteem, and admiration for each other, and are all profoundly indifferent to anything the world may think of us.

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VIII.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

If there is one sentiment that one hears more constantly repeated than another by the British tourist nowadays, it is that he "hates to travel without an object." He begins well enough, but in the course of time the objects become exhausted, and he wanders about the world *blasé* and discontented, or ceases to wander at all. I found myself fast approaching this stage, when I encountered a series of adventures which have provided me with an interest for life, and suggested to me an occupation which has enabled me to prove a blessing to a large and yearly-increasing class of my fellow-creatures.

I remarked that in almost every country I had visited, I had been preceded by some unprotected female tourist, who had inspired terror and dismay by the sternness of her aspect, her thirst for information, and her invincible determination to engage in impracticable or dangerous enterprises. I had frequently witnessed the panic produced in a foreign community by the announcement that

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a literary spinster was expected to arrive, and perceived that the prejudices excited against her were so strong that when she did make her appearance she would be without a friend. When I came calmly to consider this state of affairs, all the chivalrous instincts of my nature became aroused, and I determined to travel about the world, as the professed protector and champion of this strong-minded but misunderstood class of persons. When I say that I am not afraid to face one of them quite alone in a savage country, I am aware that I lay claim to a very high order of courage; and if I go on to assert that I would even go out of my way to meet such an individual—that I extremely enjoy as much of her society as she will condescend to bestow upon me—the fact that most of my readers will consider this mere empty swagger shall not deter me from describing the qualities which so eminently adapt me for my present noble mission.

There is no greater delusion than to imagine that these ladies can take care of themselves; circumstances are of necessity constantly arising in which they are utterly helpless, and all the consolation they then get is, "Serve them right! what business has a woman to go poking her nose into such places by herself? of course she will get into scrapes." Decidedly, thought I, I will become a Knight-errant of the Nineteenth Century; and immediately I started off in chase of poor Ida Pfeiffer. I followed her to India, Ceylon, and the Straits, till she finally beat me in Borneo. Then I turned my attention to the authoress who writes a book about a country and calls herself "The Englishwoman." And here, again, I

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would remark casually, that, from my constant association with these remarkable and interesting specimens of their sex, many of the most striking features of my own style have been derived. For instance, now and then I find it has a tendency towards egotism. Frequently I enter into very profound disquisitions upon subjects I don't the least understand, nor do I think it necessary to dive very deeply into questions which present themselves for consideration, or to verify the accuracy of statements furnished to me by good-natured informants. Thus, even when I am profound I am amusing, and those who most thoroughly appreciate my descriptions of the countries I have visited are the inhabitants themselves.

There is hardly a country now left for the Englishwoman to write about. There is 'The Englishwoman in America,' 'The Englishwoman in Italy,' 'The Englishwoman in Turkey,' 'The Englishwoman in Russia'—not the same Englishwoman of course, though of the same genus. Nor must it be supposed that because I am devoted to their service I am blind to their faults and peculiarities. From long experience I know them now at a glance. They all sketch, most of them are short-sighted, and wear thick boots and spectacles, and tight ulsters. The younger ones are reserved, the older ones gushing. Their desire for knowledge is alarming to the slenderly-educated peoples among whom they travel, and who, rather than appear ignorant, invent copiously. They are constantly guilty of perpetrating acts which, in the opposite sex, would be accounted "cool;" and a certain faculty of taking people by storm, and putting them at once into servitude, insures them the best possible letters

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of introduction to the next place. The victim, in order to achieve his freedom, overwhelms his fair guest with these epistolary recommendations, and chuckles, as he waves his hand to her in final adieu, over the sufferings he has prepared for his unsuspecting friend. The Englishwoman's strong point is society: this she generally describes graphically and well; nothing escapes her, except that she is considered a bore. Her weak point is science, and consequently she is devoted to it, and goes about with a geological hammer and a botanical dictionary. For many weeks my vocation obliged me to attach myself to "The Englishwoman in Venezuela." She has written a charming book since, in which I am honourably mentioned by the first letter of my name as authority for her somewhat ungrammatical statement that "in this country the woods are infested by a peculiar sort of serpent who milk the cows, which accounts for the scarcity of this article." It is now some years ago. As nearly as I can calculate, she was fifty-one; I was twenty-four. She was my second "Englishwoman." We were in a very out-of-the-way part of the world, driving in a cart of the country, discussing the origin of species. This was many years before Darwin's book, and I have no doubt now where he got his ideas from. She had her sketch-book, her umbrella, her hammer, and her botany-book with her. We were alone in the cart. In fact, it was our habit to take these *tête-à-tête* drives, and when we came to a pretty view she would scramble out, adjust her spectacles, cut her pencils, perch herself on the smoothest point of stone she could find, and set to work. When it rained I stood near, holding the horse with one

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hand and the umbrella over her with the other. Then she would finish her sketch, chip off the point of rock upon which she had been sitting with her hammer, and put it into a bag full of stones which she used to pick up and I used to carry, and then we would jog home—she to an entertainer upon whom she had quartered herself; I to a miserable inn. Well, upon the occasion to which I allude, I parted from her rather abruptly. We were skirting the edge of a vast forest, when suddenly she saw a fern. As usual she dived into the wood after the "specimen." Then calling to me that she saw another further on, she vanished in its gloomy recesses. In about half an hour it came on to rain heavily. I could not leave the cart and horse to go in search of her, so I shouted violently. This exercise I continued for half an hour more, and then, feeling damp, got under the cart, and squatted within six inches of the horse's heels for another hour; then it got dark. I felt she had been lost in the wood, and wrung my hands in despair. It was not so much that I thought her host would miss her, as the dreadful fate I pictured would overtake her. The forest abounded in wild animals. It was almost pathless; there were no habitations nearer than a village, from which we were separated by a river. As the country sloped down into a valley, I thought it not impossible she might endeavour to find her way by following the watercourses, and so I despondingly struggled along a muddy track towards the stream. It had become swollen by the rain, and the rushing of the torrent in the dusk was not an encouraging sound. Tying up the horse to a tree, I followed down the bank

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of the stream through wet tangled brushwood, giving periodically the shrill yell known to Indians by clapping my hand rapidly before my open mouth. To my intense relief I heard it answered by a plaintive cry, and following the sound I discovered Miss Smith—the Englishwoman is almost invariably unmarried—seated on a prostrate log, clinging tenaciously to a bundle of ferns, with her face marked with broad streaks of black loam, the result of rain, tears, and muddy fingers. When she threw herself into my arms with a cry of gratitude and relief, and burst into an agony of tears on my shoulder, I felt a glow of chivalrous enthusiasm. I was accomplishing my mission to protect the unprotected; to be the stay and solace of that "Englishwoman" who created terror and dismay in society, but who was clinging to me now like a girl of sixteen; and I felt it was not "gushing" —it was genuine downright emotion. Tenderly I bore her along, for she was scratched and torn by struggling through brambles, and even the thick ulster and stout laced boots had suffered. For years, probably, this strong-minded woman had vanquished weakness. No other man, since that early history which I suppose she had in common with all of us, had ever seen her break down but myself; but to me, in a thousand little acts, she revealed her womanhood. We gave up talking philosophy and science; indeed she did little else but sob; and I revelled in the triumph of a situation I had hardly earned. When we reached the cart we pushed the old horse into the stream, but it was rapid, and I missed the ford in the dark, so he was carried off his legs, and the cart was upset. Fortunately, though deep,

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the river was narrow, and after whirling round two or three times I brought up on the shelving bank of shingle, one hand tightly clutching a handful of petticoat that I had seized at the critical moment. Our bath had the effect of washing my fair companion's face, and subduing her even more than she had been before the last episode. Meekly she draggled and stumbled after me, weighed down with the burden of her drenched habiliments. Geological collection, sketch-book, ferns, all had gone down the stream with the horse and cart, and nothing was ever found after, except the vehicle and the drowned animal in the shafts. At last, after more than an hour's wandering along a barely discernible footpath, from which we often strayed, and to find which I was sometimes obliged to feel with my hands, we heard the cheering sound of a dog's bark, and soon after saw the welcome glimmer of a light. It was a small native hut; and never did wattle and dab walls, a thatch of leaves, and a floor of cow-dung, offer a more grateful sight to benighted and famished mortals. An old man and woman were its sole tenants, and the accommodation consisted but of one apartment, one side of which was occupied by the fire—the smoke curled about over our heads, and found its way out between the leaves of the thatch as best it could. There were overhanging eaves so deep as almost to form a verandah all round to protect the walls. The costume of our entertainers consisted of nothing but petticoats reaching from the waist to the ankles; the man's was drawn up between his legs, and the end tucked in at the small of his back. The old woman's hung down. She wore

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nothing above her waist. It was absolutely necessary that we should get rid of our drenched garments; but the difficulty was what to put on, and how to put it on. It was evident that we were destined to pass the night here. The black darkness, the fearful storms that threatened to carry away the little cottage bodily, our own exhaustion, rendered the idea of going further impossible; besides, we might fare worse. What we wanted was, first, to dry ourselves; second, to fill ourselves; third, to rest ourselves. Some bruised Indian corn was being kneaded with milk into a paste; some chickens running about suggested the idea of a boiled fowl and eggs. I also espied some honey in a honeycomb, so I mixed the milk, eggs, Indian corn, and honey in one pot, and put the fowl into some hot water in another, and then recurred to the difficult subject of attire; for by this time our teeth were chattering, and fever and ague were becoming imminent. In spite of my companion being strong-minded, I had some difficulty in inducing her to entertain the idea of divesting herself entirely of her dripping clothing, and of appearing in a costume improvised out of the materials which our semi-civilised entertainers could supply. At last she consented to judge of the nature of the experiment by the result as illustrated by myself. I therefore retired from the interior of the cabin, and, standing under the dripping eaves, took off my wet raiment. I found that the old man's petticoat, which was not unlike what the Malays call a sarong, only reached a little below my knee; the second petticoat I threw round my shoulders, somewhat after the fashion of a plaid, leaving the arms

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free. Thus attired, and feeling I represented a pretty fair combination of the Scotch shepherd and the Roman gladiator, I re-entered the cabin with as much dignity as circumstances permitted me to assume. Miss Smith had taken off her spectacles in anticipation of too great a shock, and I was thus enabled, so to speak, to break myself to her gradually. So much encouraged was she by the modesty of my aspect, and so wretchedly uncomfortable did she feel in her then plight, that she requested me to take the old man back with me under the eaves, while she performed her toilet under the supervision of his wife. It was like a game where you are told to go out of a room and come back when they are all ready. In a quarter of an hour the old woman summoned me, and I found my fair friend swaddled like a mummy; not a vestige of her skin, except her face, was visible anywhere. So clumsily had she arranged it that both her hands were occupied holding her things together from the inside; thus the appearance she presented was irreproachable so long as she remained still, but the slightest movement was attended with the most frightful risk. One of the most delightful sensations I ever experienced was feeding this dear creature with mouthfuls of tough boiled chicken and Indian-corn pudding, and then holding to her lips a huge can of water, the only drinking utensil in the establishment, and supporting her head with one hand as she tilted it gently back. Then I put on her spectacles for her, and finally tied a line in front of the fire, upon which I strung all her garments as well as my own, after which I helped her to bed. This, however, is a figure of speech. I should

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more properly say to "hammock." The task of hoisting her gracefully into it without disarranging her wrappers, was one of the most difficult operations I ever performed. We slung her in a corner by herself, near the fire, and the old man and his wife and I huddled together on the floor, in the other utmost extremity. In spite of an airy feeling about the legs, and a virulent attack from fleas, I slept so soundly and so far on into the morning, that I found my friend dressed in her own garments and looking quite blooming; but there was an expression of shy timidity on her face which was quite foreign to it. I, on the contrary, who am constitutionally modest, swaggered about in my short petticoat, and felt every inch a true errant knight.

I have frequently met Miss Smith in society since then. She is as learned and strong-minded as ever, except when I appear; but she quails before a single glance from me. She is now considerably over sixty; but I alone possess the secret of calling into those somewhat thin cheeks a roseate hue, and of causing those sharp grey eyes to disappear temporarily beneath their lids. Dear Miss Smith! she never travelled in savage countries by herself after that; but she will tell you unending stories about her adventures and experiences. The only one her friends don't know, and never will know—for I have never betrayed our secret to a living soul—is the one I have now recounted. Nor would I have told it now, did I not feel sure that it would be impossible for any one to recognise in *my* "Englishwoman in Venezuela" the heroine of the adventure.

Besides the Englishwomen who travel in quest of in-

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formation, are those who are actuated by motives of philanthropy or political enthusiasm. Oppressed nationalities act as a powerful stimulus to the formation of this class. No sooner do Italy, or Poland, or Hungary rise, than your Englishwoman packs up her portmanteau, furnishes herself with letters of introduction of the most compromising character, and starts off on a mission to suffering humanity. With unreasoning impulse she flings herself heart and soul into the cause she has espoused, and induces the unfortunate people to whom she has accredited herself to believe that the whole British nation is as wildly enthusiastic in their behalf as she is. She probably makes her *début* by two or three indiscretions; for she is totally unused in her own country to act under the ever-present consciousness that all her movements are watched. When, however, she is once initiated into the mysteries of a national conspiracy, it cannot be charged against her that she is wanting in resource. On the whole, it is my conviction that your philanthropico-political Englishwoman does more good than harm, and is a credit to the country that produces her. By such experiences do they fit themselves to become the mothers of heroes — only, as I said before, they so rarely marry. There are, however, brilliant exceptions to this rule. I remember during the last insurrection in Poland, attending as knight-errant upon two Miss Browns at Cracow. I don't know which created most sensation—Mademoiselle Pustovoytov, Langiewicz's female aide-de-camp, who was captured on the day of their arrival, or my two charming compatriots themselves. It was a refreshing sight to watch them, in little pork-pie hats and tucked-

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up skirts, paddling about the muddy streets of Cracow, and one that cheered the hearts of the poor people they came to comfort. And then to go with them through wards of wounded youths, and see how the presence of the "Englishwoman" would cause the wasted features to light up with a glow of gratitude and pleasure, and how the poor lads would look with wonder and astonishment at these two unprotected beings who had come all the way from England for no other purpose than to minister to their necessities. Depend upon it "the Englishwoman abroad" is a glorious institution. Why, she even sometimes penetrates to places where the Englishman has not been seen, and then, what is the impression she leaves on the inhabitants? They say, of course, "If England produces this sort of woman, what splendid fellows the men must be!" She does more to maintain the prestige of the British empire than all our iron-clads put together, for she is clad in the triple panoply of virtue, benevolence, and pluck. I was knight-errant to the Miss Browns when they were in the middle of a forest surrounded by Cossacks, distributing provisions to an insurgent band, which they were visiting at the peril of their lives; and their presence so affected the rugged chief of the band, and the presence of the rugged chief of the band so affected them, that they all wept together, and in the energy of their enthusiasm they distributed among his men every disposable ornament they had about them, down to their hair-pins. Don't you suppose, as I stood looking on with glistening eyes, that I felt proud of my countrywomen? and don't you suppose that the remnant of those two hundred reckless spirits, who are now in

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exile in Siberia or elsewhere, when they hear the name of England, will associate that country in their minds with two *rather* young women in pork-pie hats, such as they had never seen before, who fed them and wept with them, and, perchance, tended them when they were wounded? Mayhap a stray Briton, pushing his explorations years hence into Asiatic Russia, will be astonished at the overwhelming civility of some poor lonely exile, and little think he owes it all to the Miss Browns. It was some satisfaction, too, to know that they obliged the whole police of Austria and Russia to keep on the *qui vive*. Sheltered under the protecting ægis of that Foreign Office which guards so jealously the honour of the British subject, and, above all, of the female British subject, the Miss Browns used to defy the Government. Knowing well the chivalrous nature of their countrymen, they moved about in the happy consciousness that, though England would not go to war for Poland, or for any other oppressed race, the nation would rise like one man in defence of the Miss Browns. The truth is, that no country without this magnificent sense of honour could produce Miss Browns. It was amusing to see them receive a Government spy disguised as a patriot, and, knowing what his real character was, to hear them express their political views, with the intention of the conversation being immediately reported to the head of the police. Think, again, what an opinion that functionary must have had of the "Englishwoman." No wonder that the authorities ended by dreading, and the insurgents by adoring, them. Their rooms used to be a sort of nest of conspirators from morning till night, and the confidence they inspired was unbounded.

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Among the most frequent visitors was a certain ex-general of the Garibaldian army, who, with his aide-de-camp, had come to seek service in the insurgent ranks. The general was English, the aide-de-camp Italian. The latter was a man of *farouche* aspect — a grey grizzled moustache, pointed savagely, and a grey grizzled chin-tuft pointed too. He had wild gleaming eyes, high cheek-bones, sallow sunken cheeks, a gash over the temple, and a stern military bearing. We used to call him Sacripanti, as the nearest approach we could make to his name. He spoke no language but Italian, and his usual mode of procedure was to sit in a corner and silently smoke cigarettes, which Miss Brown the younger rolled for him. From beneath the overhanging brow those fiery Italian eyes used to gleam upon her like a basilisk's; but the Miss Browns were impervious to attacks of this description — all travelling Englishwomen are — and used to shower attentions upon him by pantomime—as they were unable to respond to his Italian. One day the Miss Browns went to Lemberg, to see what was to be done in the hospitals there, and the General and Sacripanti went to Lemberg, and, of course, the knight-errant went to Lemberg; and all of a sudden there came a warning that the police were on the track of the General and Sacripanti, and that, if they did not at once vanish from the scene, they might be detained in it longer than agreeable. This was more easily said than done, as their passports were not, so to say, *quite* in order. When the news was broken to us that we were to part thus abruptly, and Sacripanti put the last cigarette he could ever hope to see rolled expressly for him into his mouth, his eye gleamed

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more fearfully than ever. Suddenly he burst forth in a loud military tone of voice, as if he was making a report on the state of his company to his general. The nature of the communication evidently embarrassed that gentleman, and as I had understood it I was not surprised. It was couched in the following words: "General, I have the honour to announce through your excellency, that I have a communication to make to the youngest Miss Brown. I request that you will state to that most beautiful lady that you are empowered to offer her my hand. You will also, General, inform her precisely what my means and position in my own country are, which you will be able to confirm from your own knowledge. My annual income derived from private sources amounts to two thousand francs (£80), and my rank is captain of the army of the most illustrious Garibaldi. This fortune and this rank I request the most gentle Miss to share with me in my own country so soon as I shall surreptitiously have succeeded in reaching it." It was with no little hesitation and difficulty that the worthy General conveyed to the astounded ears of both the Miss Browns, and of one Miss Brown in particular, the startling nature of Sacripanti's communication. As there were three casual visitors in the room at the time, and as the General became as confused as if he was proposing for himself instead of for his friend, and as the visitors sat in open-mouthed astonishment, and the Miss Browns, though not easily taken aback, seemed for once disconcerted, my impulse to burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter was only checked by the fearful aspect of Sacripanti's countenance. I am not ashamed to say that for a moment it

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inspired me with such terror that I suffered acute agonies from my desire to laugh and my fear of doing so. I saw drops of perspiration standing out on the General's forehead, and the points of Sacripanti's grizzled moustache were finding their way into the corners of his eyes. What, in my capacity of knight-errant, ought I to do under the circumstances? Miss Brown rescued me from the difficulty, and emerged triumphant from the trying ordeal. With infinite presence of mind she seized the only thing which was on the table near her, and which happened to be a saline draught, mixed it with an unshaking hand, and in the most silvery tone said to the General as she handed it to him fizzing and bubbling, "Ask dear Captain Sacripanti to plight me his troth in this," accompanying it with a most expressive glance. While Sacripanti was losing his breath in the effervescing fluid—for he was too much taken aback to refuse it—we were all regaining ours. Conscientiously he drained it to its last drop. "Now," said Miss Brown, with a beaming face, "tell the Captain that I think we quite understand each other." The Captain looked radiant. Whether he thought that the English way of accepting a proposal was to drink off a saline draught, or whether he was pledging in it his future wedded happiness, or what his idea was, we have never discovered; but he bade us all an affectionate adieu, left his card and Italian address for Miss Brown, and is probably waiting on his paternal acre —for he can't have much more—for the arrival of the bellissima Signorina Brown. The two ladies once caught sight afterwards of these two heroes at a railway station in Austria; they were hurrying across the platform, Sac-

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ripanti disguised as a courier, the General as a milord Anglais. Sacripanti gave a long thirsty glance, which spoke volumes, and then bounded obsequiously to his master's side, hat in hand, as he recognised an approaching police functionary. Poor Sacripanti! his chance is for ever gone, as the youngest Miss Brown is the brilliant exception of whom I spoke—she belongs to another; and I would never have told Sacripanti's love had I not received the permission of her husband.

While in troublesome times these political Englishwomen may be frequently met with, it not uncommonly happens that an unprotected female of this description gets the credit of being a political emissary, when, in fact, she is only seeking refuge from the gnawing of her blighted affections, or some other equally justifiable cause.

A remarkable illustration of this came to my notice some years ago, prior to the Crimean war, when I chanced to touch at a small port on the Circassian coast. An exceedingly pretty young woman, accompanied by a burly *sous-officier* of a Cossack regiment, came on board the steamboat which was to take us on to Kertch. The devotion of the Russian to this young person was so marked that he evidently was not her husband; and as they seemed to converse entirely by signs, it was equally clear that either she was dumb or could not speak a word of Russian or any other language current in those parts. They had got a long box among their luggage that she wanted to have sent below, and he wished should remain on deck; so, seeing the difficulties under which their intercourse was being carried on, with that eagerness

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which has always characterised the true spirit of knight-errantry, I hazarded the remark in French that I would be glad to interpret for her to the best of my ability. Judge of my surprise when I received the somewhat pettish reply of "Hout, man, gae wa' wi' ye!" Said I, determined not to be outdone, though so staggered by the shock that you might have knocked me down with a feather, "And what brings a bonny Scotch lassie like you to siccan pairts?" I did not know much Scotch, but I had a strong recollection of having looked out "siccan" in the glossary at the end of the 'Antiquary,' and found it to mean "such." It was her turn to be astounded now, for I forgot to mention that I was in full Circassian costume, having just returned from paying a longish visit to Prince Michael of Abkhasia. On my head was a pointed cap, trimmed with fur eighteen inches high; on my breast two rows of cartridges with ivory tips; at my back a rifle in a sheepskin; in my waist three knives, the smallest somewhat larger than an ordinary dirk; baggy red trousers, like knickerbockers, surmounted handsomely embroidered gaiters; and my well-formed feet were encased in thin leather boots without soles, so tight that they caused me agony when I got them wet. I was a young knight in those days, and my chief delight was to rush into the costume of whatever country I happened to be visiting.

While she was recovering herself I was wondering what on earth she was. Never before, and for that matter I may say since, had I ever seen the Englishwoman, or rather the Scotchwoman, abroad in such a guise. In the first place, she was clearly not a lady;

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then, so young and pretty, and alone: what could she be doing at Souchoum Kaleh with this burly *sous-officier*? While thus speculating, the young person had undergone a revulsion of feeling; she first threw her arms round my neck, and then burst into a paroxysm of tears. The *sous-officier* looked puzzled and, I thought, a little jealous; but he muttered something about a compatriot, and busied himself about the luggage. Then, to my surprise, he came back before she had done sobbing, and, bidding her a somewhat curt adieu, disappeared over the side just as the steamer's paddles began to turn. Here was a pretty predicament for a young man with knight-errant principles and a full Circassian costume to find himself in —the after part of the steamer all to himself, and a fair compatriot sobbing in his arms—a most brilliant moon just showing over the magnificent ranges of the snowy Caucasus, tinging distant ice-peaks, throwing masses of forest into gloom, and setting the bay in a blaze of glittering ripples. I had not met Miss Smith at this time, but the last two lines are quite in her style. I regret that it is not in my power, as is clear from the attempt at Scotch which I have already made, to give her history in the pure Doric in which it was conveyed to me; but, so far as I am able, I will tell the singular story, which I have no doubt still survives in those regions, and will long be narrated among the Russians as an illustration of the eccentricity of Britons generally, and of British women in particular; also of the perfidy and Machiavellian tactics of our then Premier. Jenny —she told me her other name, but I have forgotten it— was, it appears, the maidservant of a certain Scotch lady

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whom we will therefore call Miss Mactavish, who, for some reason which Jenny never could penetrate, decided upon investigating the progress which Russia was making in the Caucasus. With this view she furnished herself with letters of introduction at St Petersburg, and never stopped travelling till she reached Stavropol. This was the headquarters of the army at that time; and her arrival at that remote garrison during a period of active operations created, as may be imagined, no little wonder and comment. Who could Miss Mactavish be? what had she come for? why did she want to accompany a reconnaissance into the Kabardas? How were you to accommodate a woman and her maid on a rough campaign along the southern shore of the Kuban? The Commander-in-Chief felt uneasy; he was therefore more polite than usual—Russians always are when they suspect you. He surrounded Miss Mactavish with attendants, overwhelmed her with attention, and found that whenever she proposed to go anywhere some insuperable difficulty interposed. But Miss Mactavish had not got Celtic blood in her veins for nothing. She was a stern, determined woman, it appears, "near six feet high, awfu' muckle-jinted, and with reed hair," so said Jenny. So she bought two steeds and a guide—they cost about the same in those parts—and started off one morning. Jenny did not know where they were bound to, as they were almost immediately caught and brought back. But the General's suspicions were still more roused, and he and his officers came to the startling conclusion that Miss Mactavish was a man in disguise, and a secret agent of Lord Pawmerston, as Jenny called him. The state of her

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chevelure went to confirm this hypothesis, as Miss Mactavish had had a fever not long before, when her head had been shaved, and her golden locks were now about three inches long. Having arrived at the conviction that she was a man, the next link in the chain was evident; Jenny was clearly the wife. No sooner does the General arrive at this conclusion than he tells off two handsome young officers on special service—one to make love to the pretended Miss Mactavish, the other to Jenny. "By these means," thinks His Excellency General Blazesky, who judged Scotchwomen by a Russian standard, "I must arrive at the truth; for if this emissary of Palmerston's be really a female, she will never resist the fascinations of the seductive Hititoff; no unmarried woman of forty—if she be a woman—could resist Hititoff. He must be sacrificed at the shrine of elderly spinsterhood in the service of his country. If, on the other hand, she resents his attentions, it will be strong presumptive evidence of her belonging to the male sex; and if she is jealous of this pretty little Miss, it will be beyond doubt that *she* is really *he*. Tickeleff speaks English like a native. I will order him at once to open the campaign with the maid. Lucky dog, Tickeleff!" So spake and plotted this immoral old Russian General, as if he could possibly know anything about Scotchwomen.

"Eh, man," said Jenny, "ye suld ha' seen my leddy dingin' awa' at the lugs o' the puir bairn Hititoff, and him tryin' to get up frae his knees, and she just giein' him such bangs that I had to come atwixt them—and then she went off screechin' and sobbin' in my arms; but I ken weel the laddie's een were fuller o' tears than

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Miss Mactavish's, and he couldna tak his handkerchief frae his nose, but was just aff without ance lookin' ahint him." So far, then, General Blazesky was satisfied. Hititoff reported that no woman could have inflicted the punishment he had received; while the arts which he had frequently proved were infallible with the sex, had in this case been tried with exactly the opposite result to the one desired: ergo, Miss Mactavish was clearly a man. There only remained the confirmation to be obtained by Tickeleff. Ha! ha! laughs Tickeleff, no fear of my ears and nose getting such treatment as Hititoff's, and boldly he opens the siege.

"Weel, sir," went on Jenny, "this Tickeleff was aye glowerin' at me, and squeezin' o' my haund, so I jist glowered at him, and whiles I squeezed his haund—what for no?—there's nae harm, and there was sae little to do at Stavropol; and one day he fumbled away at my fingers wi' his lips. Thinks I, ye gowk, what are ye at wi' my haunds when my face is no that far aff? and then down he plumps on his hunkers, just the same queer fashion as the ither ane, and maks what he ca's his declaration. Weel, he was workin' awa' wi' my haund, and havering on wi' his declaration, and I was wearyin', when wha suld look in but my mistress; and she jist come doon upon the hair o' his heed like a hawk. 'Ye unprincipled loons,' says she, 'are ye no content wi' attackin' me, but ye must assaut my maid? Gae wa' wi' ye;' but he couldna do that, for she had a firm grip o' him by the hair, and was shakin' him maist awfu', and I fit to split my sides. 'Ye ca' yersells members o' the Greek Church,' says she, 'and I can weel believe it—

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there's naebody but pagans would do the like;' an' wi' that she gied him a cuff, and he went aff wi' his heed hangin' doon for a' the warld like Hititoff."

Proof conclusive; what more could Blazesky want? Reports to his Government important discovery. Spy of Lord Palmerston's in female disguise, with wife passing as maid—desires instructions. Great commotion in the Foreign Office—probable meeting of the Council to consider what shall be done; decision finally arrived at; send Lord Palmerston's spy wherever he wants to go; let him always be accompanied by an officer, ostensibly for the protection of the virtue of Miss Mactavish in these savage countries; order arrives at Stavropol, and is instantly put into execution. *Sous-officier* of Cossacks told off to accompany Miss Mactavish everywhere. So the lady, her maid, and her escort cross by the Dariel Pass to Tiflis, and then skirt the southern Caucasus and come down into Mingrelia. But Miss Mactavish's reputation has preceded her. Nobody doubts for a moment that she is not a man, but all admit she plays her part well. Innumerable are the traps set to catch her, but always ending in the discomfiture of those who devise them. "Knowing old fox that Palmerston," say the authorities; "how well he chooses his agents!" To talk to that red-haired man in petticoats, you would suppose he had no ideas beyond the conversion of the heathen and the preservation of his feminine honour; and how well he disguises his voice! Clever little woman his wife is, too; took two hundred roubles, and told us nothing. Wonder whether she is his wife, or only another agent of Palmerston's, and if he shifts them about in couples as he thinks

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they suit; wonder how many male and how many female spies he has got. How well she took us in about her correspondence, too—that long letter to her brother the Presbyterian minister! Suppose that in Palmerston's cipher Presbyterian stands for foreign. Then that curious phrase about "justification," and "adoption," and "the Assembly's Shorter Catechism,"—wish we could hit off the key. The Assembly is probably the House of Commons, and the Shorter Catechism questions to be asked Palmerston on foreign policy; "justification" perhaps means "casus belli," and "adoption" "annexation."

So completely had the idea of Miss Mactavish's real character taken possession of the public mind, that when she arrived at Sugdidi she got into a serious scrape with a certain Prince G—— for having, in the fulness of her emotion, wound up a religious discussion with his wife by clasping her round the neck and kissing her warmly. She thought she detected signs of conversion, and thus naturally did she give vent to her feelings. Prince G—— entering at the moment, finding his wife in this questionable embrace, was furious, and sent a formal challenge to Miss Mactavish, who doubtless would have gladly fought him, so far as her pluck was concerned, but who entertained a conscientious objection to all duelling. Time would fail me to tell of all her remarkable adventures with the different escorts which conducted her through the country under this erroneous impression —how they insisted on making the most marked distinction between her and her maid, reserving all that was best in the way of night accommodation for the latter. "'Deed, sir," said Jenny, "it was nae use my telling them

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that the puir leddy wasna a man; but the time came when a' doubts were at an end. An' a richt gude and kind mistress she aye was to me, and me a giddy thing that was fu' o' a' kinds o' cantrips. But I tended her a' through her last illness, and for seven nights did I never sleep one wink, amang savages as we were too, awa' up i' the mountains, and me no able to speak a word o' their gibberish, and she in a raging fever, and they all thinking she was telling a' her political secrets in her wandering speech. And the way she went on about the Free Kirk, and would keep telling me her experiences, and putting a' kinds o' maist awfu' difficult questions to me, thinking I was Dr Candlish; and a chiel they had there, who knew English, taking notes o' a' she said, and making out that Candlish was Pawmerston, and that the Free Kirk meant revolution, and the Establishment meant the Rooshian Government; and they threatenin' to whip me if I didna explain to them what 'sittin' under a minister' was, and wadna believe me when I said I didna ken wha sat under Pawmerston; and they said I lee'd, and that they knew well 'the auld man' sat upon a' the ithers. They just seemed clean demented about it; and at last, wae's me, the puir leddy sank a'thegither, and there I was my lane amang them; and they rummaged a' our boxes and copied a' her letters and notes, headed, 'The Caucasus a field for Free Church enterprise.' But the Cossack body was no that bad, and, if he hadna been a wee too fameeliar, would have done weel eneugh. But it gar'd me greet to hear my ain mither tongue frae you, sir—hoping ye'll pardon the liberty I took wi' kissin' ye, sir; for I am sure ye're a real gentleman, though dressed

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like ane o' thae savages." Jenny's penetration pleased me, and even had I not been bound by my knightly duty, I should have felt more drawn towards her and disposed to befriend her from that moment. "My good girl," said I, endeavouring to discard as much as possible anything like condescension from my tone, "rely upon me—tell me if there is anything I can do for you." "'Deed is there," said she; "wad ye just ask them to put my puir mistress below." I now discovered what the long box contained, and asked Jenny how she had managed to perform this last act of devotion. "It wasna my doing, sir," she said. "When thae Rooshians found that the puir leddy wasna a man at a', they got a wee scared like, and said Pawmerston might say that they had killed her, and declare war immediately with Rooshia,—and me in the country—it was awfu' to think o'; so they would send her home just as she was. And so they determined on embawming her, but they couldna get the recht materials, and so they just embawmed her with strae." "Did what?" said I, almost in a shriek. "Ah, ye may weel cry out," said Jenny; "for me, I couldna bide near; but it is a' true. I just took a peep mysel' at the last, and it seemed gae weel dune. An' I hae gotten stric' charge to tak' it to a place in London they ca' the Foreign Office; here's the address, see—Downing Street."

Now, I am well aware that my readers will find some difficulty in swallowing this little anecdote. Miss Smith was all well enough; even the Miss Browns' history was not improbable; but our chivalrous friend is coming it rather too strong, with his Scotch maid and her stuffed

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mistress. I am aware that I have a constitutional tendency to romance; who could lead the knight-errant existence which I have without it? but my romantic vein is kept within the most strict limits. I know how to deal with facts so artistically that they scarcely seem to be facts—just as a good cook can disguise mutton to an extent which renders it impossible to know what you are eating—but the mutton is nevertheless there; so with these interesting personal experiences—they are all true, and the truest is just the least credible. Now, candidly, do you think I could ever have invented such a wonderful finale to Miss Mactavish? I am always reluctant to admit any inferiority where matters of imagination are concerned; but I fairly own I was quite incompetent to have conceived anything half so strange as the adventure which I have just described. If anybody is still in doubt, and is sufficiently interested, in verifying the details, to go as far as Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, they will see a charming country, and perhaps the very Princess who received the kiss, and the husband who has never yet got over the banter of his friends for having called out a lady. But Miss Mactavish was by no means a specimen of the active propagandist. She was a dear good soul, who merely carried her theological views into everything, but did not travel for the express purpose of proselytising. There is your female colporteur, a very serious person to meet in more senses than one, a bugbear to every Catholic government in Europe, and to every British minister accredited to every such government. Trust her for knowing how to smuggle. She is as skilful in disguising truth in

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every form which may render it impossible of detection as I am. First, she smuggles a host of tracts written by herself, and calculated to bring the whole Papal fabric down by the run, in the double lining of an under-skirt, and then she smuggles her doctrine into the tracts; then she is a match for the late Antonelli himself in dogged pertinacity of purpose. She rather glories in going to prison than otherwise, and knows everything about every version of the Bible that exists, and has tried the point with the Douay with more governments than one. Nor does she confine her teaching to the heterodox,—she is down upon a stray Protestant unprotected male tourist in a way terrible to behold. She generally goes about with a secretary, a weak pale creature, who is constantly engaged in copying despatches to foreign governments, British ministers, and "our dear Christian friends" at home. There is a style in the way she puts her name after "having the honour to be, my Lord," which stamps her at once as "a sister with a work." Has it never occurred to this good creature, that as she has never been successful, and never will be, there must be something radically wrong in the way she sets about it? My heart warms towards her as I see her honestly striving to accomplish the impossible, in that cold, stern, conscientious manner of hers, which frightens Italians, I think, more than any other race to whom she preaches. She always seems to me to have no heart; perhaps that is the reason I should like to give her some of mine. Ah! if she only knew how converts are made. If the best way of inducing a man to give is by appealing to his stomach, depend upon it the best way of getting him

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to believe is through the heart. But your female missionary is so full of hate for the system which degrades him, that she has no love or softness to waste on the victim; and as he has probably more brains than she has, she can't appeal to his intellect. So she goes on leading a life of warfare with custom-house officers, which sours her temper, and practises petty deceits upon them, which she thinks justifiable, and becomes so bigoted in her views by perpetually looking at the most exaggerated development of those she differs from, that she ends by being a very disagreeable person to all except the few who, like myself, appreciate the good points in her character. I remember once—— "He's off again," you'll say; "now look out for a bouncer!" Not at all; this is strictly true, and if you only knew me, you would not wonder at what I am going to tell you. Well, I remember once falling in with a Miss Jones, and her secretary, Miss Robinson, at a frontier. They declined to point out the keys of their trunks to the custom-house officers, on the ground that the Government had no moral right to search for Bibles for the purpose of sequestrating them, and that they could not afford any facilities to its agents. On which the inspector comes — stern, military, and polite. "Madame," he says, "must expect to have her boxes broken open if she will not help in unlocking them." Delighted crowd of passengers, who are assisting at the altercation with the English "Mees"—guard, who says the train can't wait — porter, who goes for chisel and hammer—Miss Robinson, trembling and anxious to give up the keys — Miss Jones confessing her readiness to

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go to prison, or incur any other species of martyrdom, but in the meantime declares she will appeal to the British Minister. Surrounded by such sights and sounds, could I remain one instant longer a calm spectator? Was not the British Minister my most particular friend, and the unprotected female my special mission? Could I do either of them a greater favour than preserve them from each other? With that readiness of invention which characterises me, I pulled a white pocket-handkerchief from my pocket, and tying it rapidly round my neck, I said in those melodious accents which I know so well how to assume, and with an expression of resigned deliberation, if I may so style it, "Excuse me, dear madam, for interposing at such a moment; but, as a clergyman of the Church of England" —here I coughed, rather at a loss how to go on—"as a clergyman of the Church, dear madam, deeply interested in the work——" Here I stopped suddenly. "Surely we must have met before. It can't be, yet it is; oh, Miss Jones!"—having just deciphered her name on her box—"how truly grateful I am to be permitted to come to your rescue. Perhaps your friend will show me the key." Poor Miss Robinson, who held the bunch in her shaking fingers, was only too glad to hand it to me, and while Miss Jones was still trying to recognise me, and was too much impressed by the ecclesiastical authority which I brought to bear upon her to remonstrate, I had revealed to the authorities a row of neatly-bound "Douays" which caused their eyes to glisten as they pounced upon them and carried them off. "Never mind, Miss Jones," I said; "it will give us a stronger

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case. Trust me not to give Lord —— or any of his *attachés* a moment's peace of mind." "Oh, thank you, Mr——" "Wilkins, madam—the Rev. F. Wilkins; only I am travelling anonymously, if I may use the term, on behalf of the Jews, and do not wish it known that I am in the Church." Then she tried to remember where she had ever seen me before, which, of course, she found difficult; and after we had journeyed together in the same carriage for fifteen hours, I found that it would be quite impossible to undeceive her as to my real character, so I invested in a stock of stiff white neckcloths, and a black waistcoat buttoning to the throat; this gave me the moral ascendancy by which alone I could secure tranquillity, and enabled me to assume the right of preaching to her; if one of us was to preach, I thought it had better be me. I had not been two days in her company before I had reason to congratulate myself on having adopted this line. I have seen her attack a retired general of the Indian army in an omnibus, while driving from the station to the hotel, in a way which caused me the most acute pain. He was looking forward to meeting a maiden sister after a twenty years' separation; and when he found she was a friend and correspondent of Miss Jones, I fully expected he would have turned back Overland, without ever getting home at all. Then I saw her torture a young widow who was hurrying from Palermo, where she had just buried her husband. Oh the mockery of that consolation which Miss Jones gave! "Dear Miss Jones," I would say, "after a scene of this sort let us improve the occasion; I should like to have a little serious con-

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versation with you." Then Miss Robinson, timidly—"May I be allowed to share the privilege?" "Dear sisters," I would say, "I wish to call your attention to two or three points in which I see room for improvement, and I address myself especially to Miss Jones. Believe me, dear lady, you show too great humility, and, if I may venture to say it, timidity, in your intercourse with the unconverted. You seem, when pointing out the shortcomings of another, to be constantly burdened with the consciousness of having sins of your own. Then you make too great allowances for the circumstances under which perhaps others have been brought up; your delicacy and tact are so excessive, that you often allow opportunities of doing good to slip. There is such a thing as righteous indignation, and if you can occasionally infuse a little bitterness into your discussions upon doctrinal points, you will be more likely to carry conviction; above all things, never try to be popular and loved. Remember you must expect persecution in this world, and if you get it, don't attribute it to your disagreeable manner, and your presumption in assuming that everybody you meet is a sinner, but to your being so faithful in telling them the truth. More particularly try and find out the weak points in their harness. You scarcely expressed in sufficiently strong language, the horror and disgust with which that wicked old general's maiden sister will receive him, when she enters into an investigation of his moral nature; nor did you press the widow enough as to the exact condition of her husband's mind immediately prior to his death. It is so very important, that she should not be buoyed up

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by any false hope of his having been penitent at last. Then your, mode of dealing with the officials in foreign countries is faulty. You do not give half trouble enough. You do not sufficiently consider the moral effect you may produce by defying authority, and by setting at nought all rules and regulations established by despots and bigots, and holding them up to contempt and scorn, in your intercourse with their agents. You are too scrupulous in the means you employ, considering that your end is to propagate a religion of love, charity, and tolerance. Of course you should endeavour to create as much discontent as possible in the minds of these poor ignorant people, with their present system of religion. If you are engaged in collecting subscriptions for a Protestant church, for instance, follow the example of those good Christians at Naples who have specially chosen to erect theirs at the door of a monastery of the strictest Catholic order. Thus the truth is brought into very strong contrast with error; and if you cannot conciliate, you may at least annoy those who differ from you. By these means your zeal will become apparent, and men will say that a woman who wears herself out in attempting to wear out other people must be in the right, and your motives will in the end be appreciated and your religion respected. These are a few of the observations I would wish to make before parting with you, in the hope that they may help to serve you both for your future guidance; and if it is any comfort or satisfaction to you to hear it, dear Miss Jones, believe me that, during my intercourse with you, I have learnt many valuable lessons. We can all learn from each other, dear sister; indeed, I

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am not sure whether you have not done me more good than you have to any of those numerous privileged persons to whom you have spoken seriously." Their difficulties with the officials were at an end, and the services of the knight-errant were no longer required, so I shook hands cordially with both ladies, and was about to wipe away something from the neighbourhood of my eye, when Miss Jones took me aside. "I cannot resist," she said, "indeed I feel it my solemn duty to give you a piece of advice before parting. You know the deep interest I take in you, the strong affection I feel for you." "Indeed, madam, no one can be more sensible of both." "Then," said Miss Jones, abruptly, "why don't you marry?" A charge straight up to the batteries, thought I, worthy of General Grant. My breath was quite gone. I had vague thoughts of precipitate flight, but Miss Robinson had executed a flank movement, and cut off all access to the door. "Wilkins," said Miss Jones again, "I ask you solemnly and seriously, why don't you marry?" So this, then, had been the result of all my preaching. Surely a just Nemesis had overtaken me at last, for I felt I had not been strictly true to my knight-errant vow. That extraordinary fertility of resource, to which I have before alluded, did not however fail me at this critical moment. "Madam," said I, sternly, "I am no more Wilkins than you are. I am an officer on leave from the fastest cavalry regiment in the service, but I have shaved off my moustache to complete the disguise necessary to enable me to escape from my creditors." Then suddenly changing my tone, and dropping on one knee, "But, lovely Jemima, I will sacri-

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fice my prospects and attach myself to you for life, if, dearest, you will only pay my debts." Miss Jones did not scream, she uttered no word of reproach, but sank slowly into a heap on the floor. I propped her up with a footstool at her back, and left Miss Robinson sitting on it administering sal volatile.

I am not ashamed to say that when I look calmly back upon this episode, I feel a certain satisfaction. Of course I am not a cavalry officer, and have not a debt in the world, but I am sure Miss Jones is a wiser and a better woman in consequence of having known me. She has been what she would call "chastened," and I have been the rod. Poor dear! with a very little encouragement she would have kissed it. So, perhaps I did her an injustice, and she has a heart after all.

Now, I know you will say what an unprincipled scoundrel this is, going about under false pretences, and calling himself a knight-errant. Don Quixote, indeed! how differently would that pink of chivalry have behaved under the circumstances! Not so, dear friends: I appeal confidently to Miss Smith, the Miss Browns, Jenny, and even Miss Jones herself. My object has been to show these good creatures how far they benefit the human species and how far they bore it. Not for the world would I throw ridicule on the sublime religion to which I have had to allude in the case of the last. Miss Jones monopolises this task, and what I could I did to neutralise her influence—I am afraid, to judge by a letter which I saw from her the other day in the 'Discord,' with very little effect. Still there is no reason why others should not be more successful than I have been.

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My simple motive for narrating these experiences of my knight-errantry is to suggest an object to my male readers who are fond of travelling, and who little know the satisfaction they will receive from protecting, befriending, and assisting these excellent ladies in the trials and dangers which their mode of life must necessarily involve. In a word, to the Englishman I leave it "to point the moral;" for has not "the Englishwoman" sufficiently "adorned the tale"?

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IX.

A NEW METHOD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

COMPELLED by an inexorable destiny to wander over the earth's surface, I have ever found myself sharing, to an intense degree, in the aspirations of my fellow-creatures to develop into newer and higher conditions, and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, have not hesitated to offer them freely such counsel and advice as my vivid imagination and extended experience might suggest. Hitherto I must confess that my efforts have been utterly unavailing; but far from being discouraged, I feel constrained to present to a young and rising nation—destined, according to the great Liberal prophet of Great Britain, at no distant date to eclipse the glory and absorb the wealth of our own island realm—a scheme which my recent observations of their tendencies and desires has led me to elaborate; in the hope that its merits will at once be recognised, and that, if they are unable to adopt it in its entirety, they will derive some hints which may prove of real and substantial benefit. It is only natural that, however cosmopolitan the sym-

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pathies of an Englishman may be, they should turn most readily to his American cousins; and that, finding himself a prophet without honour in his own country—where people are far too well satisfied with their own opinions, and with the conditions which surround them, to think they need assistance from anybody—he should appeal to that more receptive, progressive, and enlightened branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, where new ideas are eagerly entertained, new tendencies are rapidly developed, new desires constantly expressed, old problems solved, and time-worn habits of thought discarded. To this fresh and promising community, then, I address myself, in the conviction that nothing I can suggest will startle them, and that what may seem to the bigoted and intolerant mind of old-fashioned society absurd or impracticable, will commend itself to so enterprising and vigorous a race as a simple and sensible scheme of social evolution. It is even possible that the stolid intellect of Europe, unable to discriminate between jest and earnest, may regard it as a feeble attempt at satire. Such an insinuation I pass by with contempt. I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the Constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was conscious practically that, physically, morally, and intellectually, men are born extremely unequal. In fact, in no country have I ever met a man of any race who did not feel he was very unequal. The same idea is clearly entertained by the higher class of monkeys, and may be observed manifesting itself, in a greater or

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less degree, throughout the animal kingdom; and it would not be difficult for eminent scientific men to prove that it must even, in a modified form, descend to the oyster. I may here remark incidentally, that I do not think the attention of naturalists has been sufficiently directed to psychological evidences of this kind, by which, apart from all material proof whatever, the ascent of man from the lowest forms of animal life may be clearly traced. I regret I have no time to enter upon this subject more fully here; but it has been necessary to allude to it, because, while the "instinct of inequality" forms the basis of the glorious modern theory in regard to the origin of the human race, it is also the basis upon which my new method of social evolution is constructed. In a word, to make my meaning more clear, as the "instinct of inequality" must be the foundation of the instinct of evolution, without this instinct in the oyster it would never have been possible for the "fittest" to survive and evolve. Evidently it is the result of an aspiration on the part of the oyster to rise above its inferior or "unequal" condition. To use a social rather than a scientific term, it is manifest that we owe our development to the innate snobbishness of the oyster. The theory of evolution, reduced to its social expression, is therefore the theory of snobbishness; and it is from this principle—the grandest, the noblest, and the most powerful that has been implanted in the human breast—that we derive our origin; it is through its mighty influence that we maintain our existence; and it is upon its "latent potencies" that we base our hopes for the future. Implanted more strongly in the Anglo-

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Saxon race than in any other people on the face of the globe, it has carried the British nation to the pinnacle of greatness and prosperity which it now occupies, though the sentiment is evidently weakening of late under the deleterious influence of a prominent leader in the Liberal party; but it is developing a majesty in the United States which should cause a thrill of pride in the breast of every Englishman when he recognises how worthy the people of America are proving themselves of the noble heritage they have received from the mother country. Never yet have they thoroughly realised how much they owed to those Pilgrim Fathers, whose hearts throbbing and veins palpitating with the life-sustaining, "naturally selecting" principle of snobbishness, selected, in obedience to its promptings, a noble and virgin continent, upon which their descendants might evolve into social conditions denied to them in their own country. It is to this principle I now wish to appeal, for the purpose of directing it, if possible, to a practical object.

Innumerable evidences confirm my conviction, that no matter what a constitution, drawn up to meet exigencies which have passed away, may say politically, socially the principle of equality is doomed in America. In all the larger cities there is a class which openly calls itself, and is openly called by others, the aristocracy; and the more modern members of it are endeavouring as much as possible to adopt the manners and customs of aristocracies in other countries, to contract matrimonial alliances with them, and to bow down before them. They put their servants into livery; emblazon the panels of their carriages with heraldic devices, in which coronets

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and other insignia of nobility, and even of royalty, may often be detected. Some have purchased property abroad, and call themselves by its well-sounding foreign name; others have adopted the names of noble families; and some have even gone so far as to assume foreign titles, which they use when abroad, and with the crests and armorial bearings of which, even at home, they stamp their note-paper and decorate their dinner *menus*. The demand has become so extended in this direction, that two heralds' offices have actually been opened in a fashionable part of New York to meet it, where coats of arms, crests, and mottoes may be obtained to suit the name, taste, rank, and pedigree of the purchaser. A directory, called the 'Elite Directory,' bound in purple leather, with gilt edges, has been published; and not long ago a newspaper was started in Chicago, called 'The Imperialist,' advocating the formation of an aristocracy, and suggesting names for titles which should be adopted. As far back as two hundred years ago, so great a philosopher as John Locke recognised this latent tendency in the constitution which he drew up for the royal colony of South Carolina, one of the provisions of which established a House of Peers, composed of three orders of nobility, severally entitled Landgraves, Palatines, and Caciques—the landgraves to rank with English earls, the palatines with English viscounts, and the caciques with English barons. This lasted for three or four years, and the last landgraviate family has only become extinct in our own times. This spirit, as I have shown, still descends, as it ought, with even greater force to our own day, and through all classes, so that every one who

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can, however remotely or obscurely, lay claim to any military, political, or judicial title, is proud to be addressed by it; while his fellow-citizens meet his wishes in this respect as liberally as possible. Thus even porters and cabmen are called gentlemen, and laundresses and shopwomen, wash-ladies and sales-ladies. In the same manner, though orders are not permitted in the United States, the men and officers of the militia regiments decorate their breasts with freemason, odd-fellow, knight-templar, fenian, and other badges, which present a truly martial appearance, and give the wearer an air of having seen much service.

The Congress of the United States, recognising this upward tendency on the part of the American soldier, passed a special Act after the close of the civil war, authorising all the field-officers of the army of the Union, honourably mustered out of service, to claim the title and wear the uniform of their rank—a privilege which, as the Courts of Europe are well aware, has not been left to slumber by such American diplomatists as have been entitled to it.

I have felt both encouraged and edified by the spectacle of a late President of the United States, and his entire family, manifesting in a marked degree an abundant instinct of inequality. The sternness with which he insisted upon social precedence, to which he could lay no claim, being accorded to him—the grace with which he accepted the homage of those whom he considered his social inferiors—the ease with which he adapted himself to the habits and customs of the aristocracy of each country he visited, with a proud consciousness that it was the

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class to which he instinctively belonged—the quick recognition by that class that he was entitled to take his place among them as one of nature's "fittest," and to look down, as they do, upon those whom she has not "naturally selected" for social eminence—the gratification of his own countrymen at the honours which have been showered upon this early but magnificent promise of their future aristocracy,—all this, I say, was eminently encouraging, but it only proves how imperative the necessity has become for constructing a social system which shall place matters on an assured basis, and deprive carpers and sceptics of an excuse to taunt those whose irrepressible social ambitions prompt them to assume prerogatives which may not yet legally belong to them, but which, in obedience to the dictates of the great principle to which they owe their origin, they feel compelled to appropriate. What, for instance, could be more unseemly on the part of his own countrymen, than to pick flaws in the title of Brigadier-General Goodeau, "A.D.C. in the suite," or to criticise the magnificent decorations and orders with which he adorned his uniform? Why should such meritorious efforts at evolution be sneered at in the case of this distinguished officer, when they are universally commended on the part of the oyster? Truly has it been remarked, that scientific men are as illogical as theologians. Go onwards and upwards, then, on the bright and glorious road that leads to social eminence, Presidents, Generals, Diplomats, worthy representatives of the noble race from which you have sprung; be not checked by the scoffings of the low-born and envious in your aspirations after precedence, decorations, and pedigree; the time will come

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when all men will recognise in you, and others who are even now following your example, the pioneers of a new and mighty social development, whose benign and mellowing influence will ultimately extend, if it has not already reached, to the gulches and cañons of California.

It being clear, then, that without social ambition there can be no social evolution—and it being abundantly evident, from the illustrations I have adduced, that the sentiment of social ambition has of late years been acquiring overwhelming and uncontrollable force in the American breast—it follows that the moment is ripe for a specific direction to be imparted to it. Unless this is done, there is a danger of a catastrophic period, accompanied by social and political shocks, which may cause great disaster and even loss of life; whereas, if my plan is followed, there will be no more difficulty in transforming a democracy into an aristocracy than there was in changing a monkey into a man. It will be a smooth, easy, and natural process, very similar to that of rubbing off your tail. What, in fact, are the poor, the low-born, and the uneducated of society, but its tail? Very well, then, if you want to evolve, you must rub it off. Nothing can be more self-evident than that; the question is how to do it without producing irritation. It is inherent to the process of transformation that it is rather painful; no amount of salves or caustics can prevent this; the problem is to have as little soreness as possible. Now it is natural that any attempt to form a new *couche sociale* will leave the class that is left out very sore; therefore it will be necessary to discover a salve which may allay the

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irritation. The salve I propose is a political one. What do American aristocrats want to do with politics? absolutely nothing! They won't dirty their fingers with politics even now; how much less should they do so when they are the possessors of real titles! In all old aristocratic European countries the aristocracy is a part of the political machinery, hence it is constantly brought into unpleasant collision with the masses, and is more or less unpopular, while it holds its position by a precarious tenure. Now in America it would be quite different. Here I propose to construct, in the first instance, a purely social aristocracy, having no special political rights or privileges: what need they care about political recognition at Washington, if they are recognised socially by all the crowned heads of Europe? In fact, it might be advisable that one of their rules should preclude any member of Congress or politician from belonging to their order, though this might be relaxed in favour of ex-presidents and ex-ministers to foreign Courts, who could give satisfactory proofs of their having achieved great social success, and manifested a profound contempt for the politics of their own country. This entire exclusion from the arena of politics, while a necessary measure in initiating the order of aristocracy in America, would of necessity only be temporary. The irresistible forces at work would finally, as will appear later, sweep away all obstructions raised by the democracy to the overwhelming development of the aristocracy in every department of life, political and financial as well as social; but the merit of the process consists in the fact that it would be entirely unaccompanied by any open or active effort on their part. Thus beautifully do

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the forces of nature do their work when they are properly directed.

It is well known to scientific men that the most dangerous and disagreeable moment in the process of evolution is the first; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* It is then that the animal first feels those well-known curious shooting pains; and though they are accompanied by a certain feeling of gratification arising from the proof they convey to his mind that he has been a specimen selected for the purpose on account of his fitness, still we have the most distinct testimony to the fact that the creature is often in great doubt at this crisis whether "the game is worth the candle." Whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, there is nothing more clearly established than this—so much so that many animals can be proved to have shown hesitation in the early stages of the process. The Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, or duckbill platypus, is an illustration of this; and the minute observation by naturalists of the mental structure of the aye-aye of Madagascar, proves clearly that had it not been for an hereditary tendency to vacillation in that animal, he would now have been a perfect ape, instead of being obliged to take refuge in the length of his finger-nails. Many other animals in the same way have thus stuck in the middle, and through a certain feebleness of aspiration have been unable to advance, while a retreat to their former condition, where they were much more comfortable, is cut off from them; for it is also established beyond a question that, however much you may desire it, you cannot evolve backwards. The same rules hold good morally which hold good physically. Indeed it is

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clear that this must be so, as recent investigations by scientific men make it absolutely certain that mind is fluent or gaseous matter, and that matter is condensed and solidified mind. From which it follows that it is not impossible that while the social evolution I am about to suggest is in progress, certain physical modifications may occur simultaneously. These, as I have remarked, may be accompanied by shooting pains in the regions about to undergo change. This change will necessarily be in accordance with the dominant social aspiration, and therefore aristocratic in character: thus the nostrils will become thinner, and more pink and distended; the ears smaller and more delicately lobed; the eyebrows more perfectly arched; defective features will be modified so as to assume a more lofty and classical type, hands and feet diminished in size, and, changes of form imparting greater elegance and elasticity to the frame will occur. Perhaps I may seem too bold in saying all this *will* occur. At the same time, we have a long train of uninterrupted testimony to prove that if Nature be consistent with herself they *must* occur, therefore I feel bound to give this warning to my sympathetic reader; but I do not imagine that the prospect of such a contingency, even though it may be painful, will check his noble ardour to rise. Still, I would suggest, as a preliminary measure, that several secret conferences be held among those who, after reading this essay, feel instinctively drawn together by a common appreciation of the truth, and of the sagacity and research by which it is inspired. These will be the *élite*, the very *crême de la crême* of society. The majority, unable to detect profound wisdom in a form which

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appeals almost exclusively to the trained mind of science, and prejudiced against it by their religious bigotry, will turn it to ridicule; but it is not those I seek to reach. The "fittest" will at once respond; and it is by them that this great movement will be inaugurated. They will "select" with an unerring instinct those who should, in the first instance, receive titles. They will, in fact, be intuitively prompted by nature as to the selection; from the "Blue Blood" of Philadelphia, from the "Culture" of Boston (Beacon Street), from "The F. F. V." (first families of Virginia); from Canal Street, in New Orleans (right-hand side); from the descendants of the great Patroons of New Amsterdam, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the dwellers in 2d Avenue; from all that is ancient, sacred, cherished, and aspiring in the suppressed aristocracy of the land—will come the response of the "fittest." They will then form themselves into a secret society—for no profane or vulgar eye may dare to penetrate into the early throes of this period of gestation; but one of their first acts must be to collect funds among themselves for the purchase of titles. As a general thing, it will be found preferable that each man purchase his own title; but there may be cases where it would be advisable to assist him to do so. These may be procured from the Republics of San Marino and Andorre, from the Prince of Monaco, and from the five Counts Palatine of the Holy Roman Empire, at rates corresponding to the various degrees of impecuniosity of those who are entitled to confer them. The Pope, and several of the small German princes, and various Governments of Europe, will bestow them for other services

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besides those which are purely pecuniary; nor will it be impossible for distinguished American families to prove their noble descent sufficiently to the satisfaction of certain foreign Powers to warrant their being acknowledged as rightful possessors of titles which they may claim by inheritance. We all know that the representatives of more than one British noble family are now simple citizens of the United States. All this would be remedied by the scheme which I propose. After a certain number of titles had thus been confidentially secured, the right should be obtained by the American Order, as soon as it was properly constituted, of conferring them. This may be accomplished in the same way as the transmission of the power of the ordination of bishops depends upon the validity of the source from which it is derived. This power could not properly be contested if it was obtained from the Pope; and it is not unlikely that Leo XIII. will ere long find himself so much in need of support that he would be glad to conciliate a young and powerful aristocracy by granting them this privilege. When this has been secured, and the Order numbers two hundred members, it will formally constitute itself in secret session, and organise the four fundamental institutions upon which its greatness and power will finally depend. These are the two "Colleges of the Order," the "Syndicate of the Order," and the "Tribunal of the Order." The Colleges of the Order will consist of the "Heralds' College" and the "Electoral College." The Heralds' College will be composed of such members of the Order as, according to rules which will necessarily be framed for the guidance of the Order, shall be duly qualified. The functions of

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the Heralds' College will be to supervise all matters connected with armorial bearings, pedigrees, orders of precedence, &c., &c.; it will report upon alliances which it is desirable should be promoted with the members of foreign aristocratic families, and decide upon the titles which, in the interest of the Order, new members should assume. In all matters of taste the Heralds' College should reign supreme. Thus, for instance, any one attaining the rank of Marquis, and desiring to call himself the Marquis of Mauch Chunk, would be compelled to abide by the veto of the College, if that body, as is most probable, refused, on æsthetic grounds, its assent to the title. It would probably be found convenient that a list of titles, composed chiefly of sonorous and high-sounding names, such as Narragansett, Tuscarora, Onondaga, and Ashtabula, should be kept at the Heralds' College for new members to choose from. The elaboration of the rules and regulations, the code of etiquette in matters of dress, of forms of salutation, and of styles of address in official and private correspondence, will fall into the Heralds' College department. The slovenly manners of the present day, even in old aristocratic countries, are an evidence how much a supervision of this kind is needed; and we have the universal testimony of travellers to the fact, that nowhere is there a race more formed by nature to inaugurate a movement of this sort, than the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; their polite consideration of the fair sex in cars and omnibuses, and other places of public resort, and their chivalrous instincts in matters of single combat, especially in the South, are sufficient evidence that a code of honour might be re-

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vived under the auspices of the Heralds' College, to which all Europe would speedily be compelled to conform.

The functions of the Electoral College are more simple: it would be composed only of the oldest and most trusted members of the nobility, whose business it would be to discuss the eligibility, and vote upon the admission, of new members. As the stability and dignity of the Order must mainly depend upon the characters of the men who compose it, it is manifest that the functions of the Electoral College are of the utmost importance. This body alone will be vested with the Papal authority to confer titles to which I have already alluded.

The "Syndicate of the Order" is, in other words, its financial committee. As the power and influence of every aristocracy in every country must depend rather upon its wealth than anything else, and as land is too common in the New World to add very much to the social position or dignity of its possessor, it is of the first importance that every member of the aristocracy should not only be enormously rich, but that his money should be well and safely invested. As, however, it would be beneath the dignity of a nobleman personally to attend to money matters, or to be engaged in any other business than that connected with the chivalric pursuits of the Order, provision for the acquiring and preserving his wealth has to be made otherwise. I may here say that members of the aristocracy will be allowed by the rules of the Order, as laid down in the Heralds' College, to enter the army, the navy, and the Church,—the art of first killing people and then saving their souls being

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one in which all aristocracies have ever been proficient. At the same time, it would be beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to enter any denomination for the latter purpose, unless there was a good prospect of his being able to minister to the spiritual welfare of souls in the capacity of a bishop. In all matters, whether they be connected with people's souls or bodies, the dignity of his Order must be his first consideration. Therefore, while he may be in the army or navy, and receive pay without loss of dignity—for he receives it from the Government, and not from any one individual; and the function of personal combat is a noble one—under no circumstances could he be a doctor, for he would then have to receive pay from an individual; and the function of saving life for pay has ever been considered by all orders of aristocrats as ignoble. It is not the same with the Church, for here, as I have said, he may rise to a position of great authority and dignity, and he receives his pay not from an individual, but from masses of individuals collectively. Nevertheless, it is not likely that many members of the Order will adopt this calling, nor is it desirable that they should. No objection exists to their engaging in artistic, literary, or scientific pursuits, provided they are not paid for their labours. In order, then, that their riches may continually increase without any effort on their part, the Syndicate of the Order becomes necessary. Its composition is peculiar. In former times, as is well known, the buffoon and the domestic chaplain played an important part in the establishment of every great noble. It has, for obvious reasons, been found no longer necessary to keep private

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buffoons, and even domestic chaplains are rare; but I would suggest, for reasons which I will presently explain, that the latter should form part of every American nobleman's establishment, while I propose to substitute for the private buffoon an individual whom I will call the "private money-grub." Strange as it may seem, the principal operators on the Stock Exchange, the directors and controllers of the railway, telegraph, and steamship lines of the country, the presidents of banks and insurance companies, the leading merchants, the magnates of finance, in fact—would all eagerly seek the position of private money-grubs, for it would be the only avenue through which they could hope ultimately to become themselves ennobled. The private money-grub, after being allowed by the Syndicate enough to live upon, would have his earnings divided into two equal parts. Half would go to the nobleman to whose household he was attached; the other half would be laid by for his own benefit, until it reached the amount necessary to qualify him to be a candidate for the honours of nobility. By this ingenious method it is plain, that while the aristocracy keep themselves removed from the defiling touch of commerce and business generally, they would indirectly exercise a most powerful influence over the finance of the nation.

In addition to the money-grub and the domestic chaplain, there would also be attached to every noble family the "family counsel." The three would form a triumvirate essential to the maintenance and wellbeing of every nobleman's establishment above a certain rank, and would serve as checks upon one another. Thus

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the domestic chaplain might advise the money-grub that a certain financial proceeding was morally right, when it might be necessary for the family counsel, who knew the law, to show that it involved legal penalties; or, on the other hand, the counsel might advise a course which was legally safe, which the domestic chaplain might show to be attended with moral difficulties. Here the money-grub in his turn would operate as a check on the chaplain, as he would be empowered to reduce the salary of the latter just in proportion as he raised any such difficulties; while both counsel and chaplain would have an interest in seeing that the money-grub did not cheat his noble master, as their only chance of reaching the lower ranks of the nobility would depend upon the fidelity with which they performed this service. By this simple and beautiful system, money would be made under the sanction alike of the law and of the Church, and fraud be rendered impossible. It is needless to remark that, as in many cases the family counsel would occupy the position of judge, the rights and private interests of the aristocracy would be assured in the event of any attempt to attack them by legal proceedings on the part of the democracy.

The Syndicate of the Order, then, would be composed of a certain number of leading money-grubs, of eminent family counsel, and, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, of a small sprinkling of such domestic chaplains as were loudest in their professions of personal piety, and most celebrated for their theological proficiency. These members of the Syndicate would, while preserving each nobleman's fortune independent, act with a certain har-

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mony and concert, and, by skilful combinations, would easily be able to defeat the schemes of the financial democracy, who, as a rule, are treacherous in their combined operations, and live by plundering and cheating each other. A certain proportion of the fortune of each nobleman would nevertheless be placed in a common fund, to be used for purposes common to the interests of the Order—such as the building of clubs, churches, or theatres, which should be frequented exclusively by the members of the aristocracy and the untitled friends whom they might admit to such privileges. Another part of this fund, to be called the "dower fund," would be devoted exclusively to the providing of portions or *dots* for such daughters of noblemen as it was thought desirable, for the due propagation and maintenance of the Order, should contract alliances with the foreign noblemen, who, being almost always mercenary, require as a first condition suitable marriage settlements. These would of course be graduated according to the beauty of the young lady, the rank of the proposed bridegroom, and the advantages in point of connection and influence which he had to offer. Such questions would not, however, fall within the province of the Syndicate, who would simply have to provide the money, but of the Heralds' College, without whose concurrence and approval no marriages among the aristocracy, either at home or abroad, could be contracted. This is necessary for purposes of physical evolution, as it is of the utmost importance, in order to produce the highest organic results, that the strain of blood should be kept pure. The neglect of this simple precaution must inevitably prevent

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any further development on the part of existing aristocracies, who will thus remain in an imperfect and rudimentary condition, and finally occupy very much the same relation to the aristocracy of America that the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Bosjesmen of South Africa, or the aboriginal natives of Australia do to the Caucasian race. I have taken the trouble to make calculations, based upon the analogy of similar changes in the past, about which no doubt or mistake is possible, and I find that upwards of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand years must elapse before this contrast will exist to the marked extent I have described; the change, however, will be watched with the greatest care and precision by scientific men, who will all ultimately themselves be compelled, in order to escape this fate, to become American noblemen.

I have been led into this slight digression in order to show how grand and inspiring is the mission which the aristocracy of the New World has before it. It is needless to say that it will be aided in its development by the peculiarly favourable conditions, both of soil and climate, which are special to the western hemisphere. While the nations of Europe, in obedience to those sanguinary instincts which prove their close connection with the *ferœ naturæ* from which they are descended, are engaged in a fierce and bloody struggle, from which it is very doubtful whether the fittest will survive, the American aristocracy will be peacefully and intelligently improving its breed. Carefully avoiding, under the direction of their domestic chaplains, any differences of opinion on matters of theology, which can in no way

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advance the interests of the Order, they will not feel disposed to commit "atrocities" on Christian principles, or otherwise check the physical progress of the race, out of regard for its spiritual welfare.

We now come to the fourth and last institution, the "Tribunal of the Order." This will be composed of the most eminent and learned noblemen duly elected, together with a few family counsel who are most eligible for promotion. It will constitute a sort of Court of Appeal from the Heralds' College. Before it will be tried the cases of all such noblemen as have infringed the laws of the Order, by assuming honours to which they are not entitled; treating with indifference the rules of etiquette; conducting themselves in private life, or in their intercourse with the democracy, in a manner unbecoming their dignity; marrying or giving in marriage in disregard to the veto of the Heralds' College,—and so forth. It will be a Court of Reference and Arbitration in all cases of dispute between members of the Order; and it will try money-grubs, family counsels, or domestic chaplains, who may have proved unfaithful to their trust. There will be a scale of pains and penalties inflicted proportionate to the offence committed, the most severe of which will be expulsion from the Order, with deprivation of rank, and excommunication from all social intercourse whatever. Under no circumstances will noblemen be permitted to bring lawsuits against each other before the established judicatory of the country. This is partly because it would not comport with their dignity to do so, and partly because the judges, being elected by the democracy, and being themselves plebeian, they would,

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except in the case of a family counsel happening to be a judge, decide upon democratic principles, which, as a rule, do not further the ends of justice. The Tribunal of the Order would therefore, in serious cases, have recourse to the far safer, more enlightened, and more expeditious method of trial by single combat before a jury of peers, according to the rules thereunto provided.

From all this it will be seen that the nobles, while refraining from pursuits involving the acquisition of wealth, or from in any way mixing with the common herd, will be by no means an idle class. Besides indulging in horse-racing, yachting, coaching, hunting, and other manly sports, they will have three professions open to them in addition to the domain of art, science, and literature; besides which, the two Colleges and Tribunal will give ample serious occupation to such of their members as have the privilege of belonging to these bodies. It is desirable that they should travel extensively, and spend much of their time in social intercourse with the aristocracies of other countries. They will probably find life in the country-houses of the British aristocracy especially congenial to their tastes. Here they will be well received, and there will be no objection in point of taste or etiquette to their protracting such visits indefinitely. It would be considered a duty and a privilege in England to entertain the nobility of America—a hospitality which the latter could return by restoring the fortunes of many poor and decaying families of the British aristocracy, by bestowing upon the eldest sons well-portioned daughters. Having no extensive landed possessions, they would probably not have castles in the country in which to receive

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their noble guests, should they return their visits; but this could be arranged by a system of palatial hotels, such as already exist in the country. These would be five storeys high, corresponding to the ranks of nobility—dukes being accommodated on the first floor, marquises on the second, and so on.

It is probable that the identity of race, language, and religion would create a far closer sympathy and alliance between the aristocracies of England and America than between those of any other countries; and they could in many ways be mutually beneficial to each other. The degrading tendency which now characterises the British nobility of entering into all kinds of commercial pursuits might thus be checked. Instead of going into the City, and eking out a precarious and not very reputable livelihood as a guinea-pig on the boards of questionable companies, the impecunious scion of aristocracy would be ashamed to degrade an Order, the American branch of which was setting an example of purity, dignity, and the highest sentiments of honour. Indeed it is highly probable that numbers of the cadets of noble families in England, finding that the American nobility offered advantages which their own did not, would apply for admission into its ranks. Such cases would come under the rules laid down in the Heralds' College, regulating the admission of applicants from foreign aristocracies.

These rules would be very strict in all matters of pedigree and antiquity of title: thus no British aristocrat, whose creation did not date back beyond the first settlement of America, would be eligible. No members of any French family ennobled since the Revolution of

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1789 need apply. Austrian candidates must all prove their sixteen quarterings, and so on. Nor would this rule be relaxed in favour of royal or ex-royal families. While the Hapsburgs, Bourbons, Guelphs, Hohenzollerns, and even Romanoffs, would be eligible, the Bernadottes of Sweden and all the Bonaparte family would be excluded. One must draw the line somewhere.

I have said that when the Order numbered two hundred, it was in a position to constitute itself secretly. When it had organised its four institutions, formulated its rules, and completed its social structure in every respect, the moment would have arrived when it would be its duty openly to announce its existence and enter upon its functions. When I remarked that naturalists had observed, in the case of the animal kingdom, that the first step in the process of evolution was the most painful, I neglected to state that the last moment, though not attended with any physical suffering, is extremely distressing to the moral sensibilities of the animal: thus, when the first man openly and boldly stepped forth entirely tail-less, his modesty and shyness were so great that the first use he made of his newly awakened intelligence was to clothe himself. We must all feel instinctively that this could not have been otherwise. In the same way philologists have proved that, if you go back far enough, the syllable expressed by our letters "f, i, g," forms the common root from which all languages have since evolved, with the exception of the languages of certain savage tribes, who are still entirely naked. This is accounted for by the fact that these people developed from a race of monkeys who were themselves originally

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tail-less, and they were therefore spared any shock of this kind; and so their language, not being based upon the sense of modesty, has not the common idea of clothing expressed by the word "fig" as its root, as is the case with the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families.

It is a singular fact, and I would venture, with great diffidence, and, at the same time, with the utmost certainty, to assert that it is a fact, of which I am the sole discoverer, that the tailed monkey should have evolved a much higher human development than the untailed; and yet this is only in obedience to the well-known law, that life as it exists on earth "gradates" from very simple into highly complex types, frequently, however, in its gradation missing a link, or taking two steps at a time, as it were. In this way the tail-less monkey was partially skipped by nature, and has thus duly developed into the lower type of still unclothed man. I have used this illustration because it exactly applies to the sensations of modesty of which the American aristocracy will be painfully conscious when they first announce themselves to the world. Their instinct, in order to escape the ridicule of the ill-bred, jealous, and ignorant classes, will be to hide themselves from the public gaze. This tendency they must boldly resist: let them clothe themselves in the panoply of their Order, in their robes and coronets, and appear in state carriages, each drawn by eight horses, with coachmen in powdered wigs, with footmen gorgeous in blazing liveries, preceded by mounted heralds. Let the new Order be proclaimed with the blare of trumpets in the public places of all the principal cities in the Union. False modesty at such a moment

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would be criminal; let them remember that they are inaugurating a social crisis, which must affect the destiny of every aristocracy in Europe. Supposing this anxious period safely passed, and that they compel, as they will, the recognition of all the right-minded classes of society who are animated with the proper social aspirations, they will be afflicted for some time with a tendency to relapse into their old habits, which must be guarded against. Here, again, the analogy of evolution serves as a guide and a warning. When man first developed he was conscious of singular prehensile sensations, producing an irresistible desire to follow the instinct which still lingered with him, and to hang by his tail, and crack nuts. His newly developed reason, however, always came to the rescue in time; by a process of ratiocination, which was necessarily slow, owing to the still imperfect condition of his protoplasm, he perceived that the attempt would be futile and ridiculous, and he refrained. This is a striking illustration of the superiority of reason over instinct. It applies, in the case before us, to the dangerous instinct by which the American nobleman will be at once assailed, to lapse back into money-making. The instinct of commerce and bargaining will be as strong in him at the outset as the tail-hanging, nut-cracking instinct was in the ape; but it will be resisted, and no doubt successfully, by his intellect. After a very short time it will pass away, and he will soon feel no more desire to "operate" financially than he does now to swing on the branches of trees.

The next danger to be avoided is a tendency to a too rapid increase in the numbers of the Order. It is evident

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that it can only maintain its exclusive character, and the *prestige* by which it can command the respect of the public mind, by refusing to open its ranks too rapidly to those who will seek to press into them. Evolution is specialisation; therefore, in its physical progress, there are always to be noticed two distinct processes going on side by side—the development of a tissue, and the wasting of the parts at the expense of which it grows. The same thing will occur morally; in proportion as the social tissue of the aristocracy develops will there be a tendency on the part of the democracy to waste away. In order to prevent this going on too fast, it must be met by checking the too rapid increase of the numbers and ranks of the nobility. Thus, in the first instance, the highest rank should only be that of earl; it is probable that it will be found most consonant with American tastes to adopt English titles, as by these means the wives and daughters will all be styled lady. Before entering the ranks of the nobility, money-grubs, family counsels, and domestic chaplains will be made knights, baronets, and bishops; then will come the ranks of barons, viscounts, and earls. By degrees, as the Order swells in numbers, and its wealth and power increase, marquises, dukes, and princes may be created, but only in small numbers and at great intervals, promotion to these ranks being dependent upon their combined physical and moral fitness—a question to be decided by the Electoral College. The proportion of the titled aristocracy to the democracy should not be more than one thousand to fifty million. The younger sons, while belonging to the aristocracy, should have as a distinctive

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appellation the words "Honourable Sir" prefixed to their Christian names. The Sir is necessary to distinguish them from members of Congress, from State legislators, and other political functionaries who now enjoy the title of Honourable. The daughters below a certain rank will be styled Honourable Misses. Younger sons and daughters may, under certain circumstances, with the approval of the Heralds' College, marry into the families of such wealthy plebeians as may be likely to be elected into the Order, as it is desirable to form a sort of middle class by these means, from which the ranks of the aristocracy may be slowly recruited.

By degrees the democracy will waste away and become enfeebled, in obedience to the law to which I have already alluded; and the influence of this middle class will extend downwards in a manner which must surely, sooner or later, affect the political condition of the country. Thus the nation at large will gradually undergo such social modifications under the pressure of its aristocracy, as will prepare it for a revolution almost imperceptible in its progress, but which will alter fundamentally its republican character. Political power will eventually slip away from the corrupt classes who now control it, as they become weak and enervated, and inevitably fall into the more sturdy grasp of those who are themselves aspirants for aristocratic honours. All this will occur without any direct intervention on the part of the nobility, but will be the necessary result of revolutionary forces working through the physical and social into the political sphere. In the process of their evolution, politics will thus at last become sufficiently purified for the

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aristocracy to consider other questions than those which exclusively affect the wellbeing of their Order, and actually to take an interest in the good government and prosperity of their country—a pursuit from which they will have long been excluded. Thus there will finally be evolved a form of government such as has never hitherto existed. It will be oligarchical in character—as intensely anti-republican in the ordinary acceptation of the word, as it will be anti-monarchical. While combining the advantages of both systems, it will exclude their defects, for autocracy and mobocracy will be alike impossible. The days of emperor and demagogue will be for ever ended, and the power of the plutocrat have utterly passed away. What the exact character will be of the administrative machinery which will be devised by a class alike honourable, intelligent, patriotic, and, above all, disinterested, it is not for me to attempt to explain; those familiar with the laws of evolution will know, given the premises as I have given them, how they must of necessity develop. It is therefore competent to any scientific intellect to construct the whole fabric by the usual deductive process; and it would be a mere work of supererogation, and, indeed, a reflection upon the intelligence of the best minds of the day, were I to enter upon it more fully here. It is enough for me to have shadowed forth the outlines of the great social crisis now impending over the New World. If, by anticipating the movement which is inevitable, I have been enabled to assist those who are destined to inaugurate it; if I should be the one to give it that impetus which is always required to set in motion a mighty idea, I would disclaim all

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credit for this humble effort which may lead to such vast and magnificent results, well knowing that it would have been utterly unavailing were it not for the powerful forces of nature known to be at work, and the consequently receptive condition of those to whom it is addressed.

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X.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL modesty is perhaps the most remarkable quality of the modern war correspondent. Exclusively attached to the interests of the journal by which he is employed, and anxious only faithfully to chronicle the splendid achievements of the general and officers upon whom he depends largely for his comfort, he feels instinctively that to narrate his own deeds of daring, his hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures, would be altogether out of place, while they would have no interest for the public. Excepting in the rare cases when his personal popularity is so great as to warrant the familiarity of a nickname in the highest circles, or when the extraordinary toughness of his epidermis, and overwhelming devotion to the interests of his journal, induce him to undertake rides of fabulous length and incredible hazard, his very name is unknown; and the thoughtless public, reading a graphic description of hot encounters and fierce cavalry charges, are only too apt to consider

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the narrator a mere writing-machine, impervious to bullets, and devoid of a stomach. After the lapse of more than ten years, I will venture to break through the reserve which the extreme delicacy of my feelings imposed upon me at the time, and recount a few personal experiences of a campaign during the late Franco-German war, which may illustrate the vicissitudes of a war correspondent's life, and show the public what they lose through the restraints imposed by the etiquette of journalism.

In November 1870, I was one of a numerous fraternity of war correspondents at Versailles. It is needless to allude to the organ of public opinion which I represented, or to the source from which I derived the information, that if I started for Orleans without an hour's delay, I might be in time for a battle. At the moment I was not equipped for campaigning. I had just arrived from another part of Europe, and was fitting myself out leisurely. I had picked up a servant at Frankfort, and was negotiating for the purchase of horses, when this disturbing piece of intelligence reached me. It is under these circumstances that the war correspondent comes out strong. To rush to the nearest *fiacre* stand, and hire one on the spot, was the work of a few moments. When the driver asked me where he was to drive to, and I mildly replied Orleans, he naturally objected. Even under the severe rule of the Prussians, he thought he was entitled to resist a *course* of seventy-two miles in length; so I told him to drive me to his own stables. There I conversed with him in the language of common-sense, which all the world over means the language of

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hard cash. In half an hour he had engaged to become my coachman by the month, and to buy me a carriage and a pair of horses; and an hour later I was driving triumphantly out of Versailles with my servant on the box, and my scanty luggage inside, on the road to Orleans. Notwithstanding the promptitude of my movements, I was too late for the battle of Coulmiers, which was the more annoying as no English correspondent witnessed it, and it proved one of the most interesting episodes of the war, as being the only defeat which the Germans sustained, and which, if it had been promptly followed up by General d'Aurelles de Paladines, would have forced them to raise the siege of Paris. I can certify to the fact that the road was perfectly open, as from the moment I left the investing army, to the moment of my joining General von der Tann at Toury, I had not passed a German soldier. The Bavarian force, who had fought more than four times their number at Coulmiers, were so exhausted with the battle and the subsequent retreat, that had D'Aurelles de Paladines fallen upon them at the hour of my arrival, as General von der Tann momentarily expected him to do, they would have been quite unable to offer any resistance, and there would have been nothing to prevent the French army of seventy thousand men taking them all prisoners, and four days later attacking the besieging Germans at Paris. Those who were at Versailles at this juncture will remember the preparations which took place for raising the siege. However, I alluded to all this at the time in the columns of my "organ." What I did not mention was, that I hardly found myself within the German lines

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when my servant was arrested as a spy, and, to my horror, compromising documents were found upon him, which not only rendered all attempts to release him hopeless, but indiscreet, as likely to involve me in the same suspicious category. Indeed, for some days afterwards, in spite of my own papers being in order, I felt myself under a cloud. I had left Versailles in such a hurry that I had come unprovided with letters of introduction, and I now found myself not merely without acquaintances, but with no one except a French "cabby," who regarded every soul he met with mingled feelings of fear and aversion, and who, of course, could not speak a word of German, to act as a servant. In one respect this was fortunate, for nearly all the provisions in the village had been exhausted; and had it not been for my coachman's influence as a compatriot, neither he nor his horses nor I should have had anything to eat. Not being attached formally to this particular *corps d'armée*, I had neither lodging nor rations provided for me, but had to scramble for both. Under these circumstances, I was not sorry to stumble upon a German colleague in like distress; and after giving him some of my dinners, I offered him a share in a room I had secured in the house of a peasant, and a seat in my carriage for the rest of the campaign.

This commenced three days afterwards, on the arrival of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg with 30,000 men. I found myself the only English correspondent with this army, and we made a most enjoyable three weeks' march, through some of the loveliest scenery in France, in pursuit of an enemy who always vanished as we

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advanced, and whom, if he existed in force, we never overtook. Here, again, D'Aurelles de Paladines lost his chance, for during the whole of these three weeks there was nothing to oppose his march to Paris. We had only two trifling skirmishes,—one at Dreux, and the other at Bretoncelles; but the march was by no means devoid of personal incident. The course of procedure which was forced upon me in the earlier part of the campaign by my undefined position with the army, possessed this merit, that it led me into adventures, and procured me experiences, which I should have missed, had I been regularly attached to the Head-quarter staff. Having to look out for board and lodging for myself, I found that the only chance of obtaining either one or the other, was to go in advance of the army, and hover upon that neutral ground which constantly exposed me to the chance of being taken prisoner. To start with the rest of the army, to follow in its wake with the baggage, and to arrive after it at the end of the day's march, to find every corner occupied, was to encounter an amount of fatigue, discomfort, and starvation for which nothing could compensate. Whereas to penetrate the mystery overnight of the direction of our march next day, and by the aid of a good map to take circuitous roads, unhampered by troops,—to arrive as soon or sooner than the quarter "makers," as the advanced guard is called, who go ahead to billet the troops for the night—to push on half-a-mile or so beyond them, and select my own quarters, combined a certain amount of risk with a considerable degree of comfort. By these means I succeeded in sleeping between clean

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sheets every night during the campaign. My horses never wanted for forage, and my dinners were sometimes quite artistic in their excellence. There was a constant excitement in the uncertainty attending this hunt for night quarters, and my most varied and amusing experiences arose from this source. My German companion did not quite approve of this method of procedure, as he was constantly haunted by the fear of being taken prisoner, and as a German he would probably have fared worse than I should. On the other hand, his nationality often proved of the greatest service to me, on occasions when our night quarters were beaten up by Uhlans, and we were regarded as suspicious characters, in consequence of our being so isolated from the rest of the army. He was also great friends with the postal officials connected with the force, and used to take my letters to the rear with his own, when it was inconvenient to me to leave the front. On the other hand, as the enterprising journal he represented had not provided him with means sufficient to keep a horse, he was only too glad to be driven along the line of march in my carriage. So we were mutually useful to each other; and he was obliged to agree to the somewhat hazardous method of campaigning which I had adopted. Our first alarm took place two days after leaving Toury. There was a heavy fog, and we had been driving ever since the start on a road of our own choosing, quite unhampered by troops, and were congratulating ourselves on the rapidity of our progress, when, suddenly, we were startled by a horrible *fanfare* of French trumpets, issuing from a village scarcely a hundred yards distant on the left. At the same moment

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the fog lifted, and right in front of us were a body of French cavalry, some forty or fifty in number, watering their horses at a pond by the road-side. Fortunately there was a haystack on the edge of a field to our right, and our coachman, who was more alarmed at the sight of his countrymen than we were, for he felt they would have no mercy upon him for hiring himself to his enemies, with great presence of mind rushed the carriage across the ditch and behind the stack before we were observed. Here we remained for some moments in a state of the utmost trepidation; the detestable trumpets seemed to be growing louder as they approached nearer, and we dreaded lest the fog should clear off altogether, —for the prospect of a game of hide-and-seek with a carriage and a pair of horses round a haystack was by no means reassuring. Fortunately a fresh cloud of mist came driving over us, and after getting out of the carriage and peeping round the corner of the stack to see if the enemy were anywhere visible, I gave the word for a speedy retreat, and a moment afterwards we were galloping back over the road we had come. We had retraced our steps for nearly an hour before we came to the cross road which we should have taken, and not long afterwards we found ourselves among the baggage waggons of the German troops, and considerably startled the officer in command by our intelligence of the proximity of the enemy.

As, however, we heard nothing more of them, the probability is that, instead of trying to find us, they were in reality doing their utmost to get out of our way. Before nightfall we had made another divergence, and

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headed the troops, arriving at a small hamlet, consisting of about a dozen houses, which had been already visited by some Uhlans, but which we found quite deserted except by two decrepit old women. This was the only occasion upon which I found that the terror of our approach had frightened away the whole population. Near the hamlet, which was unusually squalid, was a brick-field, with a smart, newly-built house, evidently belonging to the proprietor of the brick-fields. Here we determined to quarter ourselves. Its owner had decamped after locking the door. We had no difficulty in breaking in at one of the windows, and found abundant evidence that he had only just taken his departure. The milk, butter, and eggs in his well-stocked larder were quite fresh. There was an excellent cheese, some sausages, and some delicious *compôte*, with plenty of bread. After rummaging some time we found his wine and coffee. He was evidently a well-to-do man, and the sheets, towels, table-linen, &c., which we found in a press, which we were, unfortunately, obliged to break open, were of an excellent quality. In fact, nothing was wanting to make our stay agreeable. We made up two beds with clean sheets and good thick blankets; we boiled some potatoes; made an omelette, and a sago pudding; and this, with the addition of cheese and sausages, was very good camp fare. In the morning we had bread and butter and preserve with our *café au lait*. It is difficult to say wherein lies the peculiar charm of making free with what does not belong to one; but there can be little doubt that had the proprietor remained at home and treated us as hospitably as we treated ourselves, our visit would have

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been robbed of all its piquancy. We left a line on his table thanking him for the excellent fare which we had enjoyed at his expense, and expressing our regret that we had no other means of testifying our gratitude. I was sorry upon more than one occasion during this campaign to find a growing laxity in my ideas in the matter of *meum* and *tuum*,—forced upon me no doubt by the stress of circumstances and the conventional war standard of morality. Thus one morning the coachman came with a long face to inform me that the horses and harness had been stolen. The army was already under way, and unless I could provide myself with fresh nags, there was nothing for it but to be left behind. As we were making a flying march, and the country was not going to be permanently occupied just then by German troops—being left behind meant falling into the hands of the French. In this dilemma, I applied to an officer with whom I had made friends, for advice. His suggestion had the merit of simplicity. "Supply the horses and harness which have been stolen from you by stealing somebody else's horse and harness—only take them from the French, not from us, or you will get into trouble." As my horses had certainly been taken by the Germans, this did not seem quite logical; but I was not in a position to discuss the matter, so I strolled about the little town with felonious intent. We were in La Perche, the province of horses, and presently I observed a large grey standing attached to the wheel of a waggon with no one near him. "There is just the horse for us," said the coachman, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. "Untie him then as quickly as you can, and

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slip round the corner of the street with him." This was accomplished unobserved, but we failed to find another.

Meantime the town was clearing rapidly of troops, so we decided to look for harness. While we were about it, we thought it as well to take a double set; and it was some time before we found an empty stable containing one. Now it may be suggested that we might have managed, had we been strictly honest, to pay both for horse and harness; but, practically, it was not so. I strongly suspect the horse had just been requisitioned by the Germans, which gave additional zest to the capture, as the French owner, whom I did not know, was none the greater sufferer, and I wanted my revenge. I should have been delighted to pay for the harness, if I could have found any Frenchman with a set of double harness to dispose of; but most of the male population were absent, and I had no time to lose. I think it very possible the harness I did take had also been requisitioned. As we left the town with a single horse on one side of the pole, we looked somewhat as if we were taking a carriage to be repaired at the carriage maker's, and altogether presented such a humiliating appearance, that I determined to find a match for my grey without delay. We had not driven a couple of miles, before a fine young Percheron trotted up to the gate of a field opening upon the road, and, with pricked-up ears, looked inquiringly at my turn-out. I determined instantly to gratify his curiosity, and jumped out to scratch his nose, and offer him a piece of bread while I slipped a halter over his head. He was evidently quite new to harness,

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and the set I had did not fit him very well; but his temper was angelic, and altogether I decidedly gained by the loss of my original pair. I confess I have been haunted ever since by the picture which my imagination presented of the grief of his owner.

Scarcely a day passed without my witnessing scenes, inseparable, doubtless, from a state of war, but rendered more painful by the emotional nature of the French peasant. I have even seen a well-to-do farmer burst into an agony of tears, because out of six farm-horses one was requisitioned from him. I have seen peasants blubbering, for the better part of a day, simply because they were required to accompany the army with their horse and cart for two days, without pay, after which they were allowed to go back to their homes. I think Frenchmen cry more fluently, if I may be allowed the expression, than Frenchwomen do. Indeed, the attitude of the latter, in the presence of an invading army, was always far more dignified than that of the men. The latter either decamped before our arrival, or would go out of their way to overwhelm one with civility and offers of service, their desire to propitiate their conquerors amounting sometimes to the most abject servility; while the women always showed their dislike most unreservedly. I soon found that in my position as "benevolent neutral," I was often less favoured than my German colleague. This, however, was not always the case; and upon one occasion, when I was alone, I decidedly fared better than if he had been with me. It was in a large town; he had quarters for himself, and I had established by this time such good relations with headquarters, that

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I could get a billet, on applying for it, when I chose. On receiving my billet on this occasion, I went to the number and street indicated, and knocked long and loudly at the door of a small house, which seemed deserted. At last, just as I was making up my mind to break in, the door was opened a couple of inches, and a little old man, in a high and plaintive key, told me it was absolutely impossible for him to give me the required accommodation. I explained to him I should be the best judge of that on examining the premises, and reluctantly forced myself into the passage. He led me into a dirty stuffy little room, in which there was nothing but an old horse-hair couch. "This," he said, "is my bed for the present: the one I usually occupy contains my only domestic, who is now in a dying state. The other two small rooms in the house have never been furnished, as I am very poor. Would monsieur like to look at my only domestic, and satisfy himself as to her desperate condition?" And he led me into a small darkened apartment, where an extremely pallid, wrinkled old woman was apparently breathing her last in short gasps. In fact, it seemed probable that if I passed the night on the floor of his sitting-room, I should come in for a death-scene. "As for dinner," he said, "I have absolutely nothing to offer monsieur. Since Marie has been dying, I have taken my meals with a friend, and there is no food in the house."

The position was discouraging. It was seven in the evening. I had eaten nothing since mid-day, and to turn out and look for food and lodging in a town crowded with troops was a hopeless undertaking. Meantime the

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carriage and horses were standing at the door; the latter had to be provided with stabling and forage, and nothing could be done for them until I knew where I was to be quartered. I still felt very sceptical about the barrenness of the old gentleman's larder, and the absence of any other bed than that occupied by the sick woman, so I decided upon a last appeal. "My friend," I remarked, "I pity the fate that is in store for you. There is a whole regiment of Prussians still unprovided with billets; if I go and report that I have failed to get officers' quarters here, a dozen privates will be billeted upon you. Now I am not a Prussian, but an Englishman. I will not only give you as little trouble as possible, but I will protect you from the inroads of Uhlans and others who are beating up quarters for themselves." But I had scarcely got so far when the little man interrupted. "Say no more," he said; "it is enough that you are an Englishman; why did you not tell me that at first? I am a retired surgeon in the navy, and in many parts of the world have found good comrades among Englishmen, to whom I am devoted. Hey, Marie, *lève toi*,—jump out of bed, cook a good dinner, and get the bedroom up-stairs ready for this English monsieur." In a moment the moribund old female was on her legs in full costume. She had hopped into bed just as she was, and feigned the death agony to perfection. There was no symptom of shortness of breath about her as she ran briskly up-stairs and showed me a nicely furnished little bedroom, with a most inviting-looking bed. And in less than an hour I was eating a first-rate *bouillon*, followed by a *filet*, and washed down with a bottle of excellent Burgundy,

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my host meanwhile recalling the reminiscences of his naval career, and the names of English admirals and men-of-war. Then we diverged into politics, and sat smoking and talking till midnight. I was glad to have an opportunity of making good my words, for a party of soldiers came to look for quarters, and I was able to save my host from invasion by showing my billet, and telling them that I was attached to headquarters.

Upon another occasion I was billeted with my German colleague upon a retired opera-singer, called in my billet "lyric artist," who lived in a charming little suburban residence, and who received us with an air of profound disgust. He took no pains to conceal his aversion, so far as my companion was concerned, up to the end; but when he found I was an Englishman, his manner towards me entirely changed, and we became such great friends that he insisted upon my staying with him for two days after the army had left,—not, however, extending his invitation to my colleague, who got a lift in an ambulance until I overtook him.

My host was a musical enthusiast, but had infused into his love for his art a spiritual theory which was original and interesting. In his view, the *timbre* of the voice, and the excellence of the execution, depended largely upon the moral condition of the performer; and the singer approached perfection in the degree in which he or she lost all self-consciousness or personal ambition, and sung only with the one object of bringing out the strong points of the voices of others. In other words, the quality of the voice was conditional on the utter unselfishness of the individual, on his purity of life and

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motive, and on the exalted nature of his aspirations. My host said he had a living illustration of the excellence which might be thus attained, in the person of his own daughter, whom he had trained morally upon his system, and who, he averred, possessed an incomparable voice, which, however, she could not use professionally, because as the jealousy of all the other singers would be excited, her voice would be unable to retain its purity, and be overwhelmed by the passions which it roused. In fact, she could only sing alone, or with some one whose nature was as lofty as her own; and he had only succeeded in instilling into one of his pupils sentiments sufficiently high to enable them to sing together. Unfortunately, on hearing the news of the approach of the German army, he had sent this interesting young lady to a place of safety, and could only show me her photograph; and I am bound to say I have seldom looked upon a face of more ideal loveliness, or had my imagination more powerfully excited in favour of a young lady, without seeing her, than upon this occasion. Since the conclusion of the war, I have several times regretted my inability to carry out my intention of paying another visit to my old operatic friend.

Variations of this sort in the course of a campaign are a relief from the more degrading interests which turn solely upon the slaughter of one's fellow-creatures; and I was more refreshed one night that I passed in a monastery of Franciscans, discussing theology until the small hours of the morning, than if I had spent the same time in the excellent bed which the good fathers had prepared for me. In fact, campaigning is pleasant

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enough with interesting and comfortable night-quarters, and no battles; but there is another side to the medal, which it is time to present to my readers. In due course our delightful military promenade ended, and, to the great disgust of the soldiers, they found themselves back at the spot from which they had started three weeks before, having accomplished nothing beyond wearing out the soles of their boots: but there was hot work in store for them. I passed a restless night in the little town of Janville, in anticipation of the fight which was to take place on the following day, and at an early hour next morning we were *en route* for the front. The artillery had already begun to roar, and a drive of an hour brought us to the ambulances, and the first wounded men straggling back to them. Then we came across a French battery of artillery, which had already been captured; and then, as the shells from the enemy's batteries began to crack overhead, it became time to look for a place of comparative safety, from which to see the progress of the battle. On a slight eminence, well out of the line of fire, stood a farm, flanked by two high towers, and occupied by 2000 men, under the command of General von der Tann's brother. It struck me that a good view of the battle-field, which was a slightly undulating plain, could be obtained from the summit of one of these towers; and after introducing myself to the general, and obtaining his permission to make the position he occupied my point of observation, I ascended one of them, where, in a small room at the very top, I found a number of soldiers, who had knocked loopholes in the walls, through which, and from a small window,

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I had an excellent view of the long line of German artillery, partially enveloped in its own smoke. Through the rifts in it, as it curled away to leeward, I could make out the whole position of the French, and see their regiments massed in order of battle in the extreme distance. We had the night before joined hands with the division of the Red Prince; and there could not have been less than 80,000 men engaged on either side. Though the forces equalled those at Waterloo, the public had been so satiated with battles on a large scale during the earlier periods of the war, that the battle of Patay, which I was now witnessing, created comparatively little sensation. In the letter which I sent to my "organ" at the time, I endeavoured accurately to describe the movements of the troops, and the varied fortunes of the battle, as I looked down upon it mapped out on the plain at my feet. But I found myself abruptly compelled to bring my notes to a close by a turn of events for which I was utterly unable to account, and which converted my post of observation from one of comparative safety to one of the most extreme peril. How a whole French division managed, without our observing them, almost to surround the farm, was evidently a matter of as much astonishment to the twenty or thirty soldiers who had been looking through the loopholes as it was to me,—but in a moment all was noise and smoke. The bullets rained like hail upon the stone walls of our tower, and I was pushed away from the loopholes and window to make way for the barrels of the rifles which were pointed through them upon the closely packed ranks of the French below. Finding it impossible to see anything

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more, and half suffocated by the smoke, I ran hurriedly down to see how matters were progressing below. I found several men lying dead or wounded in the farm-yard, which was surrounded by a low wall, behind which men were crouching and firing. I crept past them on my hands and knees to the sheds and stables, in which I observed the General and his aide-de-camp. Here there was a room already filled with wounded men. The balls were whizzing across the courtyard in every direction, and the fire was getting hotter every moment as the enemy pressed closer to the attack. They were evidently in such force, that I ventured to ask the General whether he did not think he would be compelled to surrender. To my dismay he replied that this was out of the question: the farm had become the key of the position, upon which the whole battle might depend; and if it came to a hand-to-hand conflict, he was determined to fight it out to the last man.

It was only too clear that I had got into a sort of "La Haye Sainte,"—the very last place for a benevolent neutral to be found in by an exasperated enemy. I felt that my duty to the paper I represented, as well as to my country, required me to sacrifice any longing I might have to seize the rifle of a dead soldier, and fight with my back to the wall until I fell covered with wounds, and seriously to consider the question of my personal safety. It occurred to me that when it came to the last struggle, the safest place would be the tower I had evacuated, as, if the enemy took the farm down below, the men in the tower, even if they still remained in it, would be sure to surrender; and to surrender gracefully and with

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dignity, was an act of warfare for which I felt myself fully qualified. In fact, I quite regretted that I had not a sword, instead of a pen, to hand, with a conciliatory and complimentary speech, to a French officer.

When I got back to the room in the tower, it was more sulphureous than ever. One man had been hit by a ball through the window, and seemed *in extremis;* the men were grimy with smoke; the balls were pattering more hotly than ever, and I had no desire to try and look out; so I squatted a few steps down the stairs from the doorway for air, and took more notes to distract my mind. Presently I heard a shout from the room above, and a renewed roar of musketry fire: then the pattering of balls ceased suddenly. I rushed to the window: the soldiers were laughing, and made way for me, and I saw one of those sights which remain fixed upon the memory for life. The Hessian brigade had suddenly taken the French in flank, and poured in a withering fire: the latter had wavered and broken—the Germans rushed on; their bullets rained on the retreating masses. The whole field was strewn with dead and dying,—the nearest French dead being within two hundred yards from the farm buildings, which proves that they must have been almost in the act of attempting to storm it when relief thus opportunely arrived. It is probable that even had the French taken the farm, it would have been speedily retaken; but the slaughter on both occasions would have been fearful, and I shudder to think what would have become of me. As it was, I went instantly on to the corpse-strewn field, and did what I could for the wounded until the arrival of the ambulances an hour

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afterwards. My brandy flask was soon emptied; there was no water near; and all I could do was to change the positions of the wounded men, prop them up against trees where there were any near, try and make tourniquets of their own handkerchiefs when they had any, and so forth. The tide of battle rolled away in another direction, and I had to follow it; but all the rest that I saw on that day, is it not written in the columns of my "organ," in a military style which would do credit to the chief of the staff?

There was fighting again all next day, but the only personal incident which occurred to me was late in the evening. I have already stated that I was ready to encounter considerable personal risk in order to secure a good bed. If there is a thing I hate, it is sleeping all night in an open carriage in the rain. And this seemed likely to be the alternative, if the result of the day's fighting did not take us into Orleans. From a little after daybreak we had been pushing the enemy slowly but steadily before us, and towards five in the afternoon the firing had slackened considerably. Upon one occasion already, in my hurry to push on, a shell had burst so close to the carriage, while I was feeling my way to the front on foot, that the coachman had turned tail and fled, giving me a hunt of an hour before I could find him, and he now reluctantly forced his way past the advancing troops. Everybody I asked told me the same story—that the advanced guard had entered Orleans. By the time I reached the suburbs of the town it was eight o'clock; the weather had cleared, and there was a bright full moon shining. The last German officer I had spoken to had

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assured me I might go on safely, although I seemed to have headed the army, and the road was clear. A little farther on I passed some cavalry; then all was silent, and I entered the town, which was perfectly still. The moon threw a dark shade over the right-hand side of the first street, and I observed a German regiment drawn up in the shadow. As I got to the point where the street turned, an officer cried "halt," and I was just wondering whether the command was addressed to me, when a shower of bullets decided the coachman to prompt action. The French were in the street into which we were about to turn, and which was in the full blaze of moonlight, so they fired at the carriage the moment it appeared round the corner. How neither we nor the horses were hit was a marvel. One bullet struck the iron step, another crashed into one of the spokes of the hind wheel, but we were round the corner and out of shot before they could fire a second time; and after driving back a couple of hundred yards, I saw a closed restaurant in which I determined to quarter myself for the night. It was some time before I could make the proprietor admit his existence, for every house seemed hermetically sealed. In quartering myself here, I took the risk of the Germans not being forced back the two hundred yards, which I now knew was the most advanced point they held; and as it afterwards turned out, my confidence was not misplaced. They steadily pressed on all through the night, the French so silently evacuating the town before them, that most of the inhabitants did not know that it had changed hands; and an English officer attached to the French headquarters was much surprised when he woke

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in the morning to find himself a prisoner, with two German sentries at his door.

The Germans made eleven thousand prisoners on this occasion, and shut them up in the cathedral, where Zouaves might be heard playing polka airs on the organ; and a bed was made up on the altar, and camp-fires were lighted with the *prie-dieu* chairs, filling the whole of the vast edifice with smoke; and the noisy cooking and singing and rioting seemed to be as little in harmony with what one supposes prisoners to feel, as with the locality in which they gave vent to their spirits. The fact is, they were overjoyed at the prospect of being sent to Germany till the war was over, and having no more fighting to do. Their comrades, who were less lucky, had some rough days in store for them under the command of General Chanzy. We followed the *corps d'armée* led by this general, and had three days' hard fighting with it near Meung. The first day we were outnumbered by two to one, and were under the impression that we were beaten, until we saw next day that the enemy had shifted his position to one in rear of that he had occupied the day before. It was during the combat of the second day that a personal incident, which might have terminated disagreeably, occurred. The battle-field on which three successive days' fighting took place was an almost level plain, over which were dotted villages, each one with its church and spire, and which, strongly occupied and loopholed, made formidable isolated positions, out of which the enemy had either to be shelled or forced at the point of the bayonet. I passed the greater part of these three days seated amidst the bells in the

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tops of the steeples. The position was safe and commanding, and enabled me to avoid unnecessary fatigue. As soon as a new village was captured with a good spire, I moved to it, and remained until it was left too far in rear to be useful. On this particular occasion I saw a steeple which, in addition to belonging to a church situated on a slight eminence, was in itself loftier than any other. My longing eyes had been often fixed upon its belfry, but, unfortunately, it had been from the first strongly held by the French; and little puffs of smoke were perpetually being vomited from the loopholed walls. For some time a very annoying battery of artillery had assailed us from its neighbourhood. Meantime a change of locality had become necessary, and I descended from the steeple I was in to find another. I was making for a village nearer the front when I came across a Bavarian regiment, the colonel of which I knew. To him I expounded my *penchant* for steeples, and my regret that I did not see any chance of the one I particularly affected being at my disposal. While we were talking, an aide-de-camp arrived with an order that the colonel, and another regiment brigaded with his, should advance and storm the village in question. "Now," he said, with a disagreeable suspicion of irony in his voice,—"now is your chance. You have only to keep at my side, and you will be in your steeple in ten minutes." The invitation was in the highest degree disagreeable. How I regretted I had said anything about wanting villages taken for my benefit. I was on the point of declining, when the sneering laugh of one or two officers, who had joined in our conversation, changed my decision. I had

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just time to shrug my shoulders with the *nonchalant* air of a man who passed his life in carrying villages at the point of the bayonet, when they were summoned to their duties. The regiment was put in motion, and I found myself leading it at the tail of the colonel's horse. It was simply sickening, and I don't know exactly what it did—I mean the regiment—when we got so near that the bullets began to ping all round us. It probably formed in columns of companies, or deployed on its pivot flank, or did something incomprehensible; but it had the excellent effect of enabling me to get well mixed up with it, so that when we all went on at a run, I got carried along and into the village, only drawing my breath at the door of the church, into which I bolted like a rabbit into a warren, and sat down for a moment on a chair to breathe, and listen to the straggling firing which still went on in the street. Then I went up to the belfry. All the churches were on pretty much the same model, and I had no difficulty in finding my way. I had just passed the organ-loft, and got a few steps up the stairs, when a shot was fired apparently within a few yards of me. I first jumped, and then reflected. I had not heard the sound of a ball, nor could I see from what point I could have been fired at. Still the noise was unpleasantly close. Certainly the sooner I attained an elevation the better. The bells were approached by a ladder at last, and there was a mere framework to stand upon, but there were splendid loopholes to look through, and the *coup d'œil* over the battlefield amply repaid me for all I had gone through to get there. I had just adjusted my field-glass, and was beginning to take a deliberate survey, when

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I heard a shout, followed by a volley of German oaths, and looked down to see a huge Bavarian take a deliberate "pot" at me with his rifle, the bullet flattening itself against the corner of the loophole, not three inches from my nose, which I had drawn in with the rapidity of lightning. Why I should thus suddenly have become a target for one of my German friends was a mystery to me. I did not like to descend, for I was afraid of some more stray shooting near the organ-loft. I did not like to look out of the loophole again, for I felt that the big Bavarian was on the watch for another shot; so I sat down where I was, and waited the march of events. In a few moments I heard a great clattering on the steps leading up to the belfry, and soon a dozen or more soldiers, led by the big Bavarian, appeared at the bottom of the ladder, and simultaneously pointed their rifles at me, with loud commands to descend, and surrender myself as a prisoner, on pain of being shot. I replied by imploring them not to fire, and all the time I was looking literally down the barrels of their rifles, and hoping that one might not accidentally go off. I shouted energetically that I was unarmed; that I had that moment entered the village with them; and that I was a friend, if they would only believe me and not fire. Still I had to descend with all their rifles steadily aimed at me, as though they feared I should take wing and fly away through a loophole. It is not probable that any of my readers know from experience what it is to descend a rickety ladder backwards with twelve rifles pointed at one's most vulnerable extremity: I earnestly trust they may long be spared the sensation.

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I was instantly seized roughly by the collar when I reached the bottom, and was again in the middle of explanations, when, most fortunately, there appeared one of the officers who had been present when the colonel asked me to take part in the assault on the village. He at once ordered my release; and on my stating that I had been first fired at and then captured by his own men, he demanded an explanation from the big Bavarian. This worthy asserted that he had been fired at out of the church—that the bullet had just grazed past him—and that, upon looking towards the steeple, he had seen me exactly in the position from which the report seemed to come. This was at once accounted for by the shot which I heard after passing the organ-loft, and I suggested to the officer that if we searched there we might find the man who had so narrowly missed the big Bavarian, as I had heard the shot proceed from it. We accordingly repaired thither, and there, crouched up in a corner, was a wretched Mobile. There was a general shout to him of "surrender;" but either through panic, or not understanding that he might save his life by throwing down his gun, he clutched it the more tightly, and even seemed about to bring it up to his shoulder, on which the big Bavarian rushed at him, wrenched it out of his hands, and, with one blow of the butt, literally scattered his brains over the floor. The whole episode was most painful; and when, a moment afterwards, my would-be assassin slapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and laughed heartily at the idea of his nearly having blown out my brains by mistake, I failed altogether to see the point of the joke. This day's fighting was so exciting at

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certain periods that I remained on the field until sundown, though I had a long way to drive back to reach my quarters at Meung. Crossing on foot from one part of the field to the other towards evening, I saw a village which I imagined was in German possession. I determined to go back that way, as it would be a short cut from the position in which I was, to where I had left the carriage. As I approached within a few hundred yards of it, it burst out into flame, and I paused and sat down, and contemplatively smoked a cigarette. Why should it burst into flame? There was no reason why the Germans should burn what might be a good night's shelter. What if it were burnt by the French? In that case the Germans had not occupied it, as I supposed, but the French might have done so before abandoning it. *Allons voir.* I crept slowly and cautiously on in the growing dusk, stopping every now and then to listen for the sound of voices, but all was still except the crackling of the flames. At last I entered the village. It was entirely deserted. It had been evacuated by the French, but not yet occupied by the Germans. That was the second village I had taken in one day. The reflection soothed my vanity. I will wait here, I thought, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, till some Germans arrive, just to show them the military instinct and spirit of enterprise of the British journalist. I admit it was pure swagger, but I hoped I might have my revenge on the Bavarian regiment, if the fortune of war should lead it in this direction.

I waited half an hour watching the flames spreading,

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looking into all the houses to see if they were empty, moralising over the strangeness of my position, alone in this burning village, with guns still flashing all round me in the growing darkness, as if loath to cease the carnage of the day. At last I heard the tramp of feet and sound of words of command, and a regiment of Hessians marched in. I now felt half inclined to sneak out without showing myself. The task of explaining who I was might prove difficult. Fortunately I was getting pretty well known in the army. My rattletrap old carriage with the pair of greys and the French coachman had got a reputation for pushing itself where it had no business to be; and when fighting was going on, and I was poking about on foot in my plain clothes, I was recognised as being the companion of the German correspondent, who had been so long with the army that he was well known, though owing to some indiscreet criticisms he had now been obliged to leave it. So I thought I would risk it, and I walked up in a free and easy way to the colonel, and took off my hat to him as an old acquaintance, to that worthy's intense astonishment. "You ought to have been here half an hour ago when I came," I remarked; "you could have given the enemy a tremendous slating." He took my chaff very good-naturedly, and said he could not be everywhere at once, like a newspaper correspondent; and he sent his men to put out the fire and house themselves for the night, offering to give me quarters with them: but I had my letter to write and post, and this involved a five-mile drive by moonlight to the rear across the most ghastly field which can well be imagined. I had some

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trouble in finding my carriage. I had left it at a well-defined position on the battle-field of the day before, but to reach it I had to walk for more than a mile over a plain where the carcases of men and horses were not merely thickly strewn but frozen into all sorts of fantastic attitudes. The thermometer had been 16° below the freezing-point on the previous night, and men only slightly wounded, who had not been able to crawl to their comrades, had been frozen to death. One man was stiff in a sitting position, with both his arms lifted straight above his head, as though his last moments had been spent in an invocation, and it gave one a shudder in the clear moonlight to approach him. Others were crumpled up in a death agony, and so frozen. In places, many together, French and Germans were mingled, not because they had been at close quarters, but because the same ground had first been occupied by one and then by the other, perhaps at an interval of half a day. I think I was more comfortable with bullets pinging in my ears, than walking amid the distorted shadows of these dead and stiffened men; and it was quite a relief to see a haystack on fire, and a regiment warming themselves at it, and my prudent coachman within comfortable distance of the ruddy blaze. Then comes the hard part of the correspondent's life. I had still to dine. I had lived since the morning's coffee on a loaf of bread, which I had been picking at all day; then to write my letter—a good two hours' task; then to see that it was safely posted, either that night or the next morning early, so as to give me time to get to the field for the third day's battle. And all this after having been on

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a strain of exertion and excitement since daylight; and then the gentleman at ease in London reads it all in his arm-chair after breakfast for a penny, or, at the most, twopence-halfpenny.

On the following night I had to change my quarters. The country was infested by the enemy, who were falling slowly back after their pertinacious resistance. We had been strongly reinforced, and I was compelled to abandon my plan of taking a line of my own, and obliged to keep with the army. The consequence was, that when the momentous question presented itself of finding a night's lodging, every hole and corner of the little village at which the headquarters were established was occupied. The Grand Duke was lodged in a most picturesque old chateau; and every farm and cottage for miles round contained soldiers. My first duty, after finding a corner for myself, was to establish the carriage and horses safely, and provide forage for the latter—a difficult matter when it was not served out as part of the army rations. However it was generally possible to buy this, if not from the French, from the Germans; but the hour was usually late before I was free of this care, and able to make myself comfortable. Upon the night in question, I was in despair. For more than an hour did I wander in the darkness: the night was bitterly cold; it was snowing heavily; and my dinner, for which I was famishing, was yet in the remote distance. After vainly passing door after door, only to find the chalk inscription denoting the officers or men who were lodged within, I stumbled, in a retired lane, upon a hovel rather than a cottage, consisting apparently of only one room, with a window upon

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each side of a low door, upon which nothing was written. I determined, as it was locked, to break in here; but on the bare chance of there being inmates, although there was no glimmer of light, I first knocked loudly. I was just proceeding to more vigorous measures, when I heard a whispering, so I called out to those within to save me the trouble of bursting in the door by opening it. After a little delay I heard the key turn, and a woman's voice timidly inquired what I wanted. I said I would explain as soon as I was let in, and, pushing the door open, I found myself in a room lighted only by the dying embers of a fire. Striking a lucifer match, I became aware of the presence of two young women, aged eighteen or twenty, shivering with terror, one of them weeping bitterly. These I attempted to reassure by the most dulcet tones and pacific gestures. I explained my forlorn condition, expressed my willingness to sleep under a hedge rather than cause them one moment's uneasiness, painted in strong language the dangers which surrounded them in the absence of any protector, declared my willingness—nay, my anxiety—to constitute myself their protector, expatiated on my harmless and generally innocent disposition where the fair sex was concerned, and the lengths to which my chivalry was capable of carrying me when they were in peril, and finally, succeeded in extorting an invitation to become their guest. I declined to force myself upon them, and would only stay if asked. They said they had no male protectors: one of them was married, but her husband had left on the approach of the Germans, and the other was her sister; and they threw themselves upon my mercy. My mercy received them

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with the tenderness of a feather-bed. I asked them if they had any provisions in the house, but the supply was so small that, after chalking my designation on the door, to prevent the room being occupied in my absence, I started off to bring my traps from the carriage, and any provender I could lay my hands on. I came in for a slice of beef, while the distribution was being made to some soldiers, and was soon comfortably established by the side of a roaring fire broiling a steak, and most eagerly waited upon by my two charming hostesses. I soon after won their complete confidence by turning off a rather noisy band of soldiers who came looking for quarters, and listened sympathetically to the long tale of sorrows which they poured into my ear. They were very poor, and there was literally only one room in the house. This contained two beds, one of which was usually occupied by the young married couple, while her sister slept in the other. They were hung with heavy blue curtains, which completely enveloped them. The sheets were coarse, but clean; and I had a good supply of my own rugs. When the cravings of my appetite had been appeased, I suggested in the most delicate manner that I should go to bed first, pull the curtains together, and put my head under the bed-clothes, while they went to rest in the bed appropriated to the married couple. This arrangement suited them perfectly; and I shortly afterwards received a fresh mark of their confidence by hearing one of them snore. The weather was so boisterous on the following day, that it was impossible to continue the march, so I brought enough provisions to my hut for all three, and paid for my accommodation so

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liberally when I left the day after,—as I felt it was an act of charity which would be highly applauded by the proprietors of the journal I served, and out of whose pockets it came,—that I have every reason to hope that the two poor girls look back to the days when their village was occupied by the Germans as among the pleasantest and most profitable of their lives.

A couple of days after this we again found ourselves in the presence of the enemy. I had established myself in a low wine shop, which only contained one good bed: the husband, as usual, had decamped for fear of the Germans, and his wife was the solitary occupant. She found a nest for herself somewhere in a loft. I started off early to go to the front, telling her to expect me back late, and have dinner ready for me. This all but turned out quite an unnecessary order, and I was very nearly prevented by a serious accident from ever dining again in this world. The adventure happened in this wise. I had as usual driven as near the front as was prudent, and had then got out to pursue my investigations on foot. I ultimately arrived at a farmhouse in a wood where a general of brigade and his staff had established themselves, whom I happened to know. While chatting with them on the chances of a skirmish before nightfall, and on the proximity of the enemy, a young officer came in saying that from a point he had just left he could look right down into a part of the French position. This point he described to me as occupied by half-a-dozen men, who had crept as far to the front as possible, and were now hiding behind an old ruined wall, and watching the enemy unobserved. As he was going back there,

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I offered to accompany him, and we crept through the brushwood, and then made a quick run across a piece of open, to a most picturesque fragment of ruin, which dominated the valley some three or four hundred feet below, in which is situated the village of Fréteval, then occupied, as well as the heights behind, by the French army. Peeping through the chinks of the ruin, I could see a French regiment marching along a road beneath us, within very comfortable rifle shot, apparently unaware of our proximity. I remained here jotting down notes for nearly an hour, and then, hearing some firing at a distance, determined to return to the carriage in order to go and see what it was. This I could either do by keeping in the woods all the time, which involved a long round, or by crossing an open ploughed field, which was a saving of half the distance. As everything seemed quiet where I was, I determined on this latter course, and was labouring through the soft land ankle-deep in mud, when bang came a round shot, apparently aimed at me, and buried itself about twenty yards in the rear. To say that I took to my heels is a figure of speech; I had no heels. I had two mountains of mud clinging to my feet, which rendered running almost impossible. However, I did my best; and in the agony of my effort I sprawled headlong on my face at the very moment when another shot, better aimed, covered me with dirt. For at least ten minutes more was my solitary figure a target for that miserable French battery. I ceased to wonder that the French lost battles when they could waste valuable ammunition in this ridiculous way. I heard shouts of laughter proceed from a German regiment hidden in the

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wood for which I was making, as they saw my frantic efforts to increase my speed as each whistling, shrieking ball warned me not to dally. Once they actually expended a shell upon me, but it cracked in the air a hundred feet above me. At last, panting with fatigue, I scrambled into the wood, and I must say that I was most sympathetically and kindly received by the Germans as a return for the amusement I had afforded them. There was skirmishing after this till nightfall, but I kept at a discreet distance for the future; and hungry and tired as usual, I reached my humble lodging a little after dark—my imagination pleasantly toying with the prospect of the dinner which was in store for me. Alas! how vain one's anticipations often prove of pleasures to come! I found all dark, groped my way up-stairs to the bedroom, and was startled as I reached the threshold —I could see nothing—by the feeble pipe of an infant's wail, followed by the moan of a grown-up person, proceeding apparently from the direction of my bed. I struck a match, and there in my bed was my hostess, and by her side an infant that moment born! Not another soul was in the room. She explained in a feeble voice that, having no bed of her own, but only a miserable *grabat* in a loft, "she had taken the liberty to be confined in the bed of monsieur, and would I be so kind as to——" and here she proceeded to enlist my services. But I am travelling out of the legitimate functions of journalism. I only mention the incident to show what may at times be required of a war correspondent, and how careful editors should be to select men of varied acquirements and vast experience in all the walks of life.

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The terror which the news of the approach of the Germans inspired, and which, in the case of the two girls with whom I lodged, and in the instance of the poor mother I have just narrated, induced the husbands to desert their wives, was by no means justified by the conduct of the invading army. Excepting in the case of requisition for transport purposes, the people were nearly always paid for what was taken from them; and when we entered small towns, the *charcuterie* shops might invariably be seen filled with a crowd of soldiers paying across the counter for all they took. Many a tradesman lost the chance of making money by secreting his stores, locking up his shop, and decamping. One night I was a witness of a little episode in which something more dangerous than comestibles were being hidden away. I had arrived among the first in a small town, secured my quarters, and was looking out of the window of my room over a back garden belonging to an adjoining house. Presently I saw an old man emerge stealthily with a spade. With this he dug what appeared to be a grave behind some bushes. He then returned, and shortly after reappeared, accompanied by a younger man. Each was carrying at least half-a-dozen rifles. These they rapidly buried, taking great care afterwards to replace the earth in such a manner as to show as little disturbance of the soil as possible; and both, profoundly unconscious that all their proceedings had been observed by one who, if he had given information, could have got them into trouble.

It was not to be wondered at that the Germans were very unsparing in their treatment of *franc-tireurs*, cap-

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tured with their uniforms concealed by the blouse of the working man. I was witness one day of a curious and painful illustration of the perils to be encountered, when no enemy was supposed to be near, from these gentry. There had not been a shot fired for three days, and I was riding with a young officer of the staff whom I knew well, in advance of the column, looking for quarters. We joined two cavalry officers and an orderly, and were standing, a group of five, in the middle of the road. My companion was in the act of delivering an order with which he had been charged, when he suddenly dropped off his horse dead, without an exclamation. We picked him up with a bullet through his heart. There was not a sound to indicate the direction from which the missile had come. It was evidently a chance shot, aimed at the group from a point too remote for the report to be heard, with the wind probably in the opposite direction. We had no idea that the enemy was near, and indeed two days more elapsed before we saw any signs of them; but the effect was all the more tragical and startling, and deep vows of vengeance were muttered by the brother officers of my young friend, whose sudden end, in its mysterious silence, seemed almost to have been the work of some ghastly magic. The following day I saw an ostensible labourer, whose blouse concealed a *franc-tireur's* uniform, led out to be shot. Though the man, of course, denied having fired a shot on the previous day, after such a tragedy the Germans were not disposed to view his case leniently—and his shrift was short.

One of the most severe trials of the war correspondent is when his best letters fail to reach the journal to which

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they are addressed. This was the case on the occasion of my entry into Châteaudun. It was rapidly growing dark, and there was a nasty cold drizzle when I reached the advanced post of the army, and found, seated in a field near a camp fire, the same general who had commanded in the farm-house at the battle of Patay, and whom I had not seen since that occasion. I asked him where he intended to pass the night: he pointed to a small cottage by the roadside as his own quarters, and to the surrounding wet field as the bivouac-ground of his soldiers. At this point we were about four miles distant from Châteaudun. I asked him whether that town was still in the possession of the French. He replied that a squadron of cavalry had gone forward to reconnoitre, and that if I liked to take the chance of finding out for myself, there was a bare possibility of its having been already evacuated; but that there was no certainty on the subject, and I must take the risk. This I determined to do. The prospect of sleeping in a good hotel was so much more tempting than passing the night in a wet field, that any momentary hesitation was speedily overcome. As I drove rapidly along, I asked the few people I saw if they had observed any German cavalry pass, and was by no means reassured by an invariable reply in the negative. In less than half-an-hour I found myself on the outskirts of the town; and with my Orleans experience fresh in my recollection, I determined to exercise the utmost caution. I therefore left the carriage and walked along like a private citizen, my plain clothes exciting no suspicion. The fact that the coachman was a Frenchman was an advantage on this occasion, as I could trust him,

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if he was cross-examined, to concoct a plausible story to account for his presence. The picturesque situation of Châteaudun, with its castle perched on an overhanging bluff under which my road passed, enhanced the romance of the scene,—all was so still, so solemn and grand in the darkness, with now and then a gleam of moonlight breaking through the clouds, and dimly defining the rugged outline of the cliff. There was not a soul to be seen in the street, and I did not dare to knock at a door and ask if the French were in the town or not. At last I met a timid-looking wayfarer, who declared he knew nothing. He had apparently, from some cause or other, lost his head through fear. Then I met another, who told me the French had evacuated the town at least two hours before. On this intelligence I went back to the carriage, and drove briskly on. Then the coachman, who was in mortal fear lest he should drive into the arms of his own countrymen, came to a stop, and refused to go on until the matter was put beyond a doubt. Soon a man came running past us with consternation depicted on his countenance: him we hailed, and without waiting to hear what we had to say, he called out, in an agitated voice, "Les Prussiens sont entrés!" This was enough. In a few moments more we heard their bugles, and drove into the square, just as the cavalry was forming in it, and playing a *fanfare* of triumph, to announce the capture of the place. It was a most exciting moment. They had come by another road, and hence we had made our entry into the town almost simultaneously.

I drove rapidly off to the best hotel, and as I sat down to my comfortable dinner in a warm room, waited

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upon in the most obsequious manner by the proprietor himself, I thought of the poor fellows camping out only four miles distant, and felt that, after all, the lot of a war correspondent in the field, and the independence he enjoyed, possessed advantages denied occasionally to a general of division. My campaign was now drawing to a close, and I have only one more adventure of interest to narrate. Experience had made me tolerably bold in the matter of forcing myself upon reluctant hosts, and claiming their hospitality. I had put up with well-to-do farmers, with humble peasants, with unprotected girls, with priests, with a lyric artist, with a retired naval surgeon, with shopkeepers, tavern keepers, citizens, and *bourgeois* of all grades, but I had not yet been a guest of the aristocracy. The army was quartered in a miserable village one night, when I ventured to push ahead and look for better accommodation than it afforded. I went for nearly a mile beyond the advanced outposts, and was just making up my mind to present myself at the door of a cottage when I observed a handsome and venerable pile of buildings to my right, a little off the road, and evidently the residence of a noble of high degree. Here I determined to risk a reception. Of course all the proprietor had to do, if he did not fancy my appearance, or approve of my occupation, was to make a prisoner of me, and forward me on without delay to the nearest French post. At the same time the Germans were not a mile off,—some of them would probably be quartered upon him the following day; and I knew that this prospect was so demoralising to the ordinary French mind, that the chances were a thousand to one

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in favour of the greatest politeness being extended towards me, unless, indeed, which was still more probable, the family had evacuated the premises. I therefore drove boldly up the short avenue, and was about to knock at the door, when a respectable looking, white-headed old man, the seneschal, apparently, of the castle, came out of a cottage at the entrance to a well-laid-out garden, and asked me what I wanted. I promptly replied, board and lodging for myself, and stabling and forage for my horses for the night. This, he regretted, was impossible: the family were away, and he had strict orders not to admit any one in their absence. I told him he might obey his orders by watching me break in; but as the Prussians would certainly occupy the premises the following day, and as they were now in the neighbouring village, he had better save me the trouble, and preserve the locks, by turning the key in them. I, moreover, announced my intention of paying him for everything I took, besides giving him a liberal *douceur*, and a good character to my German friends. This settled the question. He begged me to remain outside while he went into the castle to make some necessary preparations; and a quarter of an hour afterwards he returned, and opening the front door, led me into a handsome hall, and up a carved old wooden staircase, along various passages, to a large oak-panelled room, in which was a huge old-fashioned four-post bed, and an antique fireplace, capacious enough to roast a sheep, framed in an elaborate setting of finely carved work. The walls of the old castle were of immense thickness; and the narrow mullioned windows let in

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such a dim religious light, that, as it was growing dusk, I suggested that candles should be lighted. With these, presently, the seneschal returned, bearing a pair of heavy silver candlesticks, and followed by a boy staggering under a burden of logs, the sight of which rejoiced my heart that cold winter night. Soon a gigantic fire was crackling on the hearth, throwing a ruddy glow over the massive oak table in the middle of the room, the stiff, high-backed chairs to match, and the heavy red damask curtains which surrounded the bed. The walls of the room were panelled to the ceiling with oak, and were adorned with two old family portraits of a knight in armour, and a lady in powder and a stomacher. The sight of all this gave me a luxurious and aristocratic feeling in keeping with the surroundings, and I proceeded to order dinner on a somewhat grand scale. This rather seemed to wound the feelings of the seneschal, who said that monsieur might trust him to provide a dinner worthy the reputation of the family whom he had the honour to serve, without his troubling himself to order it; and in less than two hours he was as good as his word. I cannot, at this distance of time, remember of what the various *plats* consisted, but I distinctly remember his inquiring whether I wished for champagne or Burgundy, or both; and on my replying that the latter alone would satisfy me, he brought me a *crue*, the recollection of which dwelt on my palate for many days after. The old gentleman stood behind my chair while I did justice to this sumptuous repast, expatiating on the virtues of the noble family he served, and whose name he gave me, and telling me of the

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varied misfortunes which had befallen them, until now the only representatives of this once celebrated house were a young girl and her grandfather, both of whom had taken refuge from the troubles which had overtaken the country in the South of France. At last he cleared away the *débris* of the feast; and after putting more logs on the fire, asking me if the bed was made to my satisfaction, and if I required anything more, he took his departure. I gazed upon the cheerful blaze with a feeling of profound satisfaction, as I smoked my post-prandial pipe; and then, on looking round the old room, sentiments of curiosity got the better of me, and I determined to explore the chateau. So I sallied forth with a candle, and found my way to the grand staircase. This I descended, and after opening several doors in vain, came upon the reception-rooms, drawing-room, sitting-room, dining-room, the furniture of which was all covered. Then I went along more passages on the ground-floor, and reached apparently a very old part of the house, for one door opened on a circular stone stair, the steps of which were well worn, and which descended into subterranean regions. It was getting on towards midnight, and a ghostly feeling crept over me as I felt the cold damp air strike me from what seemed vaults. My candle nearly blew out, and I knew if it did, that I should never find my way back to my cosy chamber. The first room I came to was an empty vault, with a stone floor and walls, from which led a dark stone passage, which I knew must be a tunnel under ground. This I followed till it was choked with a mass of *débris* that had fallen in from

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above. As I got back to the stone room, I heard a loud noise behind me in the passage I had left, and which I knew was empty. My hair stood on end, and I felt all my flesh creep; but this was the result of a chill, and not of fear. Nevertheless I hurried up the winding stair, and must have inadvertently passed the door by which I entered it, for I went up a great many more steps than I had come down, and when I did reach a door, it opened into a room I had not previously been in—a remarkably quaint and ancient apartment. On the walls some tapestry hung in shreds, and in the centre was an antique bed, covered with cobwebs. It was uncanny in the highest degree; and it became clear to me that I had got into the haunted part of the house. I fancied I heard noises in every direction—in fact, I am sure I did, but they may have been rats. I got out of this room as soon as I could, and found myself in a passage, which ended abruptly in a blank wall. There were some doors opening off it, and some of these I tried, but they were all locked. I now began to despair of ever finding my way back to my comfortable bed. While I was standing hesitating which door to try next, I heard, beyond all doubt, the noise of furniture being moved in a room behind me. I decided upon boldly dashing into it if I could force the lock, and facing the spirit or exorcising him—or her—as the case might be. I did so: the handle turned, the door opened, and I heard a little scream as I looked into a well-lighted apartment. Instead of a ghost, I saw seated, in an arm-chair by the fire, a very old man, with finely cut features and long flowing white locks—and on a stool by his

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side a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen. I instantly guessed that I was in the presence of the marquis himself, and his grand-daughter, and poured out a torrent of profuse apologies. I had the less difficulty in doing this, as having prepared myself to speak to a ghost, it was a relief to address a human being, and my words came fluently. The poor girl was as terrified as if I had been the ghost—but the old man calmed her and accepted my excuses with dignity. I was going on to expatiate upon the dreadful exigencies of war, when the old seneschal came rushing in. He was paralysed for a moment when he saw me talking to his master, whom he had told me was in the South of France, but he was too much agitated by other matters to dwell much on this. "A body of Uhlans had come to quarter themselves in the chateau, and what was he to do?" I comforted the marquis and his grand-daughter by promising to get rid of them. As they proved to be only half-a-dozen men with a serjeant, I was fortunate enough, after much parleying, to succeed in doing this—to the immense joy of the seneschal. I sent him back to the marquis with a message that I would not intrude upon him again at present, but would take the liberty of paying my respects next morning. This I did, and we got on so well that I remained to a twelve o'clock *déjeuner*, and was afterwards the means of rendering them some service at headquarters. If I were not the most veracious of war correspondents, I should weave a palpable romance out of this episode, and finish it up by describing the lovely Sidonie as looking smilingly over her husband's shoulder, as he pens these lines. Alas! she is another's.

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XI.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN ON IRISH ATROCITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE PAN-NATIONAL REVIEW,' LONDON, ENGLAND.

"SIR,—The enclosed article was designated for the pages of the 'North American Review,' a periodical which, as you are doubtless aware, occupies the highest rank in the serial literature of our country. Before, however, I had communicated with the talented editor of that Review, it was suggested to me by an Irish friend, that, dealing as it does with a question of British politics of paramount importance, it would produce a more direct effect upon public opinion in England if it were published in that country instead of in America, more especially if the periodical selected was one enjoying the confidence of her British Majesty's Government. I have been informed, Sir, that this is so in the case of the magazine which you edit. I have therefore adapted my article to the British public, and address myself to you in the first instance. Should you refuse this contribution, you will easily, on perusing it, comprehend why any of your Radical contemporaries would only be too glad to publish it, and I will thank you to return it without delay. Should you, Sir, however, perceive its value, a few words explanatory of the position which I occupy in my own country, and of the circumstances under which my sympathies have become enlisted to an absorbing extent in favour of the oppressed

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peasantry of Ireland, may be desirable. These you are at liberty to publish. I am a pure-blooded New England Republican, a member of the Unitarian Church, and a politician of the highest standing in my own State. I do not say this in any spirit of vainglory, but because it is admitted that when it comes to stumping the country, there is probably no man in New England who has a greater power of swaying the masses than I have—a fact which I think you will be compelled to recognise as soon as I commence the campaign I am about to undertake in favour of reform in the administration of Ireland, and when the effects of my scathing communication of the oppression under which the unfortunate peasantry of that country are suffering come to be felt in England.

"You may not be aware, Sir, that the result of the visit of that great patriot Mr Parnell to the United States, has been to divide our people into two categories, who are already known as philo-Irish and anti-Irish; and that the question of reform for Ireland will become a very important plank on the political platform at the next Presidental election, which the Republican party intends to use in order to catch the Irish vote, and also because it appeals to the moral and religious side of their nature. I have therefore been at great pains to derive from purely Irish sources accurate information in regard to the treatment which the Irish have experienced at the hands of the English, and especially of the Scotch in the northern districts, who have, I am informed, been camped in the island for some centuries, and have acquired possession of the land upon no better right than that of conquest; and I am about to prove to our people that the sacred principles of justice and morality, which are paramount to all claims of international friendship or considerations of political expediency, demand our direct interference in the affairs of the United, or I should rather say, the Disunited Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and that, if it should become necessary to enter into an understanding with Russia for that purpose, an alliance eminently holy might become the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of rescuing an innocent and interesting race from the rapine, murder, and oppression to which they are now exposed. I have refrained from reading the articles of the English press upon the subject, or even the speeches of English statesmen, because I am assured they are

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nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations and falsehoods; even if they were not, I should refuse to listen to the immoral side of the question, for fear of my judgment becoming biassed.

"In the article which follows, I have endeavoured to point out how the policy which I advocate is imperiously demanded by the most ordinary dictates of morality; in fact, I clearly demonstrate that the anti-Irish party in America are destitute alike of all religious principle, as well as of every sentiment of humanity. And I would here express the obligations I am under to many eminent British politicians for supplying me, not merely with epithets with which to characterise my political opponents, but with arguments based on pure virtue, the application of which to Ireland by themselves may still avert a Russo-American intervention in its affairs, and so crown a great political career with a moral climax, which shall shake to their foundations the corrupt international relations upon which the effete and decaying empires of Europe have been established.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

"BOSTON, MASS.,
February 2, 1882."

IRISH ATROCITIES.

There can be no question that the family of nations have great moral duties to perform towards each other, and that these duties are not based upon treaties or international obligations which have been the result of wars or acts of coercive violence, or which have been agreed upon by Governments at Conferences, whose interested or selfish motives have dictated protocols or concluded arrangements; but are based rather upon immutable laws of right, justice, and humanity, which override questions of political expediency, and the international engagements—no matter how solemn—to which they

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may have given rise. As nations advance in civilisation they acquire a moral right, involving a heavy responsibility, to interfere in the internal affairs of States which are less advanced; to free races which the latter have subjugated; to frame constitutions and administrative codes for them; to alter and rearrange frontiers, to deprive them of their territory, and to introduce reform in any way which they may think proper. The nature of this interference, and the occasions when wars may be undertaken to give it effect, mainly depend upon the difference which exists between the religion professed by the Government of the country to be reformed, and that of the country which undertakes to reform it.

Given a country which has been conquered by an invading race of a different religion, by whom it is misgoverned and oppressed, and, provided that the invading race do not come up to the required standard of civilisation, it becomes the moral duty of its more civilised neighbours to interfere forcibly, if need be, in the manner indicated. These are general principles which it is impossible for any moral and humane man to dispute. Those who think differently are charlatans, political tricksters, and are entirely devoid of any religious instinct or virtuous aspiration. This being so, the whole question of the right of intervention for purposes of the liberation of subject-races, alteration of frontiers, transference of territory, and the introduction of reforms generally, turns upon the extent to which those races are oppressed, the nature of their theological opinions, and the relative civilisation of the reforming Government with that to be reformed. These are questions of evidence of

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sentiment and of appreciation. In regard to the first point, it is clear that the only evidence which can be relied upon is that of the oppressed race itself. It is the interest of the governing race to extenuate its acts of maladministration, to falsify reports of atrocities which may have been committed, and to delude the political emissaries of the more civilised neighbour with fabricated lies. Whereas the oppressed race, especially if they can claim a theological affinity with those who seek to remedy the evils from which they suffer, can have no such motive. Their testimony may always, therefore, be at once received without question, while the testimony of their governors should be summarily rejected.

In regard to the second point. The purest morality dictates that nations with whom we have no religious affinity have no moral claims upon us. This principle was most properly and rigorously adhered to in the case of the Moslem population of Turkey, by the anti-Turkish party in England. I will now apply it to the Catholic Irish. As the State religion in England is inherently and fundamentally vicious and immoral in principle, involving the sale of livings, the sin of simony, and other evils as great in our eyes as polygamy, and as we have no State religion or Established Church in America, and as the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches are established in England and Scotland respectively, it follows that we have no religious affinity either with the English or the Scotch, and that the peoples of those countries have no moral claims upon us; nor need we entertain the same sentiments of humanity towards them that we do towards Churches that are not connected with the State,

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and the people who belong to them. I am aware that the Episcopalian Church of Ireland is now disestablished; but this was a concession forced upon the Government, and does not affect the general principle. For this reason moral Americans are compelled sympathetically to espouse the cause of non-Established Churches. Of course there are immoral and irreligious Americans—such, for instance, as those who advocate the maintenance of friendly relations with England and non-interference in its religious affairs, who are so lost to all other considerations than those of the most grovelling expediency, that they would advocate anything rather than injure their position in London society. But we who belong to the anti-English party take our stand principally upon the Bible. And hence it is that, for many of us who are not Catholics (myself among the number), any more than British Protestants were members of the Greek Church in Turkey, with which they sympathised, to feel anything but the most profound contempt and aversion for all Established Churches and their members would be tantamount to abandoning a sacred cause.

Again, we are much attracted by the name Catholic, which means "universal," just as the anti-Turkish party in England were attracted by the name Christian, though the Slavs were not in reality any more Christians in the practice of their religion than the Roman Catholic Church is universal. It is, as I have said before, a question of sentiment, and no man has a right to inquire into the character of a spiritual affinity which may possibly turn upon a name, and to which none but lofty and elevated

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natures are capable of attaining. The fact that we hate the monarchical system of government, considering it to be barbarous and immoral, and that the future government of Ireland under Home Rule will be Republican, constitutes another overpowering claim upon our sympathies.

As to the third point—viz., the relative degree of civilisation of the two countries—that is a matter which can only be appreciated by the nation which feels itself morally impelled to interfere in the interests of humanity. It is evident that the less civilised nation, being less civilised, can have no adequate power of appreciation in the matter. It would naturally, owing to its less civilised state, be under a delusion on the whole subject. If, therefore, there is an overwhelming religious conviction and moral consciousness on the part of one nation that is more civilised than the other, no other justification is needed; it becomes *ipso facto* invested with the right of interference by force, if necessary, in the internal affairs of that nation. For if this is not so, we are compelled to enter upon a definition of what constitutes civilisation —and as no one who is not civilised can define civilisation, we find ourselves in a vicious circle. To be civilised, you must be able to define it; to be able to define it, you must be civilised. The definition of civilisation by a less civilised person would seem absurd to a more civilised person. And for this reason the Englishman's idea of civilisation usually seems absurd to an American. The Turk's idea of civilisation, in like manner, seems absurd to an Englishman; the Chinaman's idea of civilisation seems absurd to the Turk; while the

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Russian is considered his inferior in civilisation by the Chinaman. It is a question of degree, of which the only judge is the nation, which instinctively feels its superiority. It is this instinctive consciousness of superiority—which the Chinese possess in an eminent degree —that imposes the moral right of civilising crusades; and the possibility of Chinese civilisation invading California is even now occupying the serious attention of some of our most eminent statesmen—myself amongst the number.

I am aware that, in laying down these broad, moral, international axioms, I may be accused of plagiarism, and be open to the taunt that there is no originality in my definition of the moral and religious duties devolving upon a civilised country, relatively to such of its neighbours as differ from it in religion, and are less advanced in civilisation; that all this has been said over and over again by English statesmen, in far plainer, more forcible, and more eloquent language. This I do not deny; but I must, in my own justification, state that I held these views when many of those statesmen, still in the depths of moral darkness, thought everything right which they now think wrong; and that I rather think they owe their conversion to a pamphlet of mine, now out of print, in which I proposed the annexation of Jamaica to the United States, on the ground that the negroes were being oppressed in that island, and the local government was in much need of reform. The insurrection which broke out not long after verified my assertions. However this may be, I am too glad of obtaining the powerful advocacy of English radicals to cavil at any claims which they

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may put forward in favour of being the originators of a school of international morality which furnishes me with those elevated and humane principles, the application of which to Ireland I shall now endeavour to illustrate.

In the relative positions of the United States, Great Britain, and the Irish people, we have an almost exact analogy to those which existed between England, Turkey, and the Christian races of the latter country. We have the American people penetrated with a sense of their own superior civilisation, animated by the purest sentiments of religion, humanity, and a lofty moral ideal. We are not even fettered by treaties binding us not to interfere in the internal affairs of Ireland, as was the case in the treaties between England and Turkey relative to the internal affairs of the latter. We have cruel and rapacious Protestant landlords and Episcopalian noblemen persecuting a down-trodden Catholic peasantry, just as we had the ruthless Moslem Beys of Bosnia tyrannising over their Christian peasantry; but I am assured by many Irishmen who have visited Bosnia for the purpose of inquiring into the question, that the savage treatment by the Protestant landlord of his tenantry in Ireland far surpasses that of the Bosnian Bey, both in respect of his religious fanaticism and his avaricious instincts. This, I am aware, will be denied by the corrupt and unscrupulous Viceroy, whose position and functions resemble those of a Vali or Pasha in Turkey, and who is now squeezing immense subscriptions from the public to be devoted to his own private ends: but I have the strongest evidence that the most appalling horrors are being perpetually perpetrated in

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the name of religion; for I hold in my possession a memorial, signed by seven Irishmen, giving a detailed account of atrocities, unfit for publication, of which they and their families were the victims while attending Mass.

I do not mean to assert that the Tipperary atrocities were conducted on the same scale, or with the same attendant outrages, as those of Bulgaria,—it is, as I said before, a question of degree; but America alone can be the judge whether enough has not been done to call aloud in the sacred name of humanity for her active interference.

When I read the evidence of those Protestant atrocities, collected by a Commissioner who was sent to Ireland by the Philo-Irish Committee for the purpose; when I perused, in the fully and accurately informed Irish newspapers published in the United States, those narratives of eviction, in which the British Zaptieh, called in Ireland a "process-server," and the British Bashi-Bazouks, styled there "constables," smash in the doors of the unhappy cotters' cabins with sledge-hammers at the behest of Protestant noblemen or Beys, and charge defenceless women across cabbage-fields, trampling them beneath the hoofs of their horses; when I listened to the burning eloquence of Mr Parnell, who, fresh from scenes of which he had been an eyewitness, stated "that the British Government, unable to sweep back the movement, had resorted to massacre;" and when I heard him praise the noble conduct of the peasantry, "who, when their brothers and sisters were shot down beside them, still forbore from violence,"—every moral and humane instinct within me was aflame, and I burned with righteous indignation

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against a Government which, while other countries have been advancing in the science of administration and in the arts of progress and civilisation, has learnt nothing during these hundreds of years except how to crush more effectually an alien race, and persecute more bitterly a rival religion.

It is a mockery for England to maintain that she has made the requisite advance in civilisation, and that, on the ground of our superiority in this respect, we have no right of intervention. Who in America has not heard of the horrors of the Black country? of the degradation to which factory girls are reduced by the State? of the sufferings of little boys who are used as chimney-sweeps by the rich? Who has not read the "Song of the Shirt," describing a condition of female destitution impossible in America, or, indeed, in any civilised country? Who has not wept over the oppressed state of the rural population nearly driven to revolt, and, indeed, in some instances resorting to violence, under the devoted leadership of the gallant Arch? These things are matters of history. Many Americans, pastors of churches, historians, and humanitarians, have either witnessed these things with their own eyes, or know that they must be so from their profound study of the customs of the ancient Britons, and of the characters of the Danes, Saxons, and Normans, who were subsequently grafted upon the aboriginal race. I am aware that the philo-English in America deny that this is an accurate picture of England, and maintain that our knowledge of that country is superficial and incorrect. Some have even gone so far as to call us *doctrinaire*, and to maintain that a more precise knowledge is to be gained

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of the local conditions both in England and Ireland, by a residence in those countries, than by a conscientious and lifelong study of their past history; but the opinions of the philo-English are unworthy of notice, for the simple reason that they are an essentially immoral political party, who are merely anti-Irish to curry favour with the Germans, in the hope of securing the German vote at the next Presidential election, and for no other reason. The Rev. Henry Wide Screecher, who, as a clergyman and a man of immaculate virtue, is probably the highest authority in America on a question of pure morals, has given it as his experience—and his testimony cannot be doubted—that the Irish are so oppressed as to be entitled to resort to insurrection. As a Christian minister, he would not take the responsibility of actually counselling this course; but he begged his hearers to remember "that every amelioration in the condition of Ireland has followed the outbreak of violence in Ireland."

Indeed, the advice given by our Rev. Mr Screecher to the Irish is in all respects similar, and based upon the same reasoning, and the same accurate knowledge of local conditions, as that which your Rev. Mr Collum Mackill tendered to the Bulgarians.

The more we carry out the parallel between Great Britain and Ireland and Turkey and her territories, the more complete do we find it to be. We have, as in the case of European Turkey, an alien race camped in a conquered country, professing a different religion, speaking a different language, retaining possession of land which has been violently snatched from its rightful owners, and handed over to raiders from England and

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Scotland, who drain the country of its life-blood, while they force the peasantry to live for the most part in caves underground or in peat hovels,—their only food seaweed, when they are near enough the coast to obtain it, and roots in the interior — their only clothing the cast-off rags of bloated Scotch Presbyterians, or the skins of wild animals. I have been assured by persons who have travelled in both countries, that the condition of the peasant of Bulgaria was far superior to that of the down-trodden serf of Connemara. We have in the Hebrides and in the Highlands of Scotland the remnants of the same Celtic race, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and yearning to be united with their Celtic co-religionists in Ireland as ardently as the Southern Albanians even now desire to be united to Greece, or the Northern Albanians to Montenegro. I am aware that this will be denied by the philo-English, who insist that the Highlanders of Scotland do not desire annexation to Ireland; but this is due partly to their not having studied the early history of the Picts, and partly to malice prepense, and a firm determination to deny every fact which may in any way interfere with their grasping and selfish political designs. But even were this not the case, the moderation displayed by the Irish during the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny, when they might have rebelled and thrown off the British yoke, entitles them to some reward; and in the event of Russo-American intervention securing their independence, it is only moral, it is only just, it is only due to the glorious traditions of historical Erin, to the memory of the great St Patrick, and the claims of the

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religion he implanted upon the soil which he purified—it is only in accordance with our veneration for the race to whom we owe the existence of dolmens, cromlechs, and some of the finest monuments of antiquity—that the Highlands of Scotland, whether they like it or not, should be annexed to Ireland. All our noblest sympathies—all the æsthetic instincts of our nature—all the associations of our childhood, principally connected with Irish maid-servants—and, above all, the claims of civilisation,—demand the territorial aggrandisement of the Celtic race; and whether the Picts be Celts or not—as indeed they are, without knowing it—or whether they like to be annexed to the Celts or not, the moral claims of the Celts are paramount to those of the Picts; and those who think otherwise display an ignorance only equalled by the inherent immorality of the political party to which they belong. Although the Southern Albanians claim to be Pelasgians, not Hellenes, this does not prevent all right-minded men from advocating their annexation to Greece; and although Northern Albanians are Moslems, this does not militate against their being forcibly annexed, against their will, to Christian Montenegro. Why, then, should the claim of the Highlanders to be Picts, and the fact that some of them are Protestant, or may not wish to be included in the future republic of Ireland, militate against their annexation to that country? The thing is absurd. The same principle holds good with regard to Wales and Cornwall, both which provinces should, upon grounds of strict morality, be annexed to Ireland. It should never be forgotten that the same ethical rules which control the relations of individuals towards each other do not apply

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to nations. We have a striking and beautiful illustration of this in the case of the policy which it is proposed by the moral party in England should be pursued in regard to Cyprus. Nothing can be more just and lawful than that this island, which, five hundred years ago, was taken by the Turks from the Venetians, should be now given by England, to whom it does not belong, to the Greeks, who have no especial claim to it. Although in private life we should call this robbing Peter to pay Paul, it is, as I stated at the outset, the moral prerogative of civilised nations to take by force, if necessary, the territory of less civilised nations — on the ground that, at some former period, they conquered it, and are now misgoverning it — and make it a present to any other nation which at the moment may, for historical or sentimental reasons, enlist their sympathies.

Ever since the days of Lafayette the United States have felt the strongest sympathy with France. Moreover, the city of Paris—as is well known—has always possessed a strange fascination for our people, in consequence of the peculiar character of its civilisation. This manifestly gives France a strong moral right to the Isle of Man, which has long been a sink of Protestant corruption, and where the Governor-General and principal officials revel in the enjoyment of large salaries, plundered from the unhappy people through the instrumentality of the House of Keys. I have evidence of this in a petition addressed to Congress by the foreign consuls of the principal seaports of the island. I can only characterise the condition of things which this petition describes as a disgrace to civilisation, and a moral blot upon the age in

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which we live. For these reasons, after a temporary occupation by the United States army during the war of liberation and rectification of the Welsh and Cornish frontiers, the Isle of Man will be ultimately handed over as a great moral duty by the United States to the sister republic of France.

It follows, as a matter of course, that the Channel Islands, being inhabited by the French race, speaking the French language, professing the Catholic religion, and being subject to the same Protestant persecution, will also be restored to France. It is needless for the philo-English to protest that this persecution does not exist. If Catholics are persecuted in Ireland, we need no further evidence to prove that they are oppressed in the other parts of the British dominions. In like manner, it will be the privilege of the United States, on the strength of its consciousness of superiority in civilisation, to deal with the subject and persecuted races in all the British colonies and in India, in accordance with what its Government conceives to be the dictates of morality and humanity.

At the present moment the loudest and most urgent appeal comes from the Celtic race, and it is with them that this great and glorious work must begin. It may not be generally known that Pan-Celtic societies exist throughout the United States, for the purpose of carrying on an active propaganda both with men and money, and that their agents are energetically and secretly at work both in Ireland and in the Celtic districts of Scotland and Wales, encouraging tenants to resist by force eviction by their so-called landlords, provoking the Orangemen to

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acts of violence, which it is hoped may incite them to retaliate by the perpetration of such atrocities as may send a shudder through the whole civilised world; but as to the precise nature of their operations, prudence suggests silence—suffice it to say that the explosion cannot much longer be delayed, more especially now that, owing to the arbitrary measures of the Government, a famine has been produced which will increase the despair of the population. As soon as the outbreak, which is now being carefully prepared, takes place, officers and men will pour into Ireland from America to the assistance of the insurgents. I do not hesitate to say this openly, because the precedent has been established in the case of Servia, and European international consent on that occasion has sanctioned the practice. An American Tchernaieff will take command of the Irish legions, and thousands of volunteers in the uniform of the United States army will flock over, as the Russian soldiers did to the insurrectionary forces of Servia, to help the Irish to throw off the yoke of the hated Protestant invader. Should the British be so short-sighted or so inconsistent as to suspend relations with America, for pursuing a course against them which they warmly commended when it was adopted by Russia against Turkey, allied operations will be undertaken by Russia and the United States against England, for the purpose of turning the British out of Ireland; but in this case it will not be "*with* bag and baggage." Indeed, I never could understand why the weak, and I may say immoral, concession was made by Mr Gladstone, of allowing the Turks to leave Europe *with* their bags and their baggage. What

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earthly right had they to bags filled with the unlawful spoil of the nomad conqueror, or to baggage consisting probably chiefly of concubines which they had stolen from the Christians? We shall allow no such privilege to the ejected Britishers. The Scotch will be seen flying with their legs as bare as when they first raided into the country; and the only kind of bag which the English will be allowed to take will be "Gladstone bags," whatever these may be, and this merely out of compliment, and as a special concession to the greatest moral statesman of the age, who, through no fault of his own, happens to be British.

Prior, however, to undertaking military operations, a conference of Powers, actuated by humane and Christian sentiments towards the Irish race and religion, will probably be convoked in London—at which, following the precedent set at Constantinople, no English representatives will be allowed to be present—for the purpose of proposing a reform in Ireland through the instrumentality of allied American and European consular commissions. A *gendarmerie* of Russians and Americans will be proposed, to supersede the Irish Bashi-Bazouk constabulary; and the Viceroy, though allowed to remain, will practically be deprived of all executive authority. In a word, England will be required to grant Ireland the blessings of Home Rule under foreign protection. Should England refuse these terms—and none other will satisfy Irish aspiration, or the moral requirements of the case—it follows that war will ensue; and this, as I have already remarked, will be carried on by Russia and America—an understanding on the subject having been already

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arrived at between the Pan-Slavic and Pan-Celtic committees. I may here divulge the fact that the head-centre of the Pan-Celtic committees is no less a person than General Grant himself, who will owe his success at the next Presidential election to this widespread organisation. Indeed, the philo-English maintain that the whole affair is nothing but an electioneering dodge to bring in the Republican candidate; but there is no motive, however base, which the philo-English do not impute to those earnest, religious, and humane politicians, whose moral elevation they are unable to attain, or even to comprehend. It is probable that the English will make a far more stubborn resistance than the Turks did; and as it is estimated that the loss of human life in the cause of religion and humanity on the occasion of the late Russo-Turkish war exceeded a million of souls, a sacrifice of a million and a half, at least, will not be too high an estimate for the liberation of the Irish Catholics. But what are a million and a half, or even two millions, of lives in a righteous cause? It is folly to suppose that great moral and civilising results can be attained by peaceful methods. The most Christian way of putting a stop to massacre, and of promoting a religious idea, is by massacre. Then, again, the moral law applicable to nations differs entirely from that which holds good in the case of individuals. If a doctor undertook to cure a man of a disease against his will, and found that the shortest way to do it was to kill him, he would be called a murderer; but if a nation undertakes to reform another nation against its will, and finds that the shortest way to do it is by wholesale extermination, another law comes in. If

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a race in favour of whom the reforming nation interferes enjoys a religious affinity with it, then such extermination becomes a most moral and righteous act, and the misery of the race which is being exterminated is not to be taken into account; for, as I said before, this race not enjoying such religious affinity has no claims either on our morality or on our common humanity. All the religious wars of Christendom, to which we owe our present advanced state of civilisation, prove the truth of this proposition. Again, it is probable that besides a million and a half slaughtered, there will be at least a million of destitute Protestant refugee men, women, and children, chiefly from the north of Ireland, who, being Presbyterians, deserve no sympathy. I name a million because it is estimated that the total number of Moslem refugees from Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia closely approximate half a million—these, however, are being rapidly reduced by disease and starvation. Being Moslem, on religious grounds they deserve no more consideration than Presbyterians, at all events from a Catholic point of view; and it is by this we must be guided. It must never be forgotten that true humanity is based upon a religious idea, and can be extended, therefore, only to those whose religious idea renders them worthy of it. The religious idea of the Moslem deprives him of all claim on our sympathy as a human being, and it becomes a moral duty to drive him and his wife and his little ones out to perish in the cold, if those whose religious idea enlists our sympathies may thereby be benefited. Hence it is that the hated Orangemen of Ireland need expect no better treatment at the hands of

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the Irish Catholics than the Moslem peasantry of Turkey have received from the Greek Christians, who have so warmly and so properly enlisted the noble sympathies of the great moral party of England. We have only to compare the glorious results which have been achieved by their efforts in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia with the cost of human life and the amount of human suffering which they have involved, to be encouraged to go forward on the same charitable and holy mission in Ireland, feeling assured that the enlightened Celtic race will present such a spectacle of harmonious and united Home Rule, when they once obtain their independence, that it will have been cheaply purchased by the slaughter or extermination, by disease and starvation, of, say, at the outside, three millions of heretical Protestants.

I say, then, let those Presbyterian Orangemen beware; let the whole Protestant public of England beware; let a fundamentally corrupt, tyrannical, and altogether odious Government beware—let them delay no longer to grant those concessions and inaugurate those reforms in Ireland which the moral sense of enlightened America demands. We cannot much longer stand tamely by while our Catholic fellow-creatures, yearning after a free Church in a free State, are being massacred by Episcopalian fanatics, and plundered and oppressed by cruel and rapacious landlords. We require, as I have shown, no other code of morals to justify an alliance with Russia, and an active intervention in the affairs of Ireland, than that so eloquently and ably propounded by your own greatest statesmen. If, then, they will only be logically true to their convictions, and persevere in that patriotic policy

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of philanthropy which may lead to ultimate dismemberment, and repudiate those coercive measures in Ireland which have reflected so much disgrace upon the cause of the humanity they profess to serve, let them rest assured that they will have the hearty support both of America and Russia in their noble efforts, and that by means of this combination England may yet be shorn of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales and Cornwall, and of all her colonies and dependencies; thus offering to the world a glorious and shining example of a people that had attained such lofty elevation of sentiment, and such enlightened conscientiousness, that they did not shrink from applying unflinchingly to themselves those eternal laws of morality and equity which they had forced with such eminent success upon the empire of Turkey.

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XII.

THE TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF IRENE MACGILLICUDDY.

[WHEN this travesty of society in New York was republished anonymously in that city, I was pained to find that the author was supposed to have caricatured certain individuals in it. I wish, in the most emphatic manner, to deny this imputation. Apart from the fact that, from an artistic point of view, such a proceeding would have been unworthy, other considerations would have rendered it indefensible. If I have laughed at the follies of the fashionable world in New York, they are certainly not greater, and are far more harmless, than those which characterise the same world in the great capitals of Europe. Indeed, if my conscience did not absolve me from any feeling but one of gratitude towards a society from which I have received nothing but kindness, I should not now republish a sketch which does not seem to me to present it in an unfavourable light; and I am encouraged to think that my American friends regard this story with a certain complacency, because all the claimants for its authorship have been Americans—indeed, one went so far as to write a continuation of it. I trust that any who may still assume the parentage of this literary waif, will excuse me for now depriving them of an honour so questionable that it has needed an apology.]

I.

THERE is something very appalling to one so young and inexperienced as myself in the effort of sitting down for the first time in my life to address the public. Apart

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from the horrid doubt which haunts me, and which seems to paralyse my pen, that perhaps after all my trouble I shall not be able to find any publisher with a sufficient appreciation of my talent to accept my manuscript, there is the conviction that the little story I am about to tell will produce a very considerable sensation upon one, if not upon both sides of the Atlantic; possibly it may not be altogether favourable to myself. I shall be called unpatriotic, unladylike, calumnious, perhaps even indelicate, for describing a few episodes of my somewhat rapid career, not with any view of forcing my own insignificant personality upon the public, but because it is impossible for me otherwise to illustrate the manners and customs of the society in which I was brought up. Ever since I was transplanted from the splendid brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue in New York, where I passed the giddy seasons of my girlhood, to the modest luxury of the villa in Richmond, from which I am now writing, I have felt possessed by an absorbing desire to "show up," so to speak, the life led by the world of fashion in the American metropolis, from a purely philanthropic point of view. It has seemed to me that the only chance of doing it any good was to expose it, not unkindly, but with the faithfulness and affection of a friend who tells another his faults. I think it will be new to my English readers, who may rely upon its accuracy; but they need not on that account flatter themselves that the present condition of London society is in any respect superior to that of New York. I tell you, mothers of London, that in your powers of setting matrimonial snares, and of successfully disposing of your marriageable wares, you are more than a match for the

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"smartest" of your American sisters, who leave their daughters to take care of themselves; and you young married women of high degree, do not imagine that the frisky matrons of New York can teach you anything you did not know before. Indeed, I think it is fortunate for you that the social *convenances* of London deny you the freedom which they enjoy. It is not to either of these two classes that I have anything very new to reveal, though they may pick up a few hints, or draw comparisons invidious or otherwise. It is you, my dear girls, who are heedlessly flirting and fluttering on the brink of the matrimonial abyss, whose good I have at heart.

I have tried both Worlds, Old and New; and so far as faults and follies go, I don't think there is much to choose between them. My present business is with the faults and follies of my own country, with which I feel more especially competent to deal, and which I am most desirous to see corrected and reformed. Having violently reacted from them myself, it is only natural that I should be consumed by the fervour of proselytism, and should, regardless of consequences, exhibit myself as a warning, if need be, to those I wish to serve. When I first appeared upon the social horizon, I may say without vanity that I was the kind of girl who in London would have been called a "stunner," a "screamer," and who in New York is sometimes described as a "bouncer."

My father was the son of a Scotch gardener of the name of Macgillicuddy, who had emigrated to New York, engaged in the grocery business, and by superior shrewdness and Scotch caution had amassed a considerable fortune, which enabled him to give his son a good edu-

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cation—in other words, to make a gentleman of him. Unusually successful in early life in railway and stock speculations, my father soon became the possessor of a handsome mansion on Fifth Avenue, and a financial man of some prominence. Far too respectable himself to become a politician, he nevertheless enjoyed great influence with his party; and there was an air of substantial dignity about him, which, taken in connection with the invariable success that attended his business operations, secured him a commanding position in society. Originally a Presbyterian, he had become attached to an Episcopalian church with ritualistic tendencies, a theological step almost rendered necessary by his fashionable standing; and his box at the opera, which cost him £3000, and expensive pew in St Grace's, for which he paid £2000, though apparently useless luxuries — for he never practised what he professed in the one, and rarely went himself to the other, as he did not know the difference between the wedding march in 'Lohengrin,' and "Tommy make room for your Uncle"—were, nevertheless, a recognition of the claims of God and of society with which he could not afford to dispense. He had one brother who had never risen above the level of a stone-mason; and to him, therefore, it is not necessary here further to allude. My mother had been quite a "belle" and an heiress in her time. Her father had made his fortune in "dry goods," and my maternal uncles were both men enjoying great social consideration on account of their wealth. One was in the hardware business, and the other had struck oil. My mother was a remarkably clever and well-educated woman.

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She had spent several of the early years of her life in Europe, where she had acquired a taste for art, which my father also affected, without, however, knowing anything about it; and the result was, as their combined taste was somewhat florid, that our house looked like a badly-arranged museum. She was, moreover, an accomplished musician, with a magnificent contralto voice; indeed, she was as much superior to the average amateur performer as her cook was to ordinary culinary artists: hence it happened that our dinners and our music were both celebrated. In addition to all this, she had an unrivalled knack of capturing distinguished foreigners, and especially British aristocrats, immediately on their arrival in New York. It is needless to say that we had a cottage at Newport, where we spent three summer months in a perpetual whirl of gaiety; from all which it must be manifest that nothing was left undone to secure that social position which became at last an object of envy and admiration to every well-constituted New York mind. It would be a mistake to suppose that this eminence was attained without infinite trouble and contrivance. I was too young to take an active share in my mother's early social struggles; but even to the end, she never succeeded in thoroughly breaking down an indefinable sort of barrier, behind which a certain ultra-exclusive set chose to intrench themselves. I used to think the presumption and conceit of these people quite intolerable. The idea, in a democratic country like ours, of a select few priding themselves on their ancestry and gentility and hereditary refinement, and all the rest of it, and thinking us

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not good enough to be admitted into their circle, was quite preposterous. There were the Persimmons, for instance, who assumed the arms of the noble family of Persimmons in England, and claimed relationship with them, and had actually family portraits of knights in wigs and ladies in stomachers, and all that sort of thing (young Dick Persimmon was a clerk in a wholesale tobacco store); and there were the Poppinjays, and the Barebones family, that had a fancy portrait of their great historical ancestor, Praise God Barebones, who came over in the Mayflower, and whose descendant, as is well known, signed the Declaration of Independence. They turned up their noses at us because grandpapa had originally been a gardener—as if anybody could have told what the original old Barebones had been. Then in close alliance with these there was the old Knickerbocker set, the Van Twillers, descended from the original Wouter van Twiller, and the Van Didntoffers, of whom more anon, and several others, who, for some mysterious reason, thought themselves better than we were. Mamma's principle was to feel thoroughly democratic towards everybody in a democratic country who thought that they were above her, and to feel thoroughly aristocratic towards all those whom she thought beneath her, or whom it was inconvenient to treat as equals; and I suppose that was the principle which the others applied to her. Every now and then our efforts would be crowned with a new triumph, especially after I became a recognised belle, and we had formed closer intimacies with this set, and then the airs mamma used to give herself for some time afterwards were quite alarming.

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Of course, as we progressed we dropped a good many of our earlier acquaintances.

As for myself, I never regularly "came out;" in fact, I may be said to have been more or less "out" all the time. From the days when, in short frocks, I used to help my mother to receive her guests, I was recognised as the principal personage of the family. My father yielded to me in everything, and my mother soon perceived that I was destined to become a most valuable element of social success. First I had a French *bonne*, then the best masters that money could procure; and when I was sixteen I was taken to France and Italy for a year, to acquire a knowledge of art and to pick up the habits of polite society in Europe. I was very quick and industrious; and when I compare my proficiency at this age, in music, languages, and painting, with the accomplishments of English girls, I think I may say, without undue conceit, that I far surpassed them. It was with a fluttering heart that I viewed my native shores from the deck of a Cunard steamer, as, thus armed and equipped for the social fray, I returned to New York. It was no feeling of timidity, but a daring and confident longing, that caused this sensitive organ to palpitate so wildly; perhaps also there was a suspicion that before very long it might be beating for other reasons. Come what might, I was prepared to meet it. I knew I was beautiful, thanks to my mother, whose good looks I had inherited. I was an only child, and therefore a large heiress, accomplished, clever, and self-reliant. Nothing was more incomprehensible to me than the shy silence of the bread-and-butter misses

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whose acquaintance I made during my short stay in London. Even their brothers I was often obliged to help on in conversation—they never seemed to know what to say, or how to say it; while I never knew what it was to be at a loss.

My mother was a woman exceptionally well qualified to launch a girl in the society of New York; she had made it a study, and I felt I was in good hands. Before I went to my first ball she gave a series of dinner-parties. To these she especially asked all the young married men who have it in their power to make or mar the *débutante* in her first season. It is they, not their wives, who are the leaders of fashion; and it is to them that the would-be belle must pay her court if she wishes to succeed. Of course the unmarried men are important; but they take their *queue* from the older hands, who, in spite of having wives, are still the most indefatigable ball-goers, the recognised leaders of the "German," and the established authorities on matters of fashionable etiquette. Where society has no regular hierarchy, as it has in England, its leaders are self-constituted or tacitly acknowledged. The men, as a rule, marry so young that they have not had time to become *blasés;* and the consequence is, that they flirt as actively with unmarried girls, and flutter about as flippantly, as if they were still single. In some cases they keep this up until their own daughters come out, overwhelming the girls of their choice with bouquets, *bonbonnières*, and trifling presents, taking them solitary drives, giving them dinners, boxes at the opera, and distinguishing them by such marks of delicate attention as are always grateful to the female mind. Occasionally

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these are pushed to such a point that they give rise to unpleasant gossip, but I have never known any real harm come of them. The girls are always thoroughly well able to take care of themselves; and upon the occasions, which sometimes happen, of a man becoming so desperately in love as to forget his conjugal duties and propose an elopement, he invariably meets with a positive and decided refusal. In this respect they show a sagacity and sense of propriety which the aristocratic mothers of young families in London, who think nothing of running away with the husbands of their lady friends, would do well to imitate. Of course an exclusive devotion of this sort has a tendency to injure a girl, because it keeps off the young men while it lasts; but perhaps on the whole she gains a sort of *prestige* by it, which only renders her more attractive to them when it is over.

When the great occasion of my first ball arrived, the carriage could hardly hold all the bouquets that were sent. Unfortunately mamma was taken suddenly unwell the very day of the ball; but she did not wish me to be disappointed, as I had been taking so much trouble with my dress, and looking forward to it so eagerly: so I arranged with Harry Hardpan, who had stamped me with his approval, and indeed shown me a good deal of attention on the strength of having been fond of me in a fatherly way when I was a little girl, to send his wife for me—she was only two years older than I was; and he met us at the door with several of my friends to help to carry my bouquets. There were thirteen altogether, of which eight had been sent by married men and five by bachelors. I calculated that their united value was

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upwards of a hundred and twenty dollars, or about £25. All my bouquets had come with cards on them; and as I read the senders' names, I felt that my success was assured. This inspired me with still greater confidence as I entered the ball-room. That night was a triumph—I was literally besieged; but I was determined to act with caution, for fear of making the other girls jealous. I felt at once the importance of establishing myself in a feminine coterie—so much can be done by combination. I am convinced that there is no greater mistake for a girl than to be misled, by the admiration of the opposite sex, into losing her popularity with her own. Young men are intimidated and kept in their proper place by a strong phalanx of girls, if these hold together properly. It requires a youth of uncommon nerve boldly to face half-a-dozen girls all tittering together in a corner, who, he knows, will pick him to pieces the moment he leaves them. We New York girls used to keep our little heels on the necks of our beaux, and trample over them ruthlessly. In London the case is exactly reversed, and the poor girls are crushed by the aw-quite-too-awfully-aw kind of youth, to a degree which makes my blood boil. It is partly because London girls don't understand how to combine and organise, so to speak, against the men, and partly because they have to compete against the young married women, that they are treated with such indifference. Now in my day, in New York, the young married women were nowhere, or, in the vernacular of that city, they "had no show;" but I hear that they are making a good deal of running of late years, and that the girls are beginning to complain seriously. Another

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reason why American girls have such a much better time than English girls is, that as they have so much liberty, they can offer more inducements to the young men to pay them attention. A young man will submit to be crushed and bullied and sat upon, if you make it all right at the end of the evening by asking him to take you a sleigh-ride next day, or to give you a dinner at Delmonico's, with only a young lady friend of your own age, and her husband, who admires you, to do proper. What fun we girls used to have, and what plans we used to concoct for robbing our beaux of their affections, of exchanging them when we got tired of them, or of drawing them on to the proposing point! In my first season I had seven proposals. I had several far better seasons than this later on; but mamma said I could not have expected to have done more the first winter, considering the girls I had to compete with, some of whom possessed all my advantages, combined with far greater experience.

Here again I am struck with the difference between England and America. I don't suppose English girls get one proposal for ten that we get. I know one girl, now twenty-four, who has had 157. This I can vouch for, as she showed me the list; but some of the men must have been very slightly wounded, for one asked to be introduced to her not long since. He had been in California for four years, and had forgotten that when he last saw her he had proposed to her, and she had forgotten that she had refused him. He had, in the meantime, made a large fortune in Bonanzas, the absence of which was her objection to him at the time; and

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they are now engaged to be married. She says she does not see why she should put off getting married any longer, especially as the young married women are beginning to have such a good time.

On the whole, however, I used to think there was far more fun to be had at Newport than in New York. That is the place to contract intimacies both with the girls and the young men. The picnics and games, the perpetual drives with the temporary beau of your choice, the garden-parties, and constant contact with the same set, tend to establish your position. At the end of one season in New York, and another at Newport, you may be said to have learnt the whole game thoroughly, and can judge for yourself whether you are *de la première force* or not. You now feel perfectly able to take care of yourself, and can allow yourself all sorts of liberties that you could not have ventured upon at first. You have even got so far as to call one or two young men by their Christian names; in talking of them among ourselves we never think of alluding to them except as Dick, or Tom, or Harry, and so forth.

My intimate friend, *confidante*, and rival was my cousin, Flora Temple. In spite of her grand name, she was not so well born as I was, or as her namesake on the turf—for her father was originally a tailor, who had made his fortune during the war by taking army contracts; and when he had risen to the social surface, he married my mother's sister, and then, rather fortunately for my cousin, died, for he was a very shoddy sort of person, and left her two millions of dollars. This, together with her own beauty and talent, and my

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mother's social influence, soon pushed her into the front rank. She was more than two years my senior, and had commenced her career by a tremendous affair with the celebrated Iky Bullstock, who for the last fifteen years has been devoting himself to ensnaring the affections of girls as soon as they come out. Since his marriage, his name has been connected with no fewer than ten. I was counting them up with Flora not long ago; but then, I think, in the cases of several, it was mere idle gossip. Anyhow, it did not do Flora any harm, for Charlie van Didntoffer was simply wild about her. Charlie belonged to one of the oldest Knickerbocker families; he was very handsome, a banker of the highest standing, and had charming manners. I am sure many of my English readers must remember him in Paris and Rome. He was almost omnipotent at the fashionable Spuyten Duyvel Club, was prominent in all matters of sport, and was universally popular. To begin with a flirtation with Iky Bullstock, and go on to an engagement with Charlie van Didntoffer, was enough to turn any girl's head. In my own secret soul, though, we girls were much more reticent in these matters than English girls are; and, I can't say for certain, I don't believe Flora cared so much for Charlie as she pretended, and mentally reserved the right to throw him over if sufficient inducement should offer, but she enjoyed what you in England call the "swagger" of the thing. Whether Charlie suspected this or not, I don't know; but certain it is that at Newport, where we were all three thrown a good deal together, I began to perceive indications of a wavering in

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his affections in my direction. Now I am no base, ungenerous, or treacherous girl; but I don't think that it was in flesh and blood to help reciprocating just the least bit, more especially as Iky was still fluttering around: and on several occasions I did not think Flora's conduct quite fair towards Charlie, and felt quite sorry for him, poor fellow*; and so by degrees it came about—I know I was to blame, but I really could not help it—before I knew where I was, Charlie had proposed to me. He said he felt sure Flora was only trifling with him, and if I would only accept him he would throw her over. I never consulted mamma much on these subjects, as I always felt she took such a mercenary view of them—she seemed to make no allowance for sentiment; so I had to work it out for myself, and as I was barely eighteen, I was determined to do nothing rash. So I told Charlie that I could not disguise the fact that I cared for him more than for anybody else; but at the same time as he was engaged to Flora, I could not countenance his jilting her on my account, but I thought we had better all wait as we were for a year. If at the end of that time Flora still cared for him, and he still cared for me, and I did not care for somebody else, then we could discuss the whole matter over again; and in the meantime we could remain upon the nice intimate terms which this little confidence would produce. You see, I thought a year would surely bring about a change in the situation somehow, which would make it all easier. What does the stupid boy do but go straight to Flora and tell her he finds he does not care for her any longer! Of course Flora was furious, and said I had

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behaved shamefully; and for some weeks we did not speak. The affair made quite a stir at the time; all Newport was talking about it, and it was one of the standard pieces of gossip in New York when everybody returned from their various watering-places and exchanged the several scandals which had occurred at them respectively. Although Charlie was very devoted to me, I felt rather uncomfortable, and refused to be definitely engaged to him. In spite of being so fond of gaiety, I was also a devourer of all kinds of literature and general information, and really studied as hard as my other avocations would permit. Now, although Charlie was most refined and gentlemanlike in his manners, he lacked what in Boston (pronounced not inappropriately Boreston) is called culture (pronounced culchaw). What between banking, driving his four-in-hand, and attending to Flora or me, he seemed to have no time to inform his mind. In this respect he was not inferior to Iky Bullstock, Harry Hardpan, or any of the others; but I wanted to marry a mind as well as a man, and I told him so. After that he used to come and read Dickens to me for an hour a-day. I told him when he had finished all Dickens's novels, I would put him through a course of "New England thought," and by that time I should be in a position to give a definite answer in regard to our marriage.

For the reason I am about to narrate, that time never arrived. We were in the middle of 'Bleak House,' and I was thinking how in the world to make it up again with Flora, when Charlie came in panting one day with a most important piece of intelligence. Letters had just

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been received by his firm announcing that the Earl of Chowder, eldest son of the Duke of Gumbo, and Viscount Huckleberry were to arrive by the next steamer, enclosing letters of credit and requesting the Van Didntoffer Brothers to do all in their power to make their stay in New York agreeable to them. The agitation into which this intelligence threw mamma, at once revealed to me the vast ambitions of which that excellent woman was capable. Magnetically her noble aspirations seemed instantly conveyed to my own bosom; and though Charlie was reading about Lady Dedlock, a theme which at any other time would have absorbed my attention, "the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard." Here was a splendid opportunity for setting matters right with Flora; besides I needed her co-operation and advice. There was one for each of us; and provided we did not interfere with each other and go for the same one, as we had in the case of Charlie, there was no reason why, with the advantage of an early start, we should not have it all our own way. The fact is, we were both considerably put upon our mettle by the triumphant success which had just crowned the efforts of our two most intimate friends,—Ida Straddle, daughter of Billy Straddle, of the well-known firm of Puff and Straddle, brokers—and Laura Berstup, whose father is a railway magnate, and well known amongst English shareholders for the talent with which he has made his fortune out of the dividends they fondly hoped to pocket. Ida, after a rapid campaign extending a little over a fortnight, had captured an impecunious Spanish grandee who valued his dukedom at half a million of dollars. Billy, who

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has always shown himself a most fond and indulgent father, had the cash down on the nail, and Ida became the Duchess of Virdemonio, to the great envy of us all, and has already sent those of us who wish to contract alliances with the Spanish aristocracy, invitations to visit her in her "Château en Espagne;" and here I may remark, that whenever one of us makes a successful hit of this sort, she always does her utmost to help on her friends. Then Laura was engaged to be married to the Russian Prince Schamovitch: he was next door to being a *crétin;* but as he was distantly connected with the Romanoffs, the splendour of the alliance reduced every other consideration to insignificance. Besides, as Laura said, they were going to live principally in Paris, where it was rather convenient than otherwise for a very pretty woman to have a fool for a husband. As the Prince is enormously rich, and Laura is not badly off, I have no doubt they will have a good time; but you may imagine how all this was calculated to stimulate our energies. Any girl with a well-balanced mind would rather be an English countess, or even viscountess, than a Spanish duchess or a Russian princess. We classify them somewhat as follows: First, the British aristocracy down to baron—we don't think much of baronets and knights; next, we like French and Russians, because that involves living a good deal in Paris; but titles below dukes and princes are too common to be really much prized, unless attached to a very old historic name or great wealth. Italians and Spanish come next, the former preferred on account of the climate and social advantages of Rome and Naples. Germans we don't so much care about; I

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think, perhaps, because there are too many Germans in the country already.

But all this is a digression; only I was obliged to enter a little into it in order to explain why the arrival of the Earl of Chowder and Lord Huckleberry was likely to produce so much sensation amongst us. So I posted off to Flora with the news. The fact is, that Flora was as tired of our estrangement as I was. So when I rushed into her room, and said, "My dear, I have come to tell you such a piece of news!" she said, quite cordially—

"You can't think, Irene, how I have been longing to see you lately. Why have you been keeping away so?"

As if she didn't know that it was no pleasure to me to come and be snubbed, and that my absence had been due to her own crossness. However, I was not vindictive; so I said, impetuously—

"Oh, Flozie!" (this was my pet name when we were in our most loving moods,) "who do you think are coming to New York? and Charlie is to bring them to us the first day. Why, the Earl of Chowder and Viscount Huckleberry! Isn't it puffectly splendid?" Candour compels me to state that, in my excited moments, I am in the habit of describing most things as "puffectly splendid." We all do; and, on the whole, I think it is better than the expression used by English girls under the same circumstances, of "quite too awfully nice."

"Oh, lovely!" said Flora. "But poor Charlie; what are you going to do with him?" she asked, maliciously.

"Oh, Charlie can stand it," I replied. "Don't you remember, before he was engaged to you, he was engaged a whole year to Lizzie Puff, and something

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always happened to put off the marriage, till at last he told her that he was sorry to find that he did not care for her; but that if, knowing this, she still wanted to marry him, he would make the necessary sacrifice? I don't think we need have any compassion for him."

"Darling," said Flora, "you are quite right. How stupid we were ever to quarrel about him! but, my dear, we must take care not to make the same mistake again. How shall we manage? After what you did about Charlie, I don't see how. Can I trust you, dear?"

This led to a long discussion about Charlie, in which I explained to her that I had previously refused to be engaged to him until they had both got tired of each other, but that he had been unwarrantably premature; and Flora became satisfied at last, and we swore eternal friendship and mutual co-operation, and perfectly square and honest conduct in all future complications; then we kissed each other a good deal, and sat down to discuss the plan of the campaign in earnest. After mature deliberation, we decided that the first step should be a reconciliation between Flora and Charlie, and that, in celebration thereof, he should be made to give us a little dinner at Delmonico's, to which should be invited Fanny and Harry Hardpan, Prince Schamovitch and Laura, Lord Chowder and Lord Huckleberry, Iky Bullstock, and both of us girls. Under these circumstances it is not at all a bad plan to have one or two old admirers. The dinner was to be arranged for the night after the arrival of the Cunard steamer, and we were all to hold ourselves disengaged accordingly. Dear Charlie was so anxious to make the *amende* to Flora, that he entered

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into the scheme cordially and without the slightest suspicion. Indeed he was a great deal too much pleased to be the entertainer of the two British noblemen to think of anything else. Moreover, there was no man in New York who understood the art of giving a little dinner of this sort more perfectly than Charlie, and he was not sorry for the opportunity it afforded him of distinguishing himself; so we were happy and satisfied all round. I think my Lords Chowder and Huckleberry may travel far before again finding themselves at dinner with four such pretty and agreeable women as Laura, Fanny, Flora, and myself. Though not given to manifesting more astonishment than they could help, I was amused to see how completely they were taken by surprise. Chowder was a somewhat heavy blue-eyed blond, with a large light beard, and rather vacuous smile; but he had a sort of smart way of sharply dropping his eyeglass with a little twitch out of his eye, which, every time he did it, seemed to impart a flash of intelligence to his countenance. As I came to know him better, I accounted for it by the fact of his having suddenly to change the focus of his eye. He seemed intensely amiable and good-natured. He evidently had a sluggish protoplasm, and was very easily amused, but took his jokes in a heavy sort of way, just as some hunters do their fences—they always manage to get over, but bungle so much that they lose their place in the field. Now Huckleberry, on the other hand, was all "snap." Tall, dark, thin, with a pure classical profile, and a bright sparkling eye, he took in the whole situation before we had finished the preliminary oysters, and by the time

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we had done our soup, had proved himself a match for Flora, who is recognised amongst us all as having the quickest wit and the sharpest tongue for repartee of any girl in our set. She seemed to be an entirely new specimen to Huckleberry, and evidently piqued him by a certain brilliant *nonchalance*, which I fancy made him feel rather smaller than he had ever done in the society of any girl of the same age in his life before. Flora was not the kind of girl to stand the patronising air with which the young British Peer of immense landed estates and acknowledged talent is accustomed to address the young ladies of his own class in London. She was wise enough to see that if she wanted to hook her aristocrat, the best plan was to treat him upon thoroughly democratic principles. She rightly judged that the novelty of finding himself patronised, instead of patronising, of being condescended to, instead of condescending, would produce a strange and rather fascinating sensation. In the struggle to assert himself, to conquer and subdue this rebellious and independent belle, the chances were that he would fall in love. By the time the cigarettes were put upon the table, there was a glitter in his eye that convinced me he would fight Flora with her own weapons till he had subdued her; and I knew that if ever Flora met her match, she would fall hopelessly and desperately in love with him. It would not be a skin-deep affair this time, as it was in the case of Charlie, but a real serious business. I should rather have preferred Huckleberry to Chowder myself: but, in the first place, I could not again interfere with Flora's affairs; in the second place, I don't think I should have had a

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chance with Huckleberry. It was Flora's "cussedness," to use an unladylike expression, which proved so irresistible to him, and my temper is calm and equable. And, lastly, the Earl of Chowder would be Duke of Gumbo on the death of his father; and Lord Huckleberry's father was already dead, so he would never be anything more than a Viscount. When Flora was Viscountess Huckleberry, I should be Duchess of Gumbo, and go in to dinner in London miles before her; so I devoted myself to Chowder. He was so soft and gentle and unassuming, I got quite to like him. He was not a bit like my idea of a lord.

The day following the dinner was race-day, and Charlie invited the whole party to drive out with him on his drag. I insisted on Fanny taking the box-seat—poor Fanny! Charlie had been a *passion malheureuse* at one time in that quarter, and she had married Harry out of pique. Then after he had lost her, Charlie seemed rather to regret it, until he fell in love with Flora. Now that we were both likely to be otherwise provided for, I thought it would only be kind to both of them to bring them together a little, and I knew Harry would not mind, as he was otherwise engaged. Now I know all this is very wrong. I don't defend it—on the contrary I regret it. I am deeply penitent for my past follies; but believe me, it was all not half so bad as it looks to the less innocent mind of Europe. This trifling with each other's affections, even if it does not lead to anything worse, is not a custom to be applauded; but the social *convenances* of America lend themselves to such flirtations far more than do those of countries where the

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external restraints are so great that the very necessity which exists for them suggests the frequency of far graver consequences than we in New York know anything about. Besides, I wanted to sit next Chowder; and how could I do that if I sat next Charlie? And so it was arranged, and Schamovitch and Laura sat behind; and I think it rather encouraged Huckleberry to find that Schamovitch, whom he had known in Petersburg, where he occupied a high social position, was so irretrievably captured, and so desperately in love with Laura Berstup.

Chowder and Huckleberry had both left cards on mamma; and the next day being Sunday, mamma gave one of her Sunday dinners, with music, and a general society afterwards, as was her wont, and she and I sang duets together, and I felt all the time Chowder's blue eyes fixed upon me, sometimes through his glass, and sometimes without it. I had to devote myself to the world in general, but I rather appeared to advantage in entertaining mamma's guests, and was not sorry that he should see how competent I was for the task; besides, every now and then I fluttered up to him, and I could see by the brightening of his eye that he liked it. He was too unenterprising to make new acquaintances, and already began to look upon me as an old friend, so I felt pretty safe, and was amused to see how little success one or two other girls had with him to whom I introduced him. They pronounced him utterly stupid, and declared they could get nothing out of him—dear old Chowder! That was because they didn't know how. English mothers and their daughters may wonder how it is that, though they have tried to catch Chowder and Huckle-

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berry with untiring energy for the last seven or eight seasons, we American girls found so little difficulty. I can explain it quite easily. It is because in England the mothers don't allow their daughters to manage their own affairs; and, even if they did, the latter are hampered with all sorts of restrictions of so-called propriety, which seems to us unnecessary. There appears to be a tendency of late to introduce European notions in these matters, but it will utterly spoil the market. The more American girls give up their own manners and customs for those of the foreign aristocrats they covet, the less likely are they to succeed in attracting them. In the cases of Chowder and Huckleberry, for instance, those young noblemen were overcome with the novelty of the thing. Neither Flora nor I let a day pass without having a quiet hour or so with them. What with nice solitary drives, pleasant little dinners, theatres, and balls, we managed this easily enough. The "German," as danced with us, is most useful as a means of securing your prey for a whole evening; he has no means of escape. Thus young women with us are not afraid of being talked about in connection with young men, or *vice versâ*, as in England; while the young men, on the other hand, are not haunted by the dread that a stern parent will ask them their intentions, or a big brother inflict condign punishment on them for not behaving honourably. Such accidents have, it is true, been known, but only in very extreme cases; they are not frequent enough to operate as checks upon "the course of true love." In London the young men devote themselves to the young married women, with whom the poor girls get no chance to compete, because

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they have so much less liberty, and are so closely guarded by chaperons; the consequence is, that they lack the necessary experience and practice. We are as much superior to them in flirtation, considered as a fine art, as an expert fly-fisher is to one who has never used anything but a worm and a pin.

As for Flora and Huckleberry, if she had had a twenty-pound salmon on a single gut she could not have had harder work to play him. The way he dashed down the rapids and she after him was something frightful to behold. Just as she had reeled him up to the bank, so to speak, and she began to breathe, he would make a dash, or jump madly in the air, and nothing but the most consummate coolness, intrepidity, and skill prevented his breaking away altogether. At such a moment interference would have been fatal, and those most interested in her success wisely refrained from offering her either reproval, assistance, or advice. With Chowder it was a very different matter: he was like a sluggish old catfish; occasionally he made feeble attempts to break loose, but I never slackened my line for an instant, and soon found I had only to be watchful and patient to make sure of him. Matters came to a crisis during a trip which we made to Niagara under the following circumstances: Our party consisted of the Hardpans, Huckleberry and Flora, Prince Schamovitch and Laura Berstup, Edith Persimmon and Charlie, Chowder and myself. And by this time Charlie was becoming devoted to Fanny Hardpan, and Harry had long been rather a favourite of Edith's. Of course we followed our devices in visiting in pairs the spots which we considered to possess the

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greatest amount of natural interest and beauty; and Chowder and I, who were of an enterprising and exploratory turn of mind, determined to try to push our way under the Falls to the point reached by Professor Tyndall. Encased in voluminous suits of tarpaulin waterproof, and led by a guide, we descended the stairs and crept along the slippery path that leads into the blinding spray. Chowder would not let the guide hold me, but took my hand and told him to lead the way; and at last we came to a point where we had to wade, and where the spray was so dense that though the guide was only a few paces ahead he was invisible. At this point I slipped, and the noise of the rushing waters was so bewildering, the difficulty of breathing was so great, that I lost my presence of mind and clutched my companion wildly. I don't know whether he mistook my alarm for a more tender sentiment, but he responded by immediately clasping me in his arms—I should certainly have fallen if he hadn't —and then in a voice of thunder he suddenly bellowed—

"Dearest Irene, I love you!"

He was obliged to roar, otherwise I should not have heard him on account of the noise of the water, and he could not say more at one time, for it was so extremely difficult to breathe. It was so unexpected, and I was so utterly unprepared, that I could only respond by a sort of inane scream—

"You don't tell me!"

Apart from being an Americanism, I have often thought since what a perfectly absurd reply this was; but he seemed quite satisfied with it, and apparently regarded it in the light of a consent, and I was too

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confused to know whether it was or not. Luckily I slipped again, and escaped the dripping caresses which, like some huge Newfoundland dog, he seemed determined to lavish upon me. I could just pant breathlessly, "Back! back!" when fortunately the guide came, and finding I was completely exhausted, extricated me from Chowder's embrace—just a moment before that nobleman, unable to keep his own footing, fell flat on his back on the rocks—and carried me out of the rushing waters. I was quite afraid that Chowder had been swept into the river, and sent the guide back for him: poor fellow! he was so much bruised that he required all my sympathy for some days afterwards; but as I had become his *fiancée* in this accidental way, this was a duty as well as a pleasure.

The first thing Chowder did after straightening himself up and putting on dry clothes, was to make me promise not to tell. He said that the Duke and Duchess of Gumbo would be violently opposed to his marrying me. Considering that papa had promised to settle a million of dollars upon me as soon as I was engaged to him, I felt myself to be quite as good as they were, and could not conceive why they should object. He muttered something about my having such an unfortunate name; but I told him that my father had been at some trouble to trace his pedigree to the celebrated "Macgillicuddy of the Breeks," a Highland chieftain of a clan which has now become extinct, but that we in America attach no importance either to rank or family, and that I loved him for his own sake. Then he wanted to kiss me again, and said, that for reasons which were inexpress-

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ible, if my ancestor had been a Highland chieftain, he could not have been Macgillicuddy of the Breeks, and that there must be some mistake, and I was probably originally descended from the Irish Macgillicuddies of the Reeks. This doubt thrown over my pedigree made me feel very uncomfortable; for although we pretended not to care about such things, papa is very proud of his Highland ancestor, and, as I told Chowder, had even got his coat of arms. Chowder laughed in a ridiculous way, and said something about his trousers of arms, which I did not understand; but he often, like so many of his countrymen, made silly remarks. From the way Chowder spoke, I saw that the whole affair would have to be managed with the greatest care on account of his parents, and I did not even confide it to Flora, who had by no means succeeded with Huckleberry. In spite of the extremely intimate relations which subsisted between them, she could not get him to commit himself—so, privately, I enjoyed my little triumph over her.

Alas that my own mother should have been the one to ruin everything! No sooner did I tell her of our engagement than her exultation knew no bounds. Nothing would satisfy her, on our return to New York, but to make it known. In vain I explained to her the peril of such a course. In vain did Chowder himself remonstrate with her; it was all to no purpose. In a week all New York was ringing with our engagement, and it had been announced in all the papers. Huckleberry dived off to Utah and San Francisco, without having declared himself, in a sort of panic, just at the moment when Flora thought she had brought him to the point;

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and I came in for some strong language from my cousin for having secured my own prize and frightened away hers.

Meantime Chowder had not sufficient decision of character to propose a wedding right off. The parental terrors were heavy upon him; he talked vaguely about being "cut off," whatever that may mean; and, in fact, doggedly resisted anything like prompt action, while he seemed more hopelessly in love than ever. To be honest, I cannot say that I reciprocated to the same extent; I had a *tendresse* for him, but certainly should never have thought of accepting him had he been Mr Smith of London. Meantime Chowder had been obliged, by the publicity of our engagement, to write to the Duke. We concocted the letter between us, and he enclosed a note and my photograph to the Duchess, who usually spoiled him and was more susceptible to attack. After that we had nothing for it but to await the answer in an agony of suspense. Meantime, to clinch the matter, my father settled a million upon me—a fact which Chowder telegraphed to the Duke. How long the month seemed before the dreaded reply arrived, and what a terrible blow it was when at last it reached us! Chowder was literally crushed. His face became so limp under the emotion and agitation of his mind, that his eyeglass would no longer stick in his eye. It was useless to urge him to open rebellion; he was ordered peremptorily to return to his ducal parents, and to his duties in the House of Commons, and seemed incapable of resistance. Such is the tyranny of an effete and bloated aristocracy. How I raged against it! What chiefly

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aggravated me, was the idea that they evidently considered themselves superior to me. The Duke had the impertinence to talk about Chowder "marrying beneath him," as if the aristocracy of New York was not equal to any other aristocracy in the world. When I told Chowder this, he said that there could not be any aristocracy in a democracy; that he himself was rather democratic in his principles (he is a follower of Gladstone's, and there is no saying where he will end); but that, while he fully admitted my equality with him, he also accorded the same equality to my maid Biddy. I was going to retort upon him as he deserved, when I remembered that my cousin, Maggie Macgillicuddy, was actually a factory girl at fifty cents a-day at Lowell—her father, who was a stone-mason, having taken to drink. This confused me for the moment so much that I scarcely knew what to say, so I asked him whether he thought it would have made any difference supposing I had been a Van Twiller or a Persimmon? He said that it would not have made the slightest difference, and the objection would have been quite the same, as in England it was not supposed that distinctions based upon the idea of birth or caste could possibly exist in a democracy which expressly repudiated them. Hence, all Americans who came to England were considered equal; no one ever thought of inquiring about their families; and, so far as marrying went, he considered all American girls equally charming, and me the most charming of all. This was not very logically expressed, but I understood what he meant, and it consoled me very much. He further tried to comfort me by assuring me that he had only to see

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his parents to make it all right. He attributed all the blame to its having been prematurely announced before he had time to prepare the ducal mind; and explained that to marry without arranging things first, would put us in a very awkward position if his family refused to receive us. He said I did not understand London society, and that I should never be able to bear the position in which we should be placed; but he had no doubt about smoothing over matters in a few weeks, when he would at once come back and make me "his own." This was highly unsatisfactory, but it was the best that could be done. What annoyed me most was Flora's sympathy, through which I could see a thinly-veiled satisfaction. She was in constant correspondence with Huckleberry, who wrote her most interesting letters from Utah, where he was being hospitably entertained by the late Brigham Young.

We had a very tearful parting; and in spite of Chowder's protestations, I felt my heart sink within me when he turned away from me for the last time—looking, poor fellow, quite crushed and heart-broken. I think he suspected himself how small his chances were of success. It was very disagreeable to feel that all the other girls were canvassing my chances. Of course, as they had all envied me, they all secretly hoped he would be obliged to throw me over; and this, I may just as well say, without further circumlocution, he did, in exactly six weeks from the day we parted. I will not recapitulate the reasons which made it impossible, the objections urged by his parents, which he was obliged to admit were insuperable, the agony which he described was

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racking his brain and lacerating his heart. It was far too well written and pathetic to be his own composition, and bore the trace of the delicate hand of his mother all through it. The revulsion of feeling to which this disappointment gave rise is too painful for me to attempt any analysis of here. I now know that I have every reason to be deeply grateful to it, for it changed the whole current of my views and aspirations in life; and to it I owe the happiness I now enjoy; but it was inexpressibly distressing at the time,—wounded self-love, mortified vanity, blighted hope and affection — for I really found, now that I had lost him, that I had more affection for him than I had imagined—all combined to make me utterly miserable. I railed against mamma as the cause of it all, though I really don't suppose she did so much harm on the whole. I shut myself up, and refused to be comforted. The consolation of my own sex only enraged me less than the amiable attentions of the other. Charlie van Didntoffer, who was carrying on quite scandalously with Fanny Hardpan, had the impertinence to offer me "brotherly" sympathy, forsooth, as if I wanted his sympathy, or Fanny's either. It was quite shameful the way that pair drove round Central Park every day with ostentatious effrontery in one buggy, while Harry was carrying on in another with Edith Persimmon. Then to make matters worse came the marriage of Prince Schamovitch with Laura, and I was one of the bridesmaids, and had to endure the condolences of the other bridesmaids, some of whom were to have acted in the same capacity for me, and make myself agreeable to the "ushers"—an institution you don't have at your

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English weddings, and a very good thing too. However, I will not let my ill temper run away with me—though even, after this distance of time, the recollection of what I suffered then seems to envenom my pen.

I was fortunate in being able to turn to my books and studies; and I even tried going to a Bible-reading, which took place once a-week, and which was largely attended by the ladies of the fashionable world. It was considered quite consistent to go to this and to all the gaieties that were going on besides; and yet I observed they seemed to make distinctions among themselves. For instance, Fanny Hardpan was a regular attendant; and when Edith Persimmon came once, there was quite an objection made to her on the score of her being too fast. Now I would have thought that these were just the kind of people who should have been the most welcome, because of the benefit they might derive from meetings of this sort; but after a little time I began to doubt whether they exercised any appreciable influence on the daily lives of those who attended them, and as I did not see that they did I gave them up. From all which you see that my mind was undergoing a change; and when Huckleberry returned from the west four months later, I was able to watch the fortunes of Flora with far more charitable feelings than I supposed possible. Indeed I felt sorry for her, for she was evidently really and honestly in love, and beginning to get uncommonly nervous about the result—which was not to be wondered at, considering the frightful warning she had before her eyes in my own case. So I determined to speak seriously to Huckleberry, and show him the harm

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he was doing to my cousin, and insist upon his either going back to England at once or proposing to her definitely. Huckleberry was very nice about it. He said he had no idea that Flora was really so "far gone;" that he was very "far gone" himself; that he thought Flora a girl calculated to make any man happy, and clever enough to fill any social position in any country, and one that any man might be proud of; and that he had never been in love with a girl in his life before, and had only delayed on account of the novelty of the situation; and he hinted that it would be a severe blow to Lord Somebody's wife in England—he did not tell me her name—but that perhaps it would be the best way of ending "it"—he did not say what; but I thought it best to agree with him, so I said at random that "it" ought never to have been begun, at which he looked rather red and surprised, and took my hand and kissed it. And two hours afterwards Flora came bursting into the room, radiant with delight. Huckleberry "had placed his hand and heart at her disposal, and he had no tiresome family to consult, and he was in a great hurry to get home, so the marriage would have to be in a fortnight, and would I be bridesmaid? and Huckleberry was the most rising young peer of his day, and sure to be Prime Minister some time; and when she was married I was to come and stay with her at Huckleberry Castle in England, and might marry Chowder after all,"—with a great deal more, all in a breathless torrent of bliss and expansiveness, which made me feel thankful that I had forgotten all my envious feelings, and been the means of securing her happiness; for I really think my conversa-

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tion with Huckleberry turned the scale at the critical moment.

Flora's wedding was a very grand affair. The entire New York aristocracy honoured it with their presence, including the Van Twillers, Persimmons, Van Didntoffers, the Poppinjays, and the *crême de la crême* generally. Our old beau Charlie, Dick Persimmon, Tommy Straddle, Billy's son, and three or four more of the most distinguished members of the Spuyten Duyvel Club, were all ushers, and I was surrounded by a galaxy of lovely bridesmaids, whose names, together with an exact description of our dresses, are contained in the columns of the papers which appeared next day. In the same veracious chronicles will be found a list of the unusually costly and magnificent presents which came pouring in upon the happy pair, with their probable values attached; while the reporters vied with each other in extolling the good looks of both bride and bridegroom, and in conveying to interested readers a most minute and detailed account of their personal appearance and conduct upon the trying occasion.

A few days afterwards they started for England in the same steamer with the Schamovitchs, who had been making a tour in Canada, and I relapsed into a resigned condition, conducive to much moralising on the vanity of sublunary affairs, and felt very much as if the world was stuffed with sawdust. Little did I then dream of the thrilling nature of the episode still in store for me.

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II.

For the next two years after my misfortune with Chowder, I oscillated a good deal. Sometimes I sought distraction in gaiety, and then swung back into study. One of my principal excitements was fighting papa in the matter of my settlement, which, now that there was to be no Chowder, he wanted me to consent to cancel. This I stubbornly refused to do, and, as will appear later, to good purpose. By degrees, I found myself becoming rather an awe-inspiring creature to the young man of the period, which was all the more aggravating to him, because, pecuniarily, I was so desirable. Now and then one in a shy, timid sort of way would muster up courage enough to propose to me on quite inadequate encouragement; and one pertinacious man would not be content with four refusals. This made me rather cynical; and when I was not cynical, I was learned, with a materialistic tendency, and a theory of evolution of my own. Decidedly I was rapidly becoming disagreeable, and so, finally, I found myself drifting away from my old associates into a sort of literary *coterie*, where my talents were more appreciated, and where I could meet men whose conversation was more congenial to me than that usually indulged in by the Spuyten Duyvellers. And here I would wish, *par parenthèse*, to say a few words to those young gentlemen, for whom I have a cordial and tender feeling. In the words of the old song, "We have lived and loved together;" so I am sure, if I venture to give them a little wholesome advice, they will take it in the

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spirit in which it is offered. I am speaking not only for their good, but in behalf of my own sex. I remember one evening half-a-dozen of us girls counting up the young men who could converse intelligently on any of the literary, scientific, or even political, questions of the day. When we had got up to two, we were obliged to stop. Now this is very hard upon us. We don't want to be driven to resort to old married men or foreigners for intellectual recreation: but what are we to do? When you are not down in your eternal Wall Streets, you are out at Jerome Park, or looking out of the club windows; but as for informing your minds, and giving your naturally bright intellects some wholesome food to digest, which should make you instructive as well as agreeable members of society, you won't do it. No wonder we have to fall back on English dukes, or any distinguished stranger we can find, when our own countrymen will not qualify themselves properly to be the husbands of intelligent and well-educated girls. I am sorry to have to speak so sharply, but nobody seems likely to do it if I don't, and I feel that I owe you some explanation for having taken an Englishman when I had the whole Spuyten Duyvel Club to choose from. I have made it, and I hope you will ponder over it, and profit by it.

Thus it happened that, dining one evening with the celebrated Professor Bivalve, whose researches have done so much to throw light upon the early history of the human race in connection with the remains of jackasses recently discovered in a transition state in the western part of this continent, I found myself sitting next to a remarkably handsome man of about thirty; evidently,

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from his accent, English, and from his haughty look and polished manners, aristocratic. There was a breadth and power in his massive forehead, a light in his grey eye, and a decision in his strong, firm mouth and jaw, which captivated me at once; in a word, he was a magnificent illustration of the survival of the fittest. I was evidently still susceptible, whatever I might have thought to the contrary. The brilliancy of his conversation was quite in keeping with his intellectual appearance, though it had not as yet been addressed to me, as we had not been introduced. My kind host, however, soon relieved us from all embarrassment on this score, by presenting him to me as Mr Tompkins. It took me a minute or two to recover from the blow which this very plebeian name inflicted upon my feelings, and in my confusion I quite lost some very curious facts which the Professor was narrating to us regarding his own special origin as bearing upon natural selection in general. However, I soon recovered, and, as an agreeable preliminary remark, I opened the conversation by asking my companion whether he did or did not consider the existence of Battrybius put in doubt by the voyage of the Challenger. It is needless for me to attempt to give here, in my imperfect language, the entirely new and startling theory in regard to the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of the human race, which absorbed me by its entrancing interest throughout the whole of dinner.

Mr Tompkins found me such an intelligent disciple and listener, that he readily agreed to take me with him on the following day to investigate some curious geological phenomena which have heretofore been overlooked

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on the banks of the Hudson, in connection with the Palisades. Indeed, all round New York, if people only knew it, there is an immense field of inquiry for the scientific mind. Mr Tompkins and I, regardless of the risk of chills and fever, examined it thoroughly. There was nobody to interfere with us; he never went near the gay and fashionable world. I was too happy to abandon it utterly in such delightful company, and thus keep him away from the snares of the other girls, who, although they could not have appreciated his lofty intellect, would certainly have been fully alive to his manly beauty. Mamma had apparently given me up as hopeless; I was quite out of her depth; and I did not think it worth while to introduce Mr Tompkins to her during the early stages of our acquaintance, as I felt sure they would not suit each other. The only aggravating thing about him was, that he never would for a moment leave the ground of science for that of sentiment. We chipped rocks and dissected molluscs together, but he appeared to be profoundly unconscious of the fact that he was chipping my heart and dissecting my feelings all the time in the most ruthless manner, and it seemed quite impossible to make him take a hint. He was apparently absorbed in working out his theory to the exclusion of every other consideration, till I got quite to hate it; for, after all, whatever our origin may have been, or whatever may be in reserve for us in the future, it is evident that if the "species" is to be kept going at all, it must occupy itself with the present. I often tried in the most delicate way in the world to suggest this view of the question to him. Theory is valueless if we

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neglect the most favourable opportunities of practical experiment and test. Imagine my horror when, one day, in answer to these hints, he gave me to understand that he had completed his labours in the neighbourhood of New York; but that there was still a missing link of which he was in search, and that he could only hope to discover it by going out west and living among the Indians, where he could make the acquaintance of a squaw.

That afternoon I brought Obadiah—I forgot to say that was his dreadful name—to our house, introduced him to papa and mamma, and made him stay to dinner; it was getting too serious. The idea of his continuing his ridiculous investigations at the price of the most treasured feelings of my nature was insupportable. Moreover, I felt sure that he was under some extraordinary delusion. It was nonsense to tell me he did not care for me. It was impossible for two such congenial souls to be thrown together as we were, having every thought and interest in life in common, and not to care for each other. As for myself, I have been so frank hitherto that I may continue my confessions recklessly. I never knew what love meant till I met Obadiah. When I compared my weakness for Charlie, my inclination towards Chowder, with my devouring passion for Mr Tompkins, I felt indeed how little there was in name, in family, in wealth, or in rank. By the way, it had never occurred to me to ask him about either his family or his means; and when mamma cross-examined me about them, I was obliged to plead total ignorance. This alone shows pretty plainly how genuine my affection was for

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him. Next day we went by the ferry across to Staten Island, in order to examine a rock undergoing the process of spontaneous concentric exfoliation. He told me it would probably be our last excursion together. This announcement brought matters to a crisis. We were going up a steep hill, and he had given me his arm, when he told me this. I suppose he felt some kind of pressure on it. I know I did on my heart. I thought I should have dropped. Then he stopped, and looked kindly and gravely into my face. My eyes filled with tears, and I made a desperate but unavailing effort to look as if I was absorbed by the magnificent view; but I could see nothing except through a watery mist; and all the time I felt so angry with myself that I could have boxed his ears. Well, it could not be helped. He felt he had to say something; and, as he was a very cool, composed sort of person, he suggested that we should look for a nice comfortable place to sit down. So we found a tree big enough for both our backs to lean against; and then he said, as he was going away so soon and might never see me again, and as we had become such great friends, he would tell me all about himself and his plans. Then the real cause of his indifference flashed upon me suddenly, and I felt sure that he was married; so I said, impulsively, "Oh, don't!"

"Don't what?" he asked.

"Don't tell me about her; where is she?" I almost sobbed.

"Either in Utah or New Mexico," he said; "I don't know exactly which; but it does not much matter. I can easily find the ones I want out West."

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It was too awful. My wildest imagination had never pictured such a fearful catastrophe. It was all explained now; Mr Tompkins was a Mormon. He had been afraid to break it to me before, because he had not been sure of the extent of my passion; but now that I had been unable to conceal it, he was evidently going to propose to take me to Salt Lake City; and from there we should go on and join his other wives, about whom he apparently cared so little that he did not know whether the particular ones he wanted were in Utah or New Mexico. The wily and artful way in which he had lured me into his toils, his wonderful devotion to science, had all been a snare by which to entrap my young affections. All this passed through my mind like a flash of lightning. All the hearts I had tried to break, all the affections I had deliberately blighted of youths whom I had wantonly encouraged to propose, rose up in judgment against me. How fearful was this retribution! In what a cruel form had my Nemesis overtaken me! sitting on the grassy hillside, just above that well-known village called, with a ghastly sort of appositeness, Tompkinsville. Mr Tompkins paused as if he had nothing more for the moment to say; and I felt that he was purposely giving me time to make up my mind. I was too fond of him to decide hastily in the negative. I know this may seem very horrible to some of my readers, but they must really make allowance for the vehemence of my feelings. I knew that if I did not marry him I should never wed. It was impossible for me ever to feel for another what I felt for him, and it became a serious question with me whether I should blight my

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whole existence in consequence of a mere prejudice against a custom practised by all the patriarchs most eminent for piety, and by the inspired prophets of the Bible. I thought it would all depend upon the share I should be likely to have to myself of Obadiah; but then how could I ask him how many he had got? He evidently did not care about them all, for he had spoken only of the "ones he wanted." Now they might possibly be only two, in which case I should have a third of him; and besides, I could trust to my own wit for establishing myself in the first place, and I had little doubt of forcing them both into the position of "ones he did not want," in time. Still, if instead of being two, there were six or eight whom he wanted, the case would be entirely altered. It was evidently of the first importance, before making up my mind, to find this out accurately. I internally decided that I would go if he could offer me one-fourth share of himself, or more; but that for anything less than that I should refuse positively. As he maintained a persistent silence, when I had fully made up my mind to this I had nothing for it but to try and obtain the desired information.

"Are you very fond of those you want?" I asked, timidly.

"I am fond of every object in nature which helps to produce the desired results," he said, with a smile.

I was not surprised that he alluded to his wives in this Platonic sort of way, as he was so absorbed in science that I had ceased to expect anything in the shape of sentiment from him; but I did not like his allusion to the desired results.

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"Have you many?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Many what?" he inquired.

"Many results."

Obadiah looked for the first time during our acquaintance thoroughly puzzled, and, I thought, a little confused.

"Very few," he replied; "and those are, so far, very imperfect. Ah," he went on, with his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and yet with a certain sadness, "how delightful it would be if you could come with me, to help me to discover the reason of the abnormal formation of their skulls!"

I was inexpressibly shocked. So this was all he wanted me to go West with him for! and this was his way of proposing to me!

"Never!" I exclaimed, with a passionate cry; "the very idea of such a thing fills me with disgust and indignation."

He seemed surprised and pained at my vehemence.

"You compel me to explain myself in my own justification," he said, in a more agitated tone than he had yet used. "I am aware I was to blame for inadvertently allowing an expression of a desire for your company to escape me, which may have betrayed a sentiment I have hitherto striven resolutely to conceal. Irene," he went on, "you do not know how much I have suffered during the past month, and how difficult it has been for me to disguise my feelings. If I have refrained from telling you how dear you are to me, it is because I felt I had nothing to offer you."

Nothing to offer me, indeed! I thought, savagely. Does he call his wives and his results nothing? But

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it was pleasant even to hear him confess his love, so I was silent.

"You force me to tell you what I had determined to conceal," he continued, "for I cannot bear to leave you under the impression that I am cold or insensible to your attractions; but, situated as I am, I felt that it would be dishonourable to take advantage of our intimacy, and allow it to ripen into any warmer feeling."

Well, I thought, he seems to have some feelings of decency left in him after all; and yet I confess to a tinge of anxiety at the notion that he might prove too honourable to take me with him, though I had not quite made up my mind to go.

"At one time, I confess," he added, "I had almost determined to make a clean breast of it to Mr Macgillicuddy, and throw myself upon his mercy."

"Mercy!" exclaimed I, by way rather of an oath than an echo. "What madness! Why, how could you expect that either he or mamma would even listen to such a proposal? Under no circumstances must you ever breathe to them what you have told me."

"Ah," he said, mournfully, "then I was right, and I should only have put myself in a false position; so there is no hope."

"It seems to me," said I, sharply, "that you are in rather a false position already."

"Irene," he replied, pleadingly, "how cruel of you to taunt me with it, when you yourself have forced from me an avowal that I had resolved should be for ever buried in the most secret recesses of my heart!"

A bright thought struck me: perhaps he loved me

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so much that he would abandon all his other wives and their wretched little results, and his peculiar views, conceal the whole story, and agree that we should be married like reasonable people, and go and live decently in Europe, instead of in Utah.

I looked tenderly and tearfully into his face. His large expressive eyes seemed melting with the glow of his ardent love as he returned my gaze.

"Darling," he murmured.

It gave me courage; I would frankly tell him my thought. This was not a moment to stand upon ceremony; so I said, and I found myself blushing and stammering painfully—

"Don't you think you could give up your pe—pe—peculiar views?"

"My peculiar views!" he replied; "why, what can they have to do with it? I know I have a somewhat different theory from Darwin and Huxley, and perhaps it is not altogether orthodox theologically, but surely that need not be a barrier."

"Oh, I don't mean those," I said, pettishly, and perhaps a little incoherently; but I thought he was trifling or trying to deceive me. "I mean *them;*" and I placed a stinging emphasis on "them."

"Them!" he replied; "who are 'them'?"

His obtuseness was more than exasperating—it was brutal. Why should he force me to name the creatures I loathed? But he had goaded me beyond the bounds of delicacy.

"Your wives," I almost screamed.

If he had been struck with a bullet through the heart

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he could not have given a more spasmodic start, and then his eyes expanded and his lips trembled, and his whole face expressed such terrified amazement, that I thought he had gone mad. He afterwards explained that he thought I had.

"I don't understand you," he gasped at last.

A ray of hope shot into my heart.

"Oh, tell me, you're not a Mormon!"

I was literally panting by this time in an agony of suspense, for upon his reply my future happiness depended.

It came at last in the form of an uncontrollable burst of laughter. I have seen many large men laugh, but I never saw any one laugh as Obadiah did when I made this announcement. Certainly my experiences with Englishmen on the two occasions when they have offered me their hearts have been very peculiar. One chooses the moment when we are so drenched and blinded with the spray of Niagara that we can scarcely speak, precipitately to propose, and try to embrace me; and the other, at the very crisis when his happiness is secured, and I am dying to be pressed to his heart, is rolling on his back on the grass in convulsions of stentorian laughter. As soon as he could control himself, Obadiah put my hand to his lips, and then clasping it firmly, and with the tears resulting from the violence of his risible emotions still streaming from his eyes, began to apologise. He explained to me that the women he wanted to go to the southern part of Utah to find, were the squaws of the Piute Indians; that it was rumoured that their skulls were differently formed from the skulls

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of any other family of the human race, and presented very marked peculiarities when compared with the male skulls of their own tribe—a type quite unknown not merely among American Indians, but among people anywhere else. At least I think he said all this, but I may be mistaken, for I was a prey to such mixed emotions that I could not attend to him very closely. Mortification at the extraordinary and ludicrous mistake into which I had been led almost overpowered my delight at discovering it to be one, while my anger with Obadiah for laughing at me so immoderately was more than counterbalanced by the certainty that he loved me quite as immoderately. I never imagined it possible I could have been so humiliated, and at the same time so happy. Still, I felt rather indignant with him for having misled me into such an absurd position, and made me appear so ridiculous. What could this insuperable difficulty have been which had made it impossible for him to tell me that he loved me, and even made him try to prevent me from caring about him, if it was not that he was already married? What was this awful mystery which raised so terrible a barrier between us? Indeed, before he had done telling me about the Piute squaws' skulls, he had gently dropped my hand, a shade of melancholy stole over the countenance so lately convulsed with merriment, and he heaved a deep sigh.

There was no need of reserve between us now: we knew we loved each other—for he could not be mistaken in regard to my sentiments—so I boldly said—

"Dear Obadiah, what is this fearful secret that you could not venture even to tell my father, that has made

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you suffer so much while we have been together, that has been the cause of the terrible misunderstanding to which I have been a victim?" At this I saw the corners of his mouth twitch, but I suppressed my irritation and went on: "Tell me, dear, what it is that you feel must keep us apart? I can bear anything, only do not leave me in this dreadful doubt and suspense."

"Dear one," he answered, "it is very simple, and there is very little mystery about it: the fact is, I have not got any money excepting what I can earn by my pen, while you are very rich; and among gentlemen it is not considered honourable for a poor man to engage the affections of a girl who has a fortune, without first discovering whether it would be agreeable to the parents. Now, from what I had heard of Mr and Mrs Macgillicuddy, I felt quite certain that they destined you either for an American millionaire or a foreign nobleman; and as I supposed you would not marry without your parents' consent, and as I knew that it would be impossible to obtain this—and as, moreover, if it could be obtained, I should shrink from the suspicion, either on their part or yours, that your fortune had influenced me in the matter—I determined, as soon as I felt that our intercourse, which has been so delightful to me, was leading to danger, to start off at once on my search for the missing skull, upon which, I may say, one whole theory in regard to our origin is built."

I am afraid I very nearly said, "Oh, hang our origin!" I know I felt it; for I was so completely puzzled by his novel and ridiculous theory about my being rich and his being poor, that I could not bother with his other theory.

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I had never heard of such a thing as a man, because he was poor, thinking he ought to keep away from a girl who was rich, or first ask her parents' consent, and absurd rubbish of that sort. Why, with us the rich girls are besieged by the poor men, who do all they can to engage their affections; and the girls, as a rule, take tolerably good care not to marry them, though they don't mind getting engaged, just for the excitement of the thing. Edith Persimmon, for instance, has been engaged five times, and has never been jilted herself once; in every case she threw over the man. The notion struck me as so truly ludicrous that I thought I would pay off Obadiah in his own coin; and when he had finished his explanation, in tones of great solemnity and propriety, I went off into quite as violent convulsions of laughter as he had. The fact was, the objection was in reality so utterly absurd, that I saw that our union was secured, and I felt so happy that I really had something to laugh about.

"Oh, you goosey!" I cried; "all my money is my own, and nobody can prevent my giving it all to you; and I don't care about anybody's consent;" and I felt inclined to scream with delight and enjoyment. What a relief it all was! What fools we had both of us been! —he, through not knowing the manners and customs of the country, and I through impetuously rushing to conclusions, and acting upon them, which is also one of its manners and customs. However, all is well that ends well; and when he found I had actually been prepared to sacrifice everything to my love for him—even to being content with only a share of him—he consented

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to waive his scruples, and take my money and use it as if it was his own. Why, as I knew I had plenty for both, it had never entered into my head to inquire whether he had money or not till mamma had asked me about it; and this reminded me that I had not said anything to him about his family; so I remarked—

"Well, now, we may consider all that foolish pecuniary matter settled; because, although papa and mamma may raise objections, I am master of the situation, thanks to the almighty dollar. I suppose, however, you will have to write home to your family about it?"

My experience with Chowder led me to suppose that this was an inevitable part of the performance.

"Oh dear, no," he said; "that will not be at all necessary. The fact is, I have, so to speak, no family to write to; my parents are both dead. My father was a civil engineer, and had just money enough to send me to Eton and Oxford; but I have had to make my own way since then, as he died a poor man. I have a brother, who is on some Indian railway, and some more distant relations, who do not trouble themselves about my fortunes."

This was a great comfort. The only thing remaining to be done was to announce it to my respected parents; but they were both out when I reached home.

"Mamma," I said, as soon as she came in from her drive, "I am engaged to be married to Mr Tompkins."

As I fully expected, she was furious.

"Irene!" she broke out, "I thought you were a girl to be trusted. You know I never interfere with your flirtations; but, in return, I don't expect you to engage

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yourself in this way to the first obscure Englishman that comes along. You have refused at least six men since Chowder's affair was broken off, the poorest of whom was worth half a million, and some of them worth a great deal more; and now, with all your experience, you go and throw yourself away on this Tompkins,—what Tompkins is he, anyhow? and what fortune has he got? Why, even if he was a Sir, or an Honourable, unless he had a large fortune, or was a distinguished statesman, or something of that sort, I never imagined you could have thought of him."

Just then the bell rung; it was Obadiah himself, who, in his blunt, straightforward way, would not wait until I had prepared matters, but must needs come and beard the lioness in her den.

"Here he is, mamma, to speak for himself," I said, as he entered the room.

"So, Mr Tompkins," she abruptly commenced, "it seems you and my daughter are engaged to be married?"

"Not without your consent," he replied, calmly.

This rather took mamma by surprise; she did not expect so meek a response, and continued in a milder tone—

"You know, we American mothers have a strong prejudice against our daughters marrying foreigners."

"I was not aware of it," he said.

"I mean, of course, foreigners who are not persons of distinction in their own country."

"I am sorry I can lay no claim to any such distinction," he observed.

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Mamma got rather exasperated by these calm brief answers.

"You are aware my daughter has a large fortune of her own?" she went on, with something approaching a sneer in her voice.

"It has been a matter of regret to me for the last month that it is so," he replied, "as I am absolutely penniless."

This remark struck me not only as illogical, but entirely wanting in common-sense, so I indignantly interposed. "This is a matter between Mr Tompkins and myself, mamma, with which neither you nor papa has any concern whatever."

"Well, my dear, I will leave you to discuss that question with your father. And now, Mr Tompkins," continued mamma, "as you have told us so frankly that you have nothing in the way of money, would you kindly inform us what you have in the way of family?"

I again rushed to the rescue before he had time to say anything.

"All the Tompkinses belong to the same family, mamma. You know the Virginia Tompkinses spell their name with a "y," and claim to be descended from the original Tompkyns who came over to Virginia with Captain Smith. It is now historically proved that he was best man on the occasion of the Captain's marriage with Pocahontas: don't you remember, dear mamma?"

I knew the history of her own country was not her strong point, and that she could not contradict me. "Obadiah is a younger branch of the same family," I

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continued; "are you not?" And I turned to him with an expression as nearly conveying a wink, as I thought safe.

"Very much younger indeed," he replied. "I am afraid my branch only goes back one generation."

"Only one generation!" exclaimed mamma. "What do you mean? you must have had a grandfather!"

"Two, madam," said Obadiah, very stiffly; "but I only know the name of one, and it was not Tompkins, it was Jones, which was my mother's name."

"Then you don't know who your father's father was?"

"I do not," said Obadiah, and he drew himself up with an air of haughty dignity which made him look superb, as if in his absence of pedigree he defied the world. It proved to me that the pride of no birth could be more commanding even than the pride of birth. It seemed to cow mamma for an instant, and I took advantage of the pause to exclaim enthusiastically, "Why, I know my grandfather was only a gardener; and though you don't know it, perhaps yours was a lord." Then I got very red, and felt somehow I ought not to have said it.

"Irene, I am ashamed of you," said mamma, sternly. "You see, Mr Tompkins," she went on, "while in our own democratic country we are not usually very particular in making inquiries into the origin of the families with which we contract alliances, provided the money is forthcoming, it is not the same where foreigners are concerned. We wish our daughters to move in the very highest circles in the country of their adoption by

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marriage. With our democratic views it is very disagreeable for a girl to encounter the possibility of having to walk in after anybody because of the accident of her husband's birth. This is why really no American girl should by rights ever marry any one less than a duke; and then," she added, thoughtfully, "supposing he was not the premier duke, she might still be placed in an inferior position to the premier duchess. Now here is Irene's own cousin Flora married to Lord Huckleberry; just think if she were to meet Irene in society as Mrs Tompkins, what a difference there would be in the position of the two girls! I am quite sure, Irene, you could not bear it," and she turned to me.

"Your daughter would never be called upon to bear it," said Obadiah; "she would never, as my wife, be likely to move in any society where she would meet Lady Huckleberry."

"Worse and worse," said mamma—and I confess I did not much relish the prospect; but it was far better than that other fate I had nerved myself to encounter for Obadiah's sake, so I determined to put a bold face on the matter.

"If ex-President Grant could stand going in after people, I suppose I could," I said, with a pout; "at any rate, I am not going to give up Obadiah for all the Lady Huckleberrys in the world." You see I was becoming desperate. I was rewarded by the grateful look my lover turned upon me.

"Well, my dear," said mamma, with a bitter sneer, "I have said everything that as a mother it was my duty to say; you may please yourself—only don't re-

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proach me if you are unhappy in your degradation, and don't expect me to come and pay you a visit, to be looked down upon as the mother of Mrs Obadiah Tompkins. I shall go and stay with Flora at Huckleberry Castle, and we can meet at railway stations or in picture-galleries."

With this my mother marched solemnly from the room, and left me to console myself with my darling. Obadiah was a good deal surprised at the suddenness with which she collapsed, and said English mothers did not give in so easily; but I explained that as the daughters here never give in at all, and as, after all, it was I, and not she, who was going to be married, she knew very well that sooner or later she would have to beat a retreat, and, like a wise woman, she saved her dignity by not allowing herself to be drawn any further into a struggle which could only end in defeat. He was very much relieved at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and we sat together on the couch and had a lovely time.

In spite of my mother's threat, my father directly avoided any encounter with me on the subject of finance. Where she had been vanquished, he felt that he had no chance, and he contented himself with behaving as rudely as possible to my intended upon all occasions.

Obadiah at once agreed to postpone indefinitely his journey to the country of the Piutes, and content himself with the skull which I offered him as a substitute; and in order to avoid any protracted gossip in regard to our affairs, we determined that our marriage should take place with the least possible delay, and in the most private manner. Mamma, of course, would have nothing

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to do with the preparations, though my parents were both to be present at the ceremony; and I contented myself with Rose Poppinjay and Edith Persimmon as bridesmaids; while Charlie, who, I must say, is always willing to make himself useful, did duty for Obadiah, to whom I had introduced him some time before, in the hope that he might take advantage of the opportunity to improve his mind.

We were married in the little church round the corner, and started immediately afterwards to spend a quiet fortnight at Levox. As my fortune produced an income of about £12,000 sterling a-year, Obadiah agreed with me that there was no spot better adapted than London for spending it. So in due time we took our passage in a Cunarder; and I once more turned my back upon my native city, to begin life under entirely new conditions. Almost the first person I met upon the deck was, to my amazement, Edith Persimmon.

"Why, Edith!"

"Why, Irene!"

These two words, ejaculated with immense emphasis, is our invariable mode of expressing surprise and delight at an unexpected meeting of this sort. Then I saw a number of young men hovering around her, and her hands full of bouquets; and I knew that she was bound for Europe, and that all her beaux, married and single, had come to see her off. Under ordinary circumstances, we should have been similarly attended. I should think, for instance, when we went to see the Huckleberrys off, we must have been a party of fifty or sixty. But Obadiah was of a very retiring disposition, and hated what

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he called "functions" of this kind. Since our marriage all our thoughts had been in common; so I, of course, quite agreed with him, and we had slipped on board quite quietly. However, as all Edith's friends were mine, there was no escape now; so we had a grand kissing, and hand-shaking, and leave-taking. The young men rather like these occasions, as they can take advantage of the pretext of sudden and overwhelming emotion to steal the chaste salute from the departing fair one, for which they have so long been pining in vain. The poor thing being in a kissing, tearful mood, grows confused with so much embracing, and thus gets taken advantage of. I saw it happen to Edith in three different cases, and she seemed scarcely to have known what she was doing. Obadiah, who was looking on with a view of discovering "the hidden principle of nature which was at work," said she was perfectly well aware all the time what she was about; but I think science makes people a little cynical. However, as he said it, of course it must have been true. "Why, my dear," said Edith, as soon as all her admirers had hurried down the gangway, at the imminent risk of jostling one another into the water—for they had clung to the ship to the last—"why, my dear, only to think of our going over together in the same steamer! why, it's perfectly splendid!"

"But are you going over alone?" I asked. "I don't see Mr and Mrs Persimmon."

"Didn't you hear, dear, that Flora sent to invite me to pay her a visit at Huckleberry Castle. She said there was no room for papa and mamma, but that she would be glad to see me alone, and they were expecting a visit

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from Lord Chowder. So, as dear Captain Codd is such a friend of ours,—you know, we made our last passage with him,—he agreed to take me under his charge. Besides, Iky Bullstock, and old Mr and Mrs Barebones, and Mary, are crossing with us; so I shall not feel a bit alone; and now I shall have you as well—and I am never sick; so I expect to have a beautiful time."

And here I should observe that I had received a letter from Flora, couched in rather cool terms, congratulating me on my marriage; but regretting that it should have happened just at the moment when she was going to invite me to pay her a visit. Now that I was married, she supposed I was too much absorbed in my husband to care about paying visits,—which was a delicate way of insinuating, that though she would have been glad to see me alone, she did not want Obadiah. Thus it came to pass that Edith Persimmon was asked in my stead, and that I now found her on board the same steamer with myself, starting in pursuit of Chowder. I was standing with my arm through Obadiah's, as I made this reflection, and thought how nearly Chowder had been my fate; and when I compared what it really was with what it might have been, I felt inclined, then and there, to fall on my knees with gratitude; for I would not have exchanged my Obadiah for a million of Chowders, or have descended from my lofty position as Mrs Tompkins, to be her Grace the Duchess of Gumbo, for anything the world could offer. Obadiah said that this sentiment arose from a hidden law, which had been prevented by the intellectual forces of nature from development, in the most civilised portion of the human race, but that in my

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case it was struggling to find expression; and he hoped in time I should be morally as much superior to the rest of my sex as the recently discovered male aborigines of the eastern part of New Guinea are to the most advanced men of science in Paris, or London, or New York. This may give the reader a hint as to my husband's evolution theory. I may be able to refer to it more fully on another occasion; for the present I must return to Edith. She was extremely anxious to know all about Chowder. In other words, she wanted what in America are called "points," and in England "tips," from the one person who, of all others, could give them from personal experience. She evidently considered it in a manner providential that she, bent upon the capture of that special coronet, should find herself making a passage in the same steamer with one who had already captured the heart to which it was supposed to belong.

"Edith," I said, "you don't need any instruction of this kind. You have had enough experience, goodness knows, without asking me. You can't catch him under a waterfall, as I did, because there are no waterfalls worth talking about in England; but if you can't get into difficulties in the hunting-field, for instance, and sprain your ankle, and both lose your way, and then—oh, Edith," I broke off, "how silly you are—or rather, I am! I will not go on talking such nonsense. There is only one thing I will tell you: it is not Chowder that you will find any difficulty with, but the Duchess. She will be your Plevna. Take the Duchess, my dear,—assault her, sap her, mine her, starve her—anything you like—only capture her. She and you together must then lay siege

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to the Duke, and the walls of Chowder, like those of Jericho, will fall down the moment you blow your trumpet, if your flag is floating triumphantly from the parental battlements."

Obadiah came up just as I had exploded in this magnificent burst of allegory, and I felt so dreadfully ashamed of myself when I remembered how differently a Papuan woman would have advised any young aboriginal female in regard to matrimony, that I found my eyes filling with tears at this descent from my high ideal.

Two years previously, as the Countess of Chowder, I should have looked forward to a London season with a delight bordering upon frenzy. Now, as Mrs Obadiah Tompkins, deeply interested in the problem of humanity, I anticipated, with a far keener and more real enjoyment, a quiet life with my husband in a suburban villa, surrounded by a congenial society of his literary and scientific friends. I will not describe the intensity of my devotion to him, nor the absolute unity of our feelings and aspirations, for there are none of my married acquaintances who could sympathise with or understand it. He always insisted upon my sitting near him when he wrote, because, he said, I inspired him; but I dare not flatter myself that it is due to this that the remarkable series of articles which have appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century,' signed "Obadiah Tompkins," on "The Moral Attributes of Physical Forces," should have produced so profound a sensation. Their importance may be gathered from the fact that we are credibly informed that Mr Gladstone is at this moment writing a reply to them in a series of articles entitled "The Physical Attri-

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butes of Moral Forces," and that the entire subject is to be discussed at a later period in a "Symposium." The more I think of it, however, the more I feel that the true arena for debating topics of this kind is the House of Commons. It is only natural that, being an American, I should be strongly Conservative; and I need scarcely add that Obadiah entirely shares my views. He feels with me that it is not to be tolerated that all the scientific talent should be on the Liberal side of the House, and that Dr Lyon Playfair and Sir John Lubbock are to be allowed to have it all their own way on a certain class of questions. We have therefore made up our minds that he is to stand at the next general election. I confess that it is not without a certain feeling of triumph that I am looking forward to the day when Obadiah will be called upon to join a cabinet, of which Huckleberry will probably be a member.

Meantime, Flora has fully justified my expectations. Her beauty, her brilliant talent, her great adaptability and powers of imitation, enabled her to assume her new *rôle* with eminent success, and she soon secured the admiration, I had almost said devotion, of the leading personages of London society. Thus she gallantly fought her way into the front rank of that set in which Lady Twickenham and the Hon. Mrs Hurlingham are such distinguished ornaments. Before the first season was over, she had got herself enormously talked about; and there was a certain reckless dash about her, which captivated all who found themselves drawn within the influence of her magic circle. Chowder was one of her most assiduous worshippers, and Edith had some diffi-

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culty in luring him off. Flora, however, far from being jealous, made use of her friend as a sort of decoy, and the two were inseparable. By these means Edith made a round of country-house visits under most favourable circumstances, for no one thought of inviting the Huckleberrys without Miss Persimmon; and thus it happened that she found herself a guest at "Clam Towers," the seat of the Duke of Gumbo, and in the most advantageous position for laying siege to the Duchess. Curiously enough, I had, in advising Edith, underestimated the lasting nature of the impression which I had produced upon the susceptibilities of his lordship. When that enterprising young woman, after infinite exertion, had vanquished the Duchess, she found her blandishments altogether powerless to captivate Chowder, who has given out that he never intends to marry, and who entertains a sincere and respectful friendship for Obadiah and myself. Edith, therefore, has abandoned the pursuit, and, as she has made a sufficient number of aristocratic friends of her own, has parted company with Flora, and has obtained quite an independent position both in London and Paris, at which gay capital she is at present disporting herself with some newly-arrived Americans, to whom she is temporarily attached. It remains, therefore, still a matter for conjecture to what nationality her noble husband, when she finally captures him, will belong. Mamma has written to Flora, proposing a visit; but Flora wrote back that she had not a single room in the house to spare. When the latter heard that all London was talking about the remarkable lecture which Obadiah delivered the other night at the

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Royal Institution, she was foolish enough to give us an opportunity of refusing an invitation to Huckleberry, with which she thought fit to honour us. We finally met at the South Kensington School of Arts. Perhaps I ought to have said, what my modesty shrinks from, that I was as much talked about by this time as Obadiah. In fact, without meaning it, we had suddenly appeared upon the social horizon of a certain class of London society which prides itself upon its intellectual attainments, and had taken it by storm. This led to our being forced upwards, whether we liked it or not; and upon the evening in question I was conscious of a sort of buzz of admiration going on in my immediate vicinity, when Flora rushed into my arms; and I was further conscious that it was I, and not she, who caused it. I went and saw her next day, and made the discovery which suggested this record of my tender recollections, for I thus became aware that I had developed a great deal more heart than I ever imagined I possessed, while she seemed entirely to have lost any she ever had; so I went home to Obadiah, a sadder and a wiser woman.

I thought my little history would convey a moral if it were written, which my readers could find out for themselves, the more especially as Obadiah said he did not mind the publicity of so much that is usually considered confidential, if I thought it would do any good. So I have written because I hope it may; not to the society of London—I almost fear that is past redemption; but my own old society, to which these tender recollections more especially refer, is still young and

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fresh enough to improve. I have not meant to expose its faults ungenerously, or to dwell too severely upon its weaknesses. At all events, I will comfort myself with the reflection that those who honestly feel that I have maligned them will be far more likely to forgive me than those whose consciences convict them, and to whose forgiveness, therefore, I am indifferent.

THE END.

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